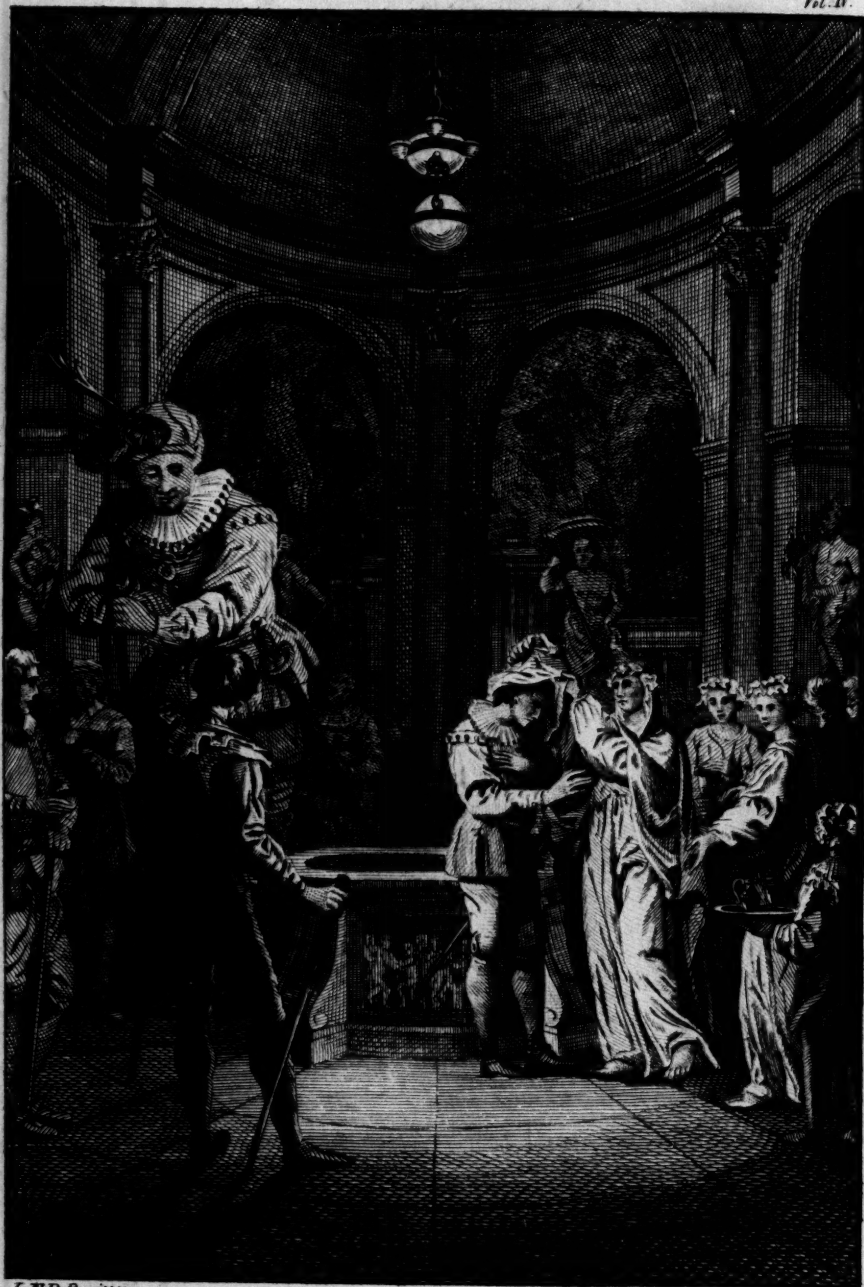


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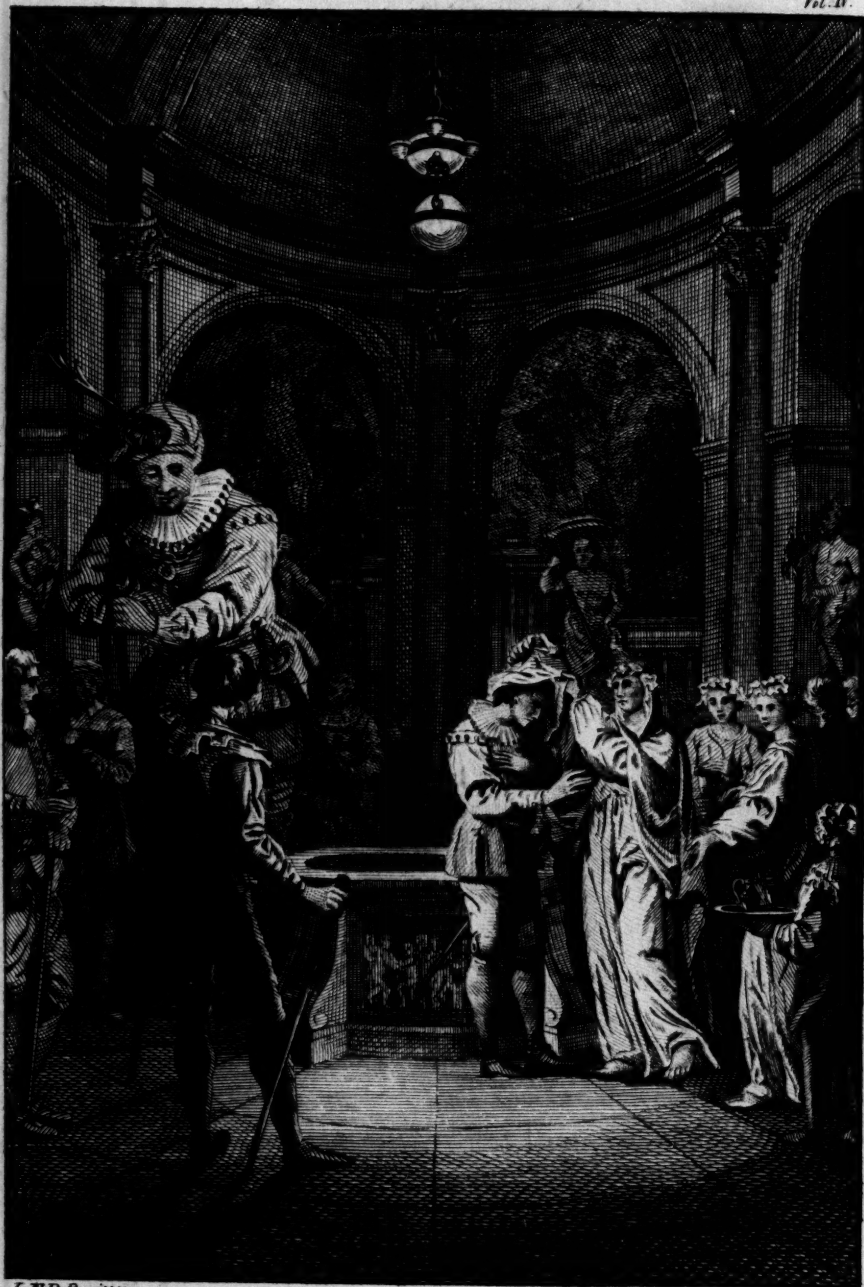
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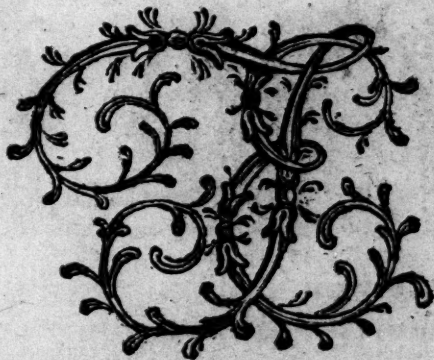
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THE
WORKS
OF
FRANCIS RABELAIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,
AND ILLUSTRATED WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES,
BY
M. LE DU CHAT, AND OTHERS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOL. IV.



L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR T. EVANS, IN THE STRAND.
M,DCC,LXXXIV.



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B O O K IV.

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FOURTH BOOK
OF
RABELAIS'S
WORKS.
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CHAP. XLVII.
*How the Devil was deceiv'd by an Old Woman of
Popefig-Land.*

THE Country *Lab* trudg'd home very much concern'd and thoughtful, you may swear; insomuch that his good Woman, seeing him thus look moping, ween'd that something had been stolen from him at Market; but when she had heard the Cause of his Affliction, and seen his Budget well lin'd with Coin, she bade him be of good Cheer, assuring him that he'd be never the worse for the scratching Bout in question; wishing him only to leave her to manage that Business, and not trouble his Head about it:

for she had already contriv'd how to bring him off cleverly. Let the worst, come to the worst, said the Husbandman, it will be but a Scratch, for I'll yield at the first Stroke, and quit the Field. Quit a Fart, reply'd the Wife, he shall have none of the Field; rely upon me and be quiet; let me alone to deal with him. You say he's a pimping little Devil, that's enough; I'll soon make him give up the Field, I'll warrant you: Indeed had he been (1) a great Devil, it had been somewhat.

The Day that we landed in the Island happen'd to be that which the Devil had fix'd for the Combat. Now the Countryman, having like a good *Catholic* very fairly *confessed himself* and * *received*, betimes in the Morning, by the Advice of the Vicar, had hid himself, all but the Snout, in the Holy-water-pot, in the Posture in which we found him: And just as they were telling us the Story, News came that the old Woman had fool'd the Devil, and gain'd the Field: You may not be sorry perhaps to hear how this happen'd.

The Devil, you must know, came to the poor Man's Door, and rapping there, cry'd So hoe, ho the House, hoe, Clod-pate, where art thou? Come out with a Vengeance, come out with a wannion, come out and be damn'd; now for clawing. Then briskly and resolutely entering the House, and not finding the Countryman there, he spy'd his Wife lying on the Ground, piteously weeping and howling: What's the Matter? ask'd the Devil, Where is he? What does he? Oh! that I knew where he is, reply'd Threescore and five, the wicked Rogue, the Butcherly Dog, the Murtherer! He has spoil'd me, I am undone, I die of what he has done to me. How, cry'd the Devil, what is it? I'll tickle him off for you, by and by. Alas! cry'd the old Dissembler, he told me, the Butcher, the Tyrant, the Tearer of Devils told me, that he had made a Match to scratch with you this Day; and to try his Claws, he did but just touch me with his little Finger, here betwixt the Legs, and has spoil'd me for ever. Oh! I am

(1) *A Great Devil.*] Less a Novice.

(*) A vulgar curtail'd phrase for the Highest and most Solemn Act of Religion.

a dead Woman, I shall never be myself again : do but see ! nay, and besides he talk'd of going to the Smith's to have his Pounces sharpen'd and pointed. Alas ! you are undone, Mr. Devil ; good Sir, scamper quickly, I am sure he won't stay ; save yourself, I beseech you : While she said this, she uncover'd herself up to the Chin, after the Manner in which the (2) *Persian Women* met their Children, who fled from the Fight, and plainly shew'd her (3) *What de'e call it*. The frightened Devil, seeing the enormous Solution of the Continuity in all its Dimensions, blest himself, and cry'd out, *Mahon, Demiourgon, Megæra, Aleto, Persephone* : s'Life, catch me here when he comes ! I am gone : s'Death, what a Gash ! I resign him the Field.

Having heard the Catastrophe of the Story, we retir'd a Ship-board, not being willing to stay there any longer. (4) *Pantagruel* gave to the Poors-Box of the Fabrick of the Church, eighteen thousand gold Royals, in Commiseration of the Poverty of the People, and the Calamity of the Place.

C H A P. XLVIII.

How Pantagruel went ashore at the Island of Papi-many.

HAVING left the desolate Island of the *Popefigs*, we sailed for the Space of a Day very fairly and merrily, and made the Blessed Island of *Papimany*. As soon as we had dropt Anchor in the Road, before we had well moor'd our Ship with Ground Tackle, four Persons in different Garbs row'd towards us in a Skiff. One

(2) *Persian Women*, &c. See *Plutarch*.] These Women, when their Sons were flying from the Enemy, pull'd up their Clothes, and in Scorn, bade them come and hide themselves once more in their Mothers Bellies.

(3) *Her What de'e call it*.] *Son comment ba nom*.

(4) *Pantagruel gave*, &c.] Good Lesson for Princes, to be Generous and Liberal, on occasion. *Pantagruel* went no where but he bestow'd his Favours liberally, and left all the Marks of a Princely Munificence.

of them was dress'd like a Monk in his Frock, draggle-tail'd and booted : the other like a Falconer, with a Lure and a long wing'd Hawk on his Fist : the third like a Solicitor, with a large Bag full of Informations, Subpœna's, Breviates, Bills, Writs, Cafes, and other Implements of Pettifogging : The fourth look'd like one of your Vine Barbers about *Orleans*, with a *jantee* Pair of Canvass Trowsers, a Doffer, and a Pruning-knife at his Girdle.

As soon as the Boat had clap'd them on Board, they all with one Voice ask'd, Have you seen him, good Passengers, have you seen him ? Who, ask'd *Pantagruel* ? You know who, answer'd they. Who is it, ask'd Friar *John*, s'Blood and oonds, I'll thrash him thick and threefold. This he said, thinking that they enquir'd after some Robber, Murtherer, or Church-breaker. Oh wonderful, cry'd the four, do not you foreign People know the *One* ? Sirs, reply'd *Epistemon*, we do not understand those Terms ; but if you will be pleas'd to let us know who you mean, we'll tell you the Truth of the Matter without any more Ado. We mean, said they, *he that is* ; did you ever see him ? *He that is*, return'd *Pantagruel*, according to our Theological Doctrine, is God, (1) who said to *Moses*,

(1) *Who said to Moses, I am that I am.*] Instead of those Words *Rabelais* only says : *Et en tel mot se declaira à Moïse*, i. e. And in that Word he declared himself to *Moses* : What Word ? *He that is* : Not *I am that I am*. God said not to *Moses*, *I am that I am*, but *I am he that is*. And therefore *Rabelais* makes him say so too. Our *English* Bibles indeed have it, *I am that I am*, and so has the *Latin*, *Ego qui sum* : but the former shou'd be, as I said before, *I am He that is*, and the latter *Ego qui est*. The *Septuagint* Translation has it right, *ἐγώ εἰμι ὁ εἰς*. *I am He that is*. Accordingly *Rabelais* begins this Period with *He that is*, for no *Being* besides *God* truly is. The Reader, if he be a Clergyman, will pardon this Observation, to one that was design'd for the Gown and Cassock : and if he be a *Layman*, he'll pardon a great many other Observations to a Brother *Layman*, especially one that has a Surcharge of 'em, having spent all his Time in Reading of Books, as he had before spent almost all his Money in buying 'em. *Mais le bon temps, quand viendra-t-il ? When will the good Time come ?* I was in hopes it was come when a certain Library was erecting, but a *Bishop*, as the saying is, put his Foot in the Pot, and spoil'd the whole Kettle of Fish, for which reason I shall never love EELS again, as long as I live.

I am

I am that I am. We never saw him, nor can he be beheld by Mortal Eyes. We mean nothing less than that Supreme God who rules in Heaven, reply'd they, we mean the God on Earth; did you ever see him? Upon my Honour, cry'd *Carpalim*, they mean the Pope. Ay, ay, answer'd *Panurge*, yea verily, Gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose Sight has not much better'd me. How! cry'd they, our Sacred *Decretals* inform us, that there never is more than one living. I mean successively, one after the other, return'd *Panurge*; otherwise I never saw more than one at a Time.

O thrice and four Times happy People, cry'd they, you are welcome, and more than double welcome! They then kneel'd down before us, and would have kiss'd our Feet, but we would not suffer it, telling them, that should the Pope come thither in his own Person, 'tis all they could do to him. No, certainly, answer'd they, for we have already resolv'd upon the matter. We would kiss his bare Arse, without boggling at it, and eke his two Pounders; for he has a Pair of them, the Holy Father, that he has; we find it so by our fine *Decretals*, otherwise he could not be Pope. So that according to our subtle *Decretalin* Philosophy, this is a necessary Consequence; he is Pope, therefore he has Genitories [Genitals;] and should Genitories no more be found in the World, the World could no more have a Pope.

While they were talking thus, *Pantagruel* enquir'd of one of their Coxswain's Crew, who those Persons were? he answer'd that they were the four Estates of the Island, and added that we should be made as welcome as Princes, since we had seen the Pope. *Panurge* having been acquainted with this by *Pantagruel*, said to him in his Ear, I swear and vow, Sir, 'tis even so, he that has Patience may compass any Thing. Our seeing the Pope hath done us no Good, now in the Devil's Name, 'twill do us a great deal. We then went ashore, and the whole Country, Men, Women, and Children came to meet us as in a solemn Procession. Our four Estates cry'd out to them with a loud Voice; They have seen him, they have seen him. That Proclamation being made, all the Mob kneeled down be-

fore us, lifting up their Hands towards Heaven, and crying; O happy Men! O most happy! And this Acclamation lasted above a Quarter of an Hour.

Then came the *Busby* of the Place with all his Pedagogues, Ushers, and School-boys, whom he Magisterially flogg'd, as they us'd to whip Children in our Country, formerly, when some Criminal was hang'd, that they might remember it. This displeas'd *Pantagruel*, who said to them; Gentlemen, if you do not leave off whipping these poor Children, I'm gone. The People were amaz'd, hearing his Stentorean Voice; and I saw a little Hump with long fingers, say to the *Hypodidascal*; What! In the Name of Wonder, do all those that see the Pope grow as tall as yon huge Fellow that threatens us? Ah! How I shall think Time long, till I have seen him too, that I may grow and look as big. In short, the Acclamations were so great, that (3) *Homenaz* (so they call their Bishop) hasten'd thither on an unbridled Mule, with green Trappings, attended by his *Aposts* (as they said) and his *Supposts* or Officers, bearing Crosses, Banners, Standards, Canopies, Torches, Holy-water-pots, &c. He too wanted to kiss our Feet (as the good *Christian Valsnien* did to Pope *Clement*) saying that one of their *Hypothetes*, that's one of the Scavengers, Scowerers, and Commentators of their Holy Decretals, had written, that, in the same Manner as the Messiah, so long and so much expected by the *Jews*, at last appeared among them, so, on some happy Day of God, the Pope would come into that Island; and that, while they waited for that blessed Time, if any who had seen him at *Rome*, or elsewhere, chanc'd to come among them, they should be sure to make much of them, feast them plentifully, and treat them with a great deal of Reverence. However, we civilly desir'd to be excus'd.

(3) *Homenaz*.] This Word is a Production of that of *Homme*. They use it in *Languedoc*, when they wou'd say, a great Logger-headed Booby, that has neither Wit nor Breeding.

C H A P. XLIX.

*How Homenas, Bishop of Papimany, shew'd us
the (1) Uranopet Decretals.*

HOmenas then said to us : 'tis enjoyn'd us by our Holy Decretals to visit Churches first, and Taverns after. Therefore not to decline that fine Institution, let us go to Church ; we will afterwards go and feast ourselves. Man of God, quoth Friar *John*, do you go before, we'll follow you : you spoke in the Matter properly and like a good Christian, 'tis long since we saw any such. For my Part, this rejoices my Mind very much, and I verily believe that I shall have the better Stomach after it ; well, 'tis a happy Thing to meet with good Men ! Being come near the Gate of the Church, we spy'd a huge thick Book, gilt, and covered all over with precious Stones, as Rubies, Emeralds, Diamonds, and Pearls, more or at least as valuable as those which *Augustus* consecrated to *Jupiter Capitolinus*. This Book hang'd in the Air, being fasten'd with two thick Chains of Gold to the (2) *Zoopbore* of the Porch. We look'd on it, and admir'd it. As for *Pantagruel*, he handled it, and dandled it, and turn'd it as he pleas'd, for he cou'd reach it without straining ; and he protested, that whenever he touch'd it, he was seiz'd with a pleasant tickling at his Fingers end, new Life and Activity in his Arms, and a violent Temptation in his

(1) *Uranopet.*] Descending from Heaven, or ascending to Heaven.

(2) *Zoopbore.*] *Cotgrave* defines, a Painted carved Girdle, or Border about a Porch or Pillar. But he does not tell us, whence it's deriv'd. The *Cambridge Dictionary*, under the Word *Zophorus*, [which certainly is misspelt, for *Zoophorus*] says, A Frame or Border in Pillars or other Works, set off with the Shapes of several Things, [He shou'd have said, Living Creatures, *Zoa*, and other Things] graven upon it. I shall only add, that the *Greeks* sometimes mean by it the Oblique Circle of the Heavens call'd the *Zodiac*, fill'd with the Representations, of Animals, &c. Architects call it, as I said before, the Freeze, which every body knows is between the *Architrave* and *Cornice*.

Mind to beat one or two Serjeants or such Officers, (3) provided they were not of the Shaveling-kind. *Homenas* then said to us, The Law was formerly given to the *Jews* by *Moses*, written by God himself. At *Delphos* before the Portal of *Apalla's* Temple; this Sentence, ΠΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, was found written with a divine hand. And sometimes after it, (4) was also seen, and as divinely written and transmitted from Heaven. *Cybele's* (5) Shrine was brought out of Heaven into a Field call'd (6) *Penisunt* in *Phrygia*; so was that of *Diana* to *Tauris*, if you will believe *Euripides*; the *Oriflambe*, or Holy Standard was transmitted out of Heaven to the Noble and most Christian Kings of *France*, to fight against the Unbelievers. In the Reign of (7) *Numa Pompilius*, Second King of the *Romans*, the famous Copper Buckler, call'd *Ancile*, was seen to descend from Heaven. At *Acropolis* near *Athens*, (8) *Minerva's* Statue formerly fell from the Empyrean Heaven. In like Manner the sacred Decretals, which you see, were written with the Hand of (9) an Angel, of the Cherubim-kind. You Outlandish People will hardly believe this, I fear? Little enough of Conscience; said *Panurge*—
And

(3) *Provided they were not of the Shaveling-kind.*] Because by the Decretals 'tis forbid, under Pain of Excommunication, on any Account whatever, to strike either Clerics, or Laics, that were tonsured. Now before the Year 1425, there were in *France* Multitudes of *Serjeants Clerical* and others *Laical*, who had undergone tonsure, and who under favour of that, committed several grievous Offences in the Execution of their Offices, without being liable to any Punishment: and tho' in that Year, and even in 1518, Endeavours were used to redress those Grievances, both by Arrêt and Edict, the Disorder still continu'd in some when our Author wrote this.

(4) *Was also seen.*] What was it that was also seen? Why the two Capital Letters E. I. which Mr. M——x has left out, and on which *Plutarch* has wrote a Treatise, shewing the Signification of this Mysterious E. I. Which two Letters were also divinely written and transmitted from Heaven, says the *Dutch* Scholiast: but left out in both Editions.

(5) *Shrine.*] Read *Image: Simulacre* in *Freneb*, from the *Latin*, *Simulachrum*, an *Image*; no *Shrine*.

(6) *Penisunt.*] Read *Pefinunt*.

(7) *Numa.*] See *Plutarch*.

(8) *Minerva.*] See *Pausanius's Atticks*.

(9) *An Angel, &c.*] *Erasmus*, in his *Exequiæ Seraphicæ*. *Christus Legem Evangelicam promulgavit, Franciscus legem suam Angeli*

And then, continued *Homenas*, they were miraculously transmitted to us here from the very Heaven of Heavens, in the same Manner as the River *Nile*, is call'd *Diipetes*, by *Homer*, the Father of all Philosophy, (the Holy Decretals always excepted.) Now because you have seen the Pope, their Evangelist and Everlasting Protector, we will give you leave to see and kiss them on the Inside, if you think it meet. But then you must fast three Days before, and canonically confess, nicely and strictly mustering up, and inventorising your Sins, great and small, so thick that one single Circumstance of them may not scape you, as our Holy Decretals, which you see, direct. This will take up some Time. Man of God, answer'd *Panurge*, we have seen and descry'd Decrees and eke Decretals enough o' Conscience, some on Paper, other on Parchment (10) fine and gay like any Painted Paper Lantern, some on Vellum, some in Manuscript, and others in Print; so you need not take half this Pains to shew us these. We'll take the Goodwill for the Deed, and thank you as much as if we had. Ay Marry, said *Homenas*, but you never saw these that are Angelically written. Those in your Country, are only Transcripts from ours, as we find it written by one of our old Decretaline Scholiasts. For me; do not spare me, I do not value the Labour, for I may serve you; do but tell me whether you will be confess, and fast only three short little Days of God? As for striving (Confessing,) answer'd *Panurge*, there can be no great Harm in't, but this same fasting, Master of mine, will hardly down with us at this Time; for we have so very much overfasted ourselves at Sea, that the Spiders have spun their Cobwebs over our Grinders. Do but look on this good Friar *John des Entomeures* (*Homenas* then courteously Demy-clipp'd him about his Neck) some Moss is growing in his Throat for want of bestirring and exer-

geli manibus bis descriptam, tradidit Seraphicis fratribus. This Tradition could not but be known to *Homenas*, but, as it would have derogated from the Dignity of the Decretals, he did not think himself oblig'd to take any Notice of it, much less to lay any Strefs upon it.

(10) Fine and gay like any painted Lantern.] Parchemin Lanterne means only transparent, as the Horn of a Lantern.

cising his Chaps. He speaks the Truth, vouch'd Friar *John*, I have so much fasted, that I'm (11) almost grown hump-shoulder'd. Come then, let's go into the Church, said *Homenas*, and pray forgive us if for the Present we do not sing you a fine high Mass. The Hour of Mid-day is past, and after it our sacred Decretals forbid us to sing Mass, I mean your high and lawful Mass. But I'll say (12) a low and dry one for you. I had rather have one moistened with some good *Anjou* Wine, cry'd *Panurge*; fall to, fall to your low Mass, and dispatch. Od's Bodikins, quoth Friar *John*, it frets me to the Guts that I must have an empty Stomach at this Time of Day. For, had I eaten a good Breakfast, and fed like a Monk, if he shou'd chance to sing us the *Requiem æternam dona eis domine*, I had then brought thither Bread and Wine for the (13) *Traits passez*, (those that are gone before) Well, Patience: Pull away, and save Tide, (14) short and sweet, I pray you, and this for a Cause.

C H A P.

(11) *Almost grown hump-shoulder'd.*] It shou'd be, *grown quite hump-shoulder'd, or hump-backt.* *Tout bossu*, in French. The *Abbot Guyer* was of opinion it shou'd be *moussu*, *mossy*, not *bossu*, *hump-backt*: but in all the Editions *M. de Cbat* had met with, it was *bossu*, and he's of opinion it ought to be so, i. e. *hump-backt*; this Expression, adds he, being taken from the Correspondency there is between a Stomach that's empty, and a Sack that is so, which can't stand on end, but falls together of a Heap.

(12) *A low and dry Mass.*] A little Mass, or low Mass: a Mass without Communion. *Messa Bassa*, *Messa senza Comunione*, says *Oudin*.

(13) *Traits passez, &c.*] *Rabelais* plays upon the Word *Trespassez* (the Dead.) You must know that, to go to Mass for the Dead, is, say the Italians, *Andar alla Messa doppo haver fatta collatione*, *perche visi porta pane e vino*, i. e. to go to Mass, after having taken a Repast, because then you carry with you Bread and Wine, (in your Belly suppose.) This is what Friar *John* merrily alludes to.

(14) *Short and Sweet.*] Don't be long about your Mass. *Rabelais* says *trousssez la court, de paour (peur) que ne se crotte*. Tuck it up short, for fear of its daggling. Thus in the Play, call'd the Passion of *Jesus Christ*, with four Dramatis Personæ, St. *John*, to the Headman, who was come to dispatch him:

*Amy, puis que finer me fault,
Pour tenir justice & raison,*

Accorde

CHAP. L.

*How Homenas show'd us the Archetype, of a
Pope.*

MAs being mumbled over, *Homenas* took a huge Bundle of Keys out of a Trunk near the Head Altar, and put Thirty-two of them into so many Key-holes, put back so many Springs, then with Fourteen more master'd so many Padlocks, and at last opened an Iron Window strongly barr'd above the said Altar. This being done, in token of great Mystery, he cover'd himself with wet Sackcloth, and drawing a Curtain of Crimson Sattin, shew'd us an Image dawb'd over coarsely enough, to my thinking; then he touch'd it with a pretty long Stick, and made us all kiss the part of the Stick that had touch'd the Image. After this he said to us, What think you of this Image? It is the Likeness of a Pope, answer'd *Pantagruel*; I know it by the Triple Crown, his furr'd Aumusse, his Rochet, and his Slipper. You are in the right, said *Homenas*; It is the Idea of that same good God on Earth, whose coming we devoutly await, and whom we hope one Day to see in this Country. O happy, wish'd for, and much expected Day; and happy, most happy, you whose propitious Stars have so far favour'd you as to let you see the living and real Face of this good God on Earth, by

*Accorde que face oraison,
A Dieu, par pensée devote.*

Grongnart, Bourreau.

*Fay le donc court, que ne se crotte,
Je ne veuil plus attendre a l' huis
Anglicé.*

*Friend, since I must suffer Death
For having been sincere,
Grant me to finish my last Breath,
To God in humble Pray'r.*

Grumblesby, the Headsman.

*Then make it short for fear of dagglng,
I cannot stand much longer bagglng.*

the single Sight of whose Picture we obtain full Remission of all the Sins which we remember that we have committed, as also a Third Part, and (1) Eighteen Quarantaines of the Sins which we have forgot: And indeed we only see it on high annual Holidays.

This caus'd *Pantagruel* to say that it was a Work (2) like those that *Dædalus* us'd to make; since tho' it were deform'd and ill drawn, nevertheless some divine Energy in Point of Pardons lay hid and conceal'd in it. Thus, said Friar *John*, at *Seville*, the rascally Beggars being one Evening on a Solemn Holiday at Supper in the Spittle, one bragg'd of having got Six *Blancs*, or two-pence half-penny, another eight *Liards*, or two-pence, a third seven *Carolus's* or six-pence: but an old Mummer made his Vaunts of having got three Testons, or five Shillings: Ah, but (cry'd his Comrades) thou hast (3) a Leg of God; as if, continued Friar *John*, some divine Virtue could lie hid in a stenching ulcerated rotten Shank. Pray, said *Pantagruel*, when you are for telling us some such nauseous Tale, be so kind as not to forget to provide a Bason, Friar *John*; I'll assure you, I had much ado to forbear bringing up my Breakfast: Fy, I wonder a Man of your Coat is not ashamed to use thus the Sacred Name of God, in speaking of Things so filthy and abominable; Fy, I say; if among your monking Tribes such an Abuse of Words is allow'd, I beseech you leave it there, and do not let it come out of the Cloysters. Physicians, said *Epistemon*, thus attribute a Kind of Divinity to some Diseases; *Nero* also extoll'd Mushrooms, and, in a Greek Proverb, term'd them divine Food, because

(1) *Eighteen Quarantaines of the Sins which we have forgot.*] This is the Style of the Penitential Canons.

(2) *Like those which Dædalus us'd to make.*] Wrong; it shou'd have been translated, *A Work like that which once upon a certain occasion was made by Dædalus.* For *Dædalus* was a most ingenious Artificer, and this Work here alluded to was as clumsily made as possibly he cou'd make it, and that for a cause, which the Reader will see in *M. de Cbar's* Note: a pleasant Story enough about *Juno's* Jealousy, but too long to be here inserted.

(3) *A Leg of God.*] Both a Hebrew and Greek Expression for a rotten ulcerated Leg. See *Henry Stephen's Dial. du nouv. lang. Fr. Ital. and Plutarib* c. 33. of the *Dialogue* about which are the most sensible Beasts.

with

with them he had poison'd *Claudius* his Predecessor. But methinks, Gentlemen, this same Picture is (4) not overlike our late Popes. For I have seen them, not with their *Pallium*, *Aumusse* or *Rochet* on, but with Hel-mets on their Heads, more like the Top of a *Persian* Turbant; and while the Christian Commonwealth was in Peace, they alone were most furiously and cruelly making War. This must have been then, return'd *Homenas*, against the Rebellious, Heretical Protestants, Reprobates who are disobedient to the Holiness of this good God on Earth. 'Tis not only lawful for him to do so, but it is enjoyn'd him by the Sacred Decretals, and if any dare transgress one single *Iota* against their Commands, whether they be Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Princes, or Commonwealths, he is immediately to pursue them with Fire and Sword, strip them of all their Goods, take their Kingdoms from them, proscribe them, anathematize them, and destroy not only their Bodies, those of their Children, Relations and others, but damn also their Souls to the very Bottom of the most hot and Burning Caldron in Hell. Here, in the Devil's Name, said *Panurge*, the People are no Here-ticks, such as was our *Raminagrobis*, and as they are in *Germany* and *England*. You are *Christians of the best* Edition, all pick'd and cull'd, for aught I see. Ay, marry are we, return'd *Homenas*, and for that Reason we

(4) Not over-like our late Popes.] *Alexander VI.* and *Johannes II.* But chiefly the last, who in 1511, with a Helmet on his Head, and Cuirasse on his Back and Breast, appear'd before *Miranda*, to hasten the Siege of that Place, which he thought his Generals were slack in carrying on. It is of this Pontiff that *John le Maire de Belges* speaks in these Verses of *K. Louis XII.* Epistle to *Hector* of *Troy*.

Il fait beau voir un ancien prestre en Armes
Crier l' Affault, enborter aux Allarmes,
Souillé de Sang, en lieu de Sacrifice,
Contre l' estat de son très digne Office.

Fine Sight! to see an ancient Priest in Arms,
Cry, On, and Storm, exhorting to Alarms,
Disgracing his high Office, and all o'er,
Instead of Sacrificing, stain'd with Gore.

we shall all be sav'd. Now let us go and bless ourselves with Holy-water and then to Dinner.

C H A P. LI.

Table-Talk in Praise of the Decretals.

NO W Topers, pray observe that while *Homenas* was saying his dry Mass, three Collectors, or Licens'd Beggars of the Church, each of them with a large Basin went round among the People, saying with a loud Voice: *Pray Remember the blessed Men who have seen his Face.* As we came out of the Temple they brought their Basins brim full of *Papimany* Chink to *Homenas*, who told us that it was plentifully to Feast with; and, that of this Contribution and voluntary Tax, one Part should be laid out in good Drinking, another in good Eating, and the Remainder in both; according to an admirable Exposition hidden in a Corner of their Holy Decretals; which was perform'd to a T, and that at a noted Tavern not much unlike that of (1) *Will's* at *Amiens*. Believe me, we tickled it off there with copious Cramming, and numerous Swilling.

Of the same *Julius* Ild. *Budæus* in l. 4. of his *de Assè*; says *Enim vero visendum spectaculum, patrem non modo Sanctissimum, sed etiam Senio & canitie Spectabilem, quasi ad tumultum Gallicum è Bellonæ Fano suos evocatos cientem, non trabea, non Augustis insignibus venerandum, non pontificiis gestaminibus Sacrosanctum, sed paludamento & cultu Barbarico conspicuum: sed furiali (ut ita dicam) confidentia succinctum, fulminibus illis brutus & inanibus luridum, eminente in truci vultu cultuque spirituum atrocitate.*

(1) *Will's* at *Amiens*.] It has been already said in a Note on Ch. XI. of this Book, how it came about there were formerly so many Cooks Shops at *Amiens*. We shall here take notice of what *John de la Bruiere Champiere*, l. 15. ch. 1. of his *de re cibaria*, says of one *Guillot*, (Anglicé *Will* or *Billy*,) who about the Middle of the 16th Century, kept the best and nicest Ordinary in all France. *Nostre memoria*, says he, novimus in Gallia Belgica *Ambiani* unum popinarium, nomine *Gulielmum* (*Guillorum* vulgus cognominat) qui etiamnum citius dicto exquisitissimis omnis generis avitii (Fowl, from *Avis*, cibus aut ferinæ, aut piscium cœnas instruebat, quæ vel regibus dari dignissimè potuissent. Hic facile inter popinarios Gallicos palmam jure obtinuit.

I made

I made two notable Observations at that Dinner; the one that there was not one Dish serv'd up, whether of Cabrittas, Capons, Hogs (of which latter there's (2) great Plenty in *Papimany*) Pigeons, Conies, Leverets, Turkies or others, without abundance of Magisterial Stuffing. The other, that every Course and the Fruit also were serv'd up by unmarried Females of the Place, tight Lasses, I'll assure you, Waggish, Fair, Good condition'd, and Comely, Spruce, and fit for Business. They were clad all in fine long white *Albes*, with two Girts, their Hair interwoven with narrow Tape, and purple Riband, stuck with Roses, Gilly-Flowers, Marjoram, Daffidown-dillies, Thyme and other sweet Flowers.

At every Cadence, they invited us to drink and bang it about, dropping us neat and genteel Courties: nor was the Sight of them unwelcome to all the Company; and as for Friar *John*, he leer'd on them sideways; like a Cur that steals a Capon. When the first Course was taken off, the Females melodiously sung us an Epode in Praise the *Sacrofant* Decretals; and then the second Course being serv'd up, *Homenas*, joyful and cheery, said to (3) one of the she Butlers, Light here, *Clarica*. Immediately, one of the Girls brought him a Tall-boy brim-full of (4) *Extravagant* Wine. He took fast hold of it, and (5) fetching a deep Sigh, said to *Pantagruel*,
My

(2) *Great Plenty in Papimany.*] The Sneerers, among the Catholics, call their Canons God Almighty's Hogs.

(3) *One of the she Butlers, Light here, Clerica.*] Rabelais's Words are *Clarice, esclaire icy*. A sensible Pun to such as speak French. *Light here, Clerk*. Words properly of a Curate ordering his young Clerk to Light him with his Lantern, in administrating the Sacraments to a Sick Person. *Homenas* makes use of it here, to let his Servants know, they should fill him nothing but *Bumpers*, (*Lampées* in French,) which likewise alludes to *Lamp-Light*.

(4) *Extravagant Wine.*] *Tytbe Wine*, granted to *Homenas's* Church by some *Extravagante*, i. e. Extraordinary Constitution added to the Body of the Canon Law.

(5) *Fetching a deep Sigh.*] Much cause indeed to Sigh, like the Fat Prior, in *Marot*, who cry'd,

Qu'on ba de Maulx pour servir Sainte Eglise!

O! How much we go thro' who serve the Church!

Not

My Lord, and you my good Friends, Here's t'ye, with all my Heart: You are all very welcome. When he had tipp'd that off, and given the Tall-boy to the pretty Creature, he lifted up his Voice and said; O most holy Decretals, how good is good Wine found through your Means! This is the best Jest we have had yet, observ'd *Panurge*: But 'twould still be a better, (said *Panagruel*,) if they could turn bad Wine into Good.

O *Seraphic Sextum*! (continu'd *Homenas*) how necessary are you not to the Salvation of poor Mortals! O *Cherubic Clementine*! how perfectly the perfect Institution of a true Christian is contain'd and describ'd in you! O *Angelical Extravagants*! How many poor Souls that wander up and down in mortal Bodies, thro' this Vale of Misery, would perish, were it not for you! When, ha! When shall this special Gift of Grace be bestow'd on Mankind, as to lay aside all other Studies and Concerns, to use You, to peruse You, to understand You, to know You by Heart, to practise You, to incorporate You, to turn You into Blood, and incenter You into the deepest Venticles of their Brains, the inmost Marrow of their Bones, and most intricate Labyrinth of their Arteries? Then, ha then, and no sooner than then, nor otherwise than thus shall the World be happy! While the old Man was thus running on, *Epistemon* arose and softly said to *Panurge*; for want of a Close-stool, I must e'en leave you for a Moment or two; this Stuff has unbung'd the Orifice of my Mustard-Barrel, but I'll not tarry long.

Then, ah then, continu'd *Homenas*, no Hail, Frost, Ice, Snow, Overflowing or *Vis Major*: Then plenty of all earthly Goods here below. Then uninterrupted and eternal Peace through the Universe, an End of all Wars, Blunderings, Drudgeries, Robbing, Assassinating, unless it be to destroy these cursed Rebels the Heretics. Oh, then, Rejoicing; Cheerfulness, Jollity, Solace, Sports, and Delicious Pleasures, over the Face of the Earth. Oh! What great Learning, inestimable Eru-

Not unlike a Parson I knew, possess'd of one of your Fat Goose-Livings of 400 a Year, stroking his Hand over his Pot-belly after Dinner, in his Elbow Chair! O my God! said he, very devoutly.

dition,

dition, and Godlike Precepts, are knit, link'd, riveted and mortis'd in the Divine Chapters of these eternal Decretals?

Oh! how wonderfully, if you read but one demy Canon, short Paragraph, or single Observation of these *Sacrosanct* Decretals, how wonderfully, I say, do you not perceive to kindle in your Hearts, a Furnace of divine Love, Charity towards your Neighbour (6) (provided he be no Heretick) bold Contempt of all casual and sublunary Things, firm Content in all your Affections, and extatic Elevation of Soul even to the third Heaven!

CHAP. LII.

A Continuation of the Miracles caus'd by the Decretals.

(1) **W**isely, Brother Timothy, quoth Panurge, did am, did am; he says blew; But for my part I believe as little of it as I can. For, one Day by chance I happen'd to read a Chapter of them at *Poitiers* at the most Decretalipotent Scotch Doctor's, and old Nick turn me into Bumfodder, if this did not make me so hide-bound and cossive, that for four or five Days I hardly scumber'd one poor Butt of Sir-reverance; and that too was full as dry and hard, I protest, as *Catallus* tells us were those of his Neighbour *Furius*.

*Nec toto decies cacas in anno,
Atque id durius est fabâ, & lapillis:
Quod tu si manibus teras, fricesque
Non unquam digitum inquinare posses.*

Oh,

(6) *Provided he be no Heretick.*] *Homenas*, good Soul! believes, like a true Bigot; a Man may want Charity towards a Heretic, and be ne'er the worse Christian for't.

(1) *Wisely, &c.*] All this Circumlocution of Words, is taken out of Cotgrave, for the rendring *dire Orgues*: But the thing is this: *Orgues*, meaning *Organs*, Panurge does as much as to say *Homenas*,

Oh, ho, cry'd *Homenas*, (2) By'r Lady, it may be you were then in the State of Mortal Sin, my Friend. Well turn'd, cry'd *Panurge*, this was a new Strain, egad.

One Day, said Friar *John*, at *Seville* I had apply'd to my Posteriors by the way of Hand-towel a Leaf of an old *Clementinæ*, which our Rent-gatherer *John Guimard* had thrown out into the Green of our Cloyster : now the Devil broil me like a Black-pudding, if I was n't so abominably plagu'd with Chaps, Chawns, and Piles at the Fundament, that the Orifice of my poor Nockandroe was in a most woeful Pickle for I don't know how long. By'r Lady, cry'd *Homenas*, 'twas a plain Punishment of God, for the Sin that you had committed in betraying that sacred Book, which you ought rather to have kiss'd and ador'd, I say with an Adoration of *Latria*, or of *Hyperdulia* at least : (3) The *Panormitan* never told a Lie in the Matter.

Saith *Ponocrates* ; at *Montpellier*, *John Choüart* having bought of the Monks of *St. Olary* a delicate Set of *Decretals*, written on fine large (4) Parchment of *Lamballe*, to beat Gold between the Leaves, not so much as a Piece that was beaten in them came to good, but all were delacerated and spoil'd. Mark this, cry'd *Homenas*, 'twas a Divine Punishment and Vengeance.

At *Mans*, said *Eudemon*, *Francis Cornu*, Apothecary, had turn'd an old Set of *Extravagantes* into waste Paper ; may I never stir, if whatever was lapt up in them was not immediately corrupted, rotten and spoil'd ; Incense, Pepper, Cloves, Cinnamon, Saffron, Wax, Cassia, Rhubarb, Tamarinds, all, Drugs and Spices, were lost without Exception. Mark, mark, quoth *Homenas*,

you have heard others talk thus, and upon that Footing you affirm it ; and so you do just like the *Organs*, which yield a delightful Sound, when well managed ; but for my Part, I'll not believe you without good Vouchers.

(2) *By'r Lady*.] *Inan*, in the Original : i. e. By *St. John* : a *Childish* Oath, says *Cotgrave*.

(3) *The Panormitan*.] *Nicolas de Fudeſchis*, a *Sicilian*, *Arch-bishop* of *Palermo*, in 1425. His *Commentary* on the *Clementine* was printed in 8vo. at *Paris* 1516. See *Draudius's* *Bibliothèque*.

(4) *Parchment of Lamballe*.] A *Town* of *Bretagne*, famous for the *Manufactory* of *Parchment*.

menas, an Effect of Divine Justice! This comes of putting the Sacred Scriptures to such prophane Uses.

At *Paris*, said *Carpalim*, *Snip Groignet* the Taylor had turned an old *Clementine* into Patterns and Measures, and all the Clothes that were cut on them were utterly spoil'd and lost; Gowns, Hoods, Cloaks, Cassocks, Jerkins, Jackets, Waistcoats, Capes, Doublets, Petticoats, *Corps de Robes*, Vardingals, and so forth. *Snip* thinking to cut a Hood, would cut you out a Cod-piece; instead of a Cassock, he'd make you a high crown'd Hat; for a Waistcoat he'd shape you out a Rochet; on the Pattern of a Doublet he'd make you a thing like a Fryingpan; then his Journeymen having stich't it up, did jagg it and pink it at the Bottom, and so it look'd like a Pan to fry Chestnuts; instead of a Cape he made a Buskin; for a Vardingale he shap'd a Montero-cap; and thinking to make a Cloak, he'd cut out a Pair of your big out strouting *Switzers* Breeches with Panes like the outside of a Tabor. Insomuch that *Snip* was condemned to make good the Stuffs to all his Customers; and to this Day poor Cabbage's Hair grows through his Hood, and his Arse through his Pocket-holes. Mark, an Effect of Heavenly Wrath and Vengeance, cry'd *Homenas*.

At *Cabusac*, said *Gymnast*, a Match being made by the Lords of *Estissac* and Viscount *Lausun* to shoot at a Mark, *Perotou* had taken to pieces a Set of (5) Decretals, and set one of the Leaves for the White, to shoot at; now I sell, nay I give and bequeath for ever and aye, the Mould of my Doublet to fifteen hundred Hampers full of black Devils, if ever any Archer in the Country (tho' they are singular Markesmen in *Guienne*) could hit the White. Not the least Bit of the Holy Scribble was contaminated or touch'd; nay, and *Sanfornin* the Elder, who held Stakes, swore to us, *Figues dioures*, hard Figs (his greatest Oath) that he had openly, visibly and manifestly seen the Bolt of *Car-*

(5) *Decretals*.] Add, printed on *Canonge* Paper. A beautiful large Paper, call'd by *Vives*, *Charta grandis Augustana*, *five Imperialis*, *quæ*, says he, *de rebus sacris hieratica nominatur, qualis videtur in libris Sacrorum ædium*. See his Dialogue intitl'd *Scriptis*. See in *Du Chat* the Derivation of the Word *Canonge*.

quelin

guelin moving right to the round Circle in the Middle of the White, and that just on the Point when it was going to hit and enter, it had gone aside above seven Foot and four Inches wide of it towards the Bakehouse.

Miracle! (cry'd *Homenas*) Miracle, Miracle! *Clerica*, come Wench, light, light here. Here's to you all, Gentlemen; I vow you seem to me very sound Christians. While he said this, the Maidens began to snicker at his Elbow, grinning, giggling and twittering among themselves. Friar *John* began to paw, neigh and winny at the Snout's end, as one ready to leap, or at least to play the Ass, and (6) get up and ride tantivy to the Devil, like a Beggar on Horseback.

Methinks, said *Pantagrue*, a Man might have been more out of Danger near the White of which *Gymnast* spoke, than was formerly *Diogenes* near another. How's that? ask'd *Homenas*, what was it? Was he one of our Decretalists? Rarely fall'n in again, e'gad, said *Epistemon* returning from Stool, I see he will hook his Decretals in, tho' by the Head and Shoulders.

Diogenes, said *Pantagrue*, one Day for Pastime, went to see some Archers that shot at Butts, one of whom was so unskilful, that, when it was his Turn to shoot, all the By-standers went aside, lest he should mistake them for the Mark. *Diogenes* had seen him shoot extremely wide of it, so when the other was taking Aim a second Time, and the People remov'd at a great Distance to the right and left of the White, he plac'd himself close by the Mark, holding that Place to be the safest, and that so bad an Archer would certainly rather hit any other.

One of the Lord d'Éstissac's Pages at last found out the Charm, pursued *Gymnast*, and by his Advice *Perron* put in another White made up of some Papers of *Pouillac's* Law Suit, and then every one shot cleverly.

(6) *Get up and ride tantivy, &c.*] It is in the Original, *monter dessus, comme Herbault sus patorvres gens*. Which has two Meanings, One is, *Fall upon them as your Gentlemens Dogs fall upon Beggars at the Gates*: the other is, *Ride 'em, and worry 'em, harass 'em, at some Lords of Manors do their poor Tenants*. On which see in D. *Chat* some curious Observations, too prolix for this Place.

At *Landerouffe*, said *Rhizotomus*, at *John Delis's* Wedding were very great Doings, as't was then the Custom of the Country. After Supper, several Farces, Interludes, and comical Scenes were acted: they had also several Morrice Dancers with Bells and Tabors; and divers Sorts of Masques, and Mummers were let in. My School-fellows and I, to grace the Festival to the best of our Power (for fine white and purple Liveries had been given to all of us in the Morning) contriv'd a merry Mask with Store of Cockle-shells, Shells of Snails, Periwinkles and such other. Then for want of Cuckoe-pint or Priest-pintle, Loufebur, Clote, and Paper, we made ourselves false Faces with the Leaves of an old *Sextum*, that had been thrown by and lay there for any one that would take it up, cutting out Holes for the Eyes, Nose and Mouth. Now did you ever hear the like since you were born, when we had play'd our little Boyish Antick Tricks, and came to take off our sham-faces, we appeared more hideous and ugly than the little Devils that acted the *Passion* at (7) *Douay*: For our Faces were utterly spoil'd at the Places which had been touch'd by those Leaves; one had there the Small Pox, another God's Token, or the Plague Spot, a third the Crinkams, a fourth the Measles, a fifth Botches, Pushes, and Carbuncles; in short, he came off the least hurt who only lost his Teeth by the Bargain. Miracle, bawl'd out *Homenas*, Miracle!

Hold, hold! cry'd *Rhizotomus*, 'tis n't yet Time to clap; my Sister *Kate*, and my Sister *Ren* had put the Crepines of their Hoods, their Ruffles, Snuffekins, and Neck-Ruffs, new wash'd, starch'd, and iron'd, into that very Book of Decretals; for, you must know, it was cover'd with thick Boards, and had strong Clasps; now, by the Virtue of God——Hold, interrupted *Homenas*, what God do you mean? There is but one, answer'd *Rhizotomus*. In Heaven, I grant, reply'd *Homenas*, but we have another here on Earth, d'ye see. Ay marry, have we, said *Rhizotomus*, but on my Soul, I protest I had quite forgot it——well then, by the Virtue of God the Pope, their Pinner, Neck-ruffs, Bibs,

(7) *Douay*.] Read *Doué*. One's in France, t'other in Flanders.

Coifs, and other Linen turn'd as black as Charcoal-man's Sack. Miracle, cry'd *Homenas* ! Here *Clerica*, light me here, and pr'ythee, Girl, observe these rare Stories. How comes it to pass then, ask'd Friar *John*, that People say,

(8) *Ever since Decrees had Tails,*
 (9) *And Gens d' Arms lugg'd heavy Mails,*
Since each Monk would have a Horse,
All went here from bad to worse.

Depuis

(8) *Ever since Decrees had Tails.*] It shou'd be, *Ever since Decrees had Wings*. On which *M. du Chat* has this long, but not tedious Note. The *Decretals*, says he, which are of so great Weight and Authority with the *Canonists*, were not only added to the Body of the ancient *Decrees* as *Wings* (*ails*) to the main Pile of a Building; but they are likewise the *Wings* of the *Decrees* in another Sense; inasmuch by the means and help of these *Wings*, the *Popes*, whom the ancient *Canons* kept pretty low, have soar'd to their present height and have assum'd the Power they now exercise over the *Latin Church*. *Prendre des ailes*, or as they speak in *Langue-doc*, *prendre ales*, to take the *Wing*, is to forget on's self so far as to lose sight of the lowness of one's true Condition, as some Years ago was the Case of a certain arrogant Fop, not far from *Montpellier*, according to the following Tale, made upon occasion of his taking too much upon him.

Certain Bourgeois, trenchant du Gentilhomme,
Avec un gros de nobles Campagnars,
En rang d'oignons soupoit un jour, & comme
Il se donnoit l' air de faire les parts,
Coupoit dindons, levrauts, perdrix, canars;
On s'aperceut que l' ecuyer habile
Tout en rangeant les morceaux sur les plats
Avoit grand soin de ne s'oublier pas.
D' Ailes sur tout de perdrix une pile
Sur son assiete on voioit s'elever.
Lors un d'entre eux qui se sentit grever,
D'un tour de main racrochant les plus belles,
Vouz en avez, dit-il, plus qu'il ne faut:
Pas ne vous fied, Monsieur, d'avoir tant d'ailes,
Vouz ne prenez deja qu'un vol trop haut.

A certain upstart Citizen of late,
 Wou'd cut a Figure, and wou'd needs look great,
 A Knot of Country Gentlemen were met;
 And, like a row of Onions, all were set,

And

Depuis que *Decreets* eurent *Ales*,
Et *Gens d'Armes* porterent Males,
Moines allerent à Cheval,
En ce monde abonda tout mal.

I under-

And he amidst them—Supper being serv'd,
To this and that and t'other Man he carv'd,
Ducks, Levrets, Partridge, Turkey-pout, he cuts,
And on their Plates what Part he pleases, puts,
In dealing out their Pittances, the Elf
Took special care, not to forget himself.
Well-stor'd his Plate was with the choicest Things;
But, above all, a Pile of Patridge Wings.
One that lov'd Patridge Wings as well as Cit,
Whips from his Plate the Best—"Sir, is it fit,
Said he to Monsieur *Carver*, "it is right,
"You shou'd have all the Wings, in our despite,
"You, who already take too high a Flight?

H. *Stephens*, who in the above Quatrain of the *Decretals* instead of four Verses gives 'em in five, in ch. 39. of his *Apology for Herodotus*, took 'em, it may be, from the Collection of *Adages*, &c. Publish'd by *Peter Grosnet* of *Auxerre*, about the Year 1536. I will give you a Latin Version of the first of those four French Verses, as done by *Gentillet*, the suppos'd Latin and French Author of the *Anti-Machiavel*: *Ex quo Decretum sumptis se sustulit Alis*. And in the French Part of this Book, this first Verse runs thus: *Depuis que Decret eut prius ales*. This Quatrain had not suffer'd so many Alterations, if People had known that formerly *Ales* was used for *Ailes*, and that in *Languedoc* where this old Word is still continu'd, *avoir* or *prendre ales*, is to give one's self false Airs. This was well known to those who liv'd near the Borders of *Languedoc*, and consequently to *Gentillet*. Neither was *Beza*, tho' a *Burgundian*, nor *Duaren*, tho' a *Bas-Briton*, unacquainted therewith. *Ad decretalia veniamus*, said *Beza* in 1553, in his *Passavant*, & *alios libros sequentes, de quibus nemo est qui nesciat proverbium quod dicitur, postquam Decretum habuit alas, totum, mundum, fuisse maledictum*. In eo *Decretalium Volumine* said the latter, some few Years after in his Preface to his *de sacris Ecclesia ministeriis*, *Multa intueri licet, quæ à prisca illa disciplina, quæ decretorum liber à prisca illa disciplina, quæ decretorum liber à Gratiano editus contineat, multum degeneret. Atque hinc natum est illud apud nostrates tritum ac vulgo jactatum, malè cum rebus humanis actum esse, ex quo Decretis Alæ accesserunt*.

(9) And *Gens d'Arms* [ugg'd heavy Mails.] *Beza*, l. 4. of his *Ecclesiastical History* says, This is an Allusion to the Proverb *Mauli Mariani*. [Which see explain'd in *Santorius*, for I'm not allow'd space to do it here. But *Beza*'s Reasoning thereupon is so confus'd, and his Application so inexact and incoherent, that there's no making Head or Tail of what he says. It is more likely that what made *Gens d'Armes* carrying *Port-mantles*, or *Mails* so odious to the People

I understand you, answered *Homenas* ; this is one of the (10) Quirks and little Satires of the new fangl'd Hereticks.

C H A P. LIH.

How, by the Virtue of the Decretals, Gold is subtilely drawn out of France to Rome.

I Would, said *Epistemon*, it had cost me a Pint of the best Tripe that ever can enter into Gut, so we had but compar'd with the Original, the dreadful Chapters, *Execrabilis. De multa. Si plures. De Annatis per totum. Nisi essent. Cum ad Monasterium. Quod dilectio. Mandatum*, and certain others that draw every Year out of *France to Rome* four hundred thousand Ducats and more.

Do you make nothing of this, asked *Homenas*? Tho' methinks, after all, 'tis but little if we consider that *France*, the most *Christian*, is the only Nurse the See of *Rome* has. However, find me in the whole World a Book whether of Philosophy, Physic, Law, Mathematicks, or other human Learning, nay, even, by my God, of the Holy Scripture it self, that will draw as much Money thence? None, none, (1) pshaw, tush, blurt, pish, none can: You may look till your

People was, that, after they had submitted to carry that *Luggage*, nothing escap'd 'em wherever they quarter'd or march'd, but they wou'd pouch up a thousand Things they took a Fancy to at People's Houses, or in the Fields.

(10) Quirks, &c.] *Homenas* is mistaken. Nothing was more common than that Proverb, or had been so for a long Time.

(1) Pshaw, &c.] *Nargues Nargues*, in the Original. A Term of Contempt we say *A Fig for't*. So here *Homenas Nargues*, i. e. *A Fig for other Books*; or *Nazardes*, a rap o' the Nose for such as say there's any Book to compare with the *Decretals*. The *Anti Chop-pin*, p. 46. and 47. *Et sic tu facis non plus non minus quam pueri sese ludentes cum simiis & guenonibus* (guenon, a she Monkey, in French) quibus ex una parte cultri offerunt buccellam pomi vel partem nucis, & de altera dant illis marques super nasum. *Narques & Zargues*, which before in ch. xvii. *Rabalais* had coin'd into a couple of *Ilands*, are Synonymous to *Nazardes*.

Eyes

Eyes drop out of your Head ; nay, till Dooms-day in the Afternoon, before you can find another of that Energy ; I'll pass my Word for that.

Yet these Devilish Hereticks refuse to learn and know it. Burn 'em, tear 'em, nip 'em with hot Pin-cers, drown 'em, hang 'em, spit 'em at the Bung-hole, pelt 'em, paut 'em, bruise 'em, beat 'em, cripple 'em, dismember 'em, cut 'em, gut 'em, bowel 'em, paunch 'em, thrash 'em, slash 'em, gash 'em, chop 'em, slice 'em, slit 'em, carve 'em, saw 'em, bethwack 'em, pare 'em, hack 'em, hew 'em, mince 'em, flay 'em, (2) boil 'em, broil 'em, roast 'em, toast 'em, bake 'em, fry 'em, crucify 'em, crush 'em, squeeze 'em, grind 'em, batter 'em, burst 'em, quarter 'em, unlimb 'em, behump 'em, bethump 'em, belump 'em, belabour 'em, pepper 'em, spitchcock 'em, and carbonade 'em on Gridirons, these wicked Hereticks ; Decretalifuges, Decretalicides, worse than Homicides, worse than Patricides, Decretalictiones of the Devil of Hell.

As for you other good People, I must earnestly pray and beseech you to believe no other Thing, think on, say, undertake, or do no other Thing than what's contain'd in our sacred Decretals, and their Corollaries, this fine *Sextum*, these fine *Clementinae*, these fine *Extravagantes*. O Deific Books ! So shall you enjoy Glory, Honour, Exaltation, Wealth, Dignities, and Preferments in this World ; be rever'd, and dreaded by all, preferr'd, elected, and chosen above all Men.

For, there is not under the Cope of Heaven, a Condition of Men, out of which you'll find Persons fitter to do and handle all Things, than those who by divine Prescience, eternal Predestination, have applied themselves to the Study of the holy Decretals.

Would you chuse a worthy Emperor, a good Captain, a fit General in Time of War, one that can well foresee all Inconveniences, avoid all Dangers, briskly and bravely bring his Men on to a Breach or Attack,

(2) *Boil them, &c.*] Punishments then in fashion, *Mat. Corderius*, ch. 49. n. 28. of his *de Cor. Serm. emendatione* : They are going to execute him, i. e. To hang, or burn, or behead, or quarter, or boil him. *Ad capitale supplicium perductus est.*

still be on sure Grounds, always overcome without Loss of his Men, and know how to make a good Use of his Victory? Take me a Decretist. — No, no, I mean a Decretalist. (3) O, the foul Blunder, whisper'd *Epistemon*.

Would you in Time of Peace, find a Man capable of wisely governing the State of a Commonwealth, of a Kingdom, of an Empire, of a Monarchy, sufficient to maintain the Clergy, Nobility, Senate and Commons, in Wealth, Friendship, Unity, Obedience, Virtue and Honesty? Take a Decretalist.

Would you find a Man who, by his exemplary Life, Eloquence, and pious Admonitions, may in a short Time without Effusion of human Blood, conquer the Holy Land, and bring over to the Holy Church the misbelieving *Turks, Jews, Tartars, Muscovites, Mamelucs, and Sarrabonites*? Take me a Decretalist.

What makes in many Countries, the People rebellious and deprav'd, Pages sawcy and mischievous, Students sottish and duncical? Nothing but that their Governors, Esquires, and Tutors were not Decretalists.

But what, on your Conscience, was it, d'ye think that establish'd, confirm'd and authorized those fine Religious Orders with whom you see the Christian Word every where adorned, graced, and illustrated, as the Firmament is with its glorious Stars? The Holy Decretals.

What was it that founded, underpropped, and fixed, and now maintains, nourishes, and feeds the devout Monks and Friars in Convents, Monasteries and Abbeys, so that did they not daily and nightly pray without ceasing, the World would be in evident danger of returning to its Primitive Chaos? The Sacred Decretals.

(3) *Ho, the foul Blunder.*] *O le gros Rat! O the huge Rat!* A *Poitewine* Expression, to rally one that makes a Slip with his Tongue, speaks one Word for another, as *Homenas* does here. In ch. xxvii. of lib. 5. *O les gros Rats à la Table, O the bouncing Table-Rats*, means the fat Monks (*Rats* signify'd *Shavelings* as well as *Rats*) who eat up Mankind. There *Friar John* means that they are never more like real *Rats* well fed, than at Table, when they lay about 'em in emptying the Plates.

What

What makes, and daily encreases the famous and celebrated Patrimony of St. *Peter* in plenty of all Temporal, Corporeal and Spiritual Blessings? The Holy Decretals.

What made the Holy Apostolick See and Pope of *Rome* in all Times, and at this present so dreadful in the Universe, that all Kings, Emperors, Potentates, and Lords willing nilling must depend on him, hold of him, be crowned, confirmed, and authorized by him, come thither to strike fail, buckle, and fall down before his Holy Slipper, whose Picture you have seen? The mighty Decretals of God.

I will discover you a great Secret; the Universities of your World have commonly a Book either open or shut in their Arms and Devices; what Book do you think it is? Truly, I do not know, answered *Pantagruel*, I never read it. It is the Decretals, said *Homenas*, without which the Privileges of all Universities would soon be lost. You must own I have taught you this, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Here *Homenas* began to belch, to fart, to funk, to laugh, to slaver, and to sweat; and then he gave his huge greasy four-corner'd Cap to one of the Lassies, who clapt it on her pretty Head with a Deal of Joy after she had lovingly buss'd it, as a sure Token that she should be first married. (4) *Vivat*, cried *Epistemon*, *fifat*, *bibat*, *pipat*.

O Apocalyptic Secret, continued *Homenas*! light, light, *Clerica*, light here (5) with double Lanterns. Now for the Fruit, Virgins.

I was saying then, that giving yourselves thus wholly to the Study of the Holy Decretals, you'll gain Wealth and Honour in this World; I add, that in the next, you'll infallibly be saved in the blessed Kingdom of Heaven, whose Keys are given to Our good God and

(4) *Vivat, fifat, pipat, bibat.*] *Germanis vivere bibere est*, is the saying in France, on occasion of this Cry of the Germans, which *Epistemon* pronounces after the German Fashion. See *Misson*, Lett. 9. of his Travels into Italy.

(5) *With double Lanterns.*] Bring a couple of Bumpers, (*Lampées* in French,) which equivocates to Lanterns in Sense.

Decretaliarch. O My good God; whom I adore and never saw, by thy special Grace open unto us, at the Point of Death at least, this most sacred Treasure of our Holy Mother Church, whose Protector, Preserver, Butler, Chief Larder, Administrator, and Disposer thou art; and take care, I beseech thee, O Lord, that the precious Works of Supererogation, the goodly Pardons do not fail us in Time of need; so that the Devils may not find an Opportunity to gripe our precious Souls, and the dreadful Jaws of Hell may not swallow us. If we must pass through Purgatory, *Thy* will be done. It is in thy Power to draw us out of it when thou pleasest. Here *Homenas* began to shed huge hot briny Tears, to beat his Breast, and (6) kiss his Thumbs in the Shape of a Cross.

C H A P. LIV.

How Homenas gave Pantagruel some Bon-Christian Pears.

E *Pistemon*, Friar *John*, and *Panurge* seeing this doleful Catastrophe, began under the cover of their Napkins to cry, Meeow, Meeow, Meeow, feigning to wipe their Eyes all the while as if they had wept. The Wenches were doubly diligent, and brought Brimmers of (1) *Clementine Wine* to every one, besides Store of Sweetmeats; and thus the feasting was reviv'd.

Before

(6) *Kiss his Thumbs in the Shape of a Cross.*] Allusion to what is usually done by Bigots, whose Devotion consists so essentially in kissing the Cross, that, in order to have a Cross always at Hand, they do [What? carry their Wives with 'em, No,] form a Cross with their two Thumbs, and in that Shape are continually lifting them to their Mouths. In *Languedoc* they say of a Man that bestirs him rigorously in an Affair, and seems to have it at Heart, he *Kisses his Thumbs a-cross* that it may succeed.

(1) *Clementine Wine.*] *Clement* the Vth, who was of *Bordeaux*, and under whose Name the *Clementines* were compil'd, had planted in the Territory of *Pessac*, a Village within a League of *Bordeaux*, a Vineyard, which still bears the Name of that Pope. See *Du Chesne's*

Before we arose from Table, *Homenas* gave us a great Quantity of fair large Pears; saying, Here, my good Friends, these are singular good Pears, you'll find none such any where else, I dare warrant. (2) Every Soil bears not every Thing, you know; *India* alone boasts black *Ebony*, the best Incense is produc'd in *Sabæa*, the Sphragitid Earth at (3) *Lemnos*; so this Island is the only Place where such fine Pears grow. You may, if you please, make Seminaries with their Pippins, [Kernels] in your Country.

I like their Taste extremely, said *Pantagruel*; if they were illic'd and put into a Pan on the Fire with Wine and Sugar, I fancy they would be very wholesome Meat (4) for the Sick, as well as for the Healthy; Pray what do you call 'em? No otherwise than you've heard, reply'd *Homenas*; we are a plain, downright Sort of People, as God would have it, and call Figs, Figs; Plumbs, Plumbs, and Pears, Pears. Truly, said *Pantagruel*, if I live to go home, (which I hope will be speedily, God willing) I'll set and graff some in my Garden in *Touraine* by the Banks of the *Loire*; and will call them *Bon-Christian* or *Good-Christian* Pears; for I never saw better Christians than are these good *Papimans*. I'd like him two to one better yet, said Friar *John*, would he but give us two or three Cart-loads of yon buxom Lasses. Why, what would you do with them, cry'd *Homenas*? Quoth Friar *John*, no Harm, only bleed the kind-hearted Souls straight between the two great Toes with certain clever Lancets

Chefne's Antiquities of Cities, &c. l. 3. c. 2. But this is not what *Rabelais* has his Eye to here. There is a great deal more likelihood that he means Wine of a certain Growth, the Tythe whereof had been granted to *Homenas's* Church by some *Clementine*.

(2) Every Soil, &c.] *Nec vero terræ ferre omnes omnia possunt*, says *Virgil*. l. 2. of his *Georgics*. And lower;

----- *Sola India nigrum*
Fert ebum, Solis est thurea virga Sabæis.

(3) *Lemnos*.] See *Pliny*, l. 37. ch. 8.

(4) For the Sick, as well as for the Healthy.] *Pliny*, l. 28. c. 7. says all Pears are heavy and hard of digestion, especially to unhealthy People, but in the same Chapter he excepts baked Pears.

of the right Stamp; by which Operation *Good-Christian* Children would be inoculated upon them, and the Breed be multiplied in our Country, in which there are not many over good, the more's the Pity.

Nay, verily, reply'd *Homenas*, we cannot do this, for you would make them tread their Shoes awry, crack their Pipkins, and spoil their Shapes; you love Mutation, I see, you'll run at Sheep, I know you by that same Nose, and Hair of yours, tho' I never saw your Face before. Alas, alas, how kind you are! And would you indeed damn your precious Soul? Our Decretals forbid this: Ah, I wish you had them at your Fingers-end. Patience, said Friar *John*: But *Si tu non vis dare*, (5) *præsta, quæsumus*; Matter of Breviary; as for that I defy all the World, and I fear no Man that wears a Head and a Hood, tho' he were a *Chrystallin*, I mean a *Decretalin* Doctor.

Dinner being over, we took our Leave of the Right Reverend *Homenas*, and of all the good People, humbly giving Thanks, and, to make them Amends for their kind Entertainment, promised them that at our coming to *Rome* we would make our Applications so effectually to the Pope, that he would speedily be sure to come to visit them in Person. After this we went o' Board.

Pantagruel by an Act of Generosity, and as an Acknowledgment for the Sight of the Pope's Picture, gave *Homenas* nine Pieces of double friz'd Cloth of Gold, to be set before the Grates of the Window. He also caus'd the Church Box for its Repairs and Fabrick to be quite fill'd with double Crowns of Gold, and order'd nine hundred and fourteen Angels to be deliver'd to each of the Lasses who had waited at Table, to buy them Husbands when they could get them.

(5) *Præsta, quæsumus*.] These Words are in the Stile of the *Oremus*, in the Breviary and Prayer-Books.

CHAP. LV.

How Pantagruel, being at Sea, heard various unfrozen Words.

WHEN we were at Sea junketting, tippling, discourfing, and telling Stories, *Pantagruel* rose and stood up to look out; then ask'd us, Do you hear nothing, Gentlemen? Methinks I hear some People talking in the Air, yet I can see no Body; Hark! According to his Command we listen'd, and with full Ears suck'd in the Air, as some of you suck Oysters, to find if we could hear some Sound scatter'd through the Sky; and to lose none of it, like the Emperor *Antoninus*, some of us laid their Hands hollow next to their Ears: But all this would not do, nor could we hear any Voice. Yet *Pantagruel* continued to assure us he heard various Voices in the Air, some of Men, and some of Women.

At last we began to fancy that we also heard something, or, at least, that our Ears tingled; and the more we listen'd, the plainer we discern'd the Voices, so as to distinguish articulate Sounds. This mightily frighten'd us, and not without Cause, since we could see nothing, yet heard such various Sounds and Voices of Men, Women, Children, Horses, &c. in-somuch that *Panurge* cry'd out, Cods Belly, there's no fooling with the Devil, we are all beshit, let's fly. There is some Ambuscade hereabouts. Friar *John*, art thou here, my love? I pr'y-thee, stay by me, old Boy; hast thou got thy swindging Tool? See that it do not stick in the Scabbard; thou never scourest it half as it should be. We are undone. Hark! they are Guns, Gad judge me; let's fly, I do not say with Hands and Feet, as *Brutus* said at the Battle of *Pharsalia*; I say, with Sails and Oars: let's whip it away, I never find myself to have a Bit of Courage at Sea; in Cellars, and elsewhere I have more than enough. Let's fly, and save our Bacon. I do not say this for any Fear that I have, for I dread nothing but Danger, that

I don't; I always say it that should not. The free Archer of *Baignolet* said as much. Let's hazard nothing therefore, I say, lest we come off bluely. Tack about, Helm a Lee, thou Son of a Bachelor. Would I were now well in (1) *Quinquenois*, tho' I were never to marry. Hasten away, let us make all the Sail we can, they'll be too hard for us, we are not able to cope with them, they are ten to our one, I'll warrant you: nay, and they are on their Dunghil, while we do not know the Country. They'll be the Death of us. We'll lose no Honour by flying: (2) *Demosthenes* saith, That the Man that runs away, may fight another Day. At least, let us retreat to the Leeward. Helm a Lee; bring the main Tack aboard, hawl the Bowlins, hoist the Top-gallants, we are all dead Men; get off, in the Devil's Name, get off.

Pantagruel hearing the sad Outcry which *Panurge* made, said, Who talks of flying? Let's first see who they are; perhaps they may be Friends; I can discover no Body yet, tho' I can see a hundred Miles round me. But let us consider a little, I have read that a Philosopher, named (3) *Perron*, was of Opinion, that there were several Worlds that touch'd each other in an equilateral Triangle; in whose Centre, he said, was the Dwelling of Truth; and that the Words, Ideas, Copies, and Images of all Things past and to come, resided there; round which was the Age, and that with Success of Time part of them us'd to fall on Mankind like Rheums and Mildews, just as the Dew fell on *Gideon's* Fleece, till the Age was fulfilled.

I also remember, continued he, that *Aristotle* affirms *Homer's* Words to be flying, moving, and consequently animated. Besides, (4) *Antiphanes* said, that *Plato's* Philosophy was like Words which being spoken in some Country during a hard Winter, are immediately con-

(1) *In Quinquenois.*] Before, in ch. 13. the good Wine of that Place is mentioned with great Praises.

(2) *Demosthenes saith, &c.*] See *Aulus Gellius*, lib. 17. cap. 21.

(3) *Perron.*] Read *Petron*. See *Plutarch* in his Discourse concerning the Cessation of Oracles.

(4) *Antiphanes said, &c.*] See *Plutarch*.

geal'd, frozen up, and not heard; for what *Plato* taught young Lads, could hardly be understood by them when they were grown old. Now, continued he, we should philosophize and search whether this be not the Place where those Words are thaw'd.

You'd wonder very much, shou'd this be the Head and Lyre of *Orpheus*. When the *Thracian* Women had torn him to Pieces, they threw his Head and Lyre into the River *Hebrus*; down which they floated to the *Euxine* Sea, as far as the Island of *Lesbos*; the Head continually uttering a doleful Song, as it were lamenting the Death of *Orpheus*, and the Lyre, with the Wind's Impulse, moving its Strings, and harmoniously accompanying the Voice. Let's see if we cannot discover them hereabouts.

C H A P. LVI.

How among the Frozen Words, Pantagruel found some odd ones.

TH E Skipper made answer: Be not afraid, my Lord, we are on the Confines of the Frozen Sea, on which, about the Beginning of last Winter, happen'd a great and bloody Fight between the *Arimaspians* and the *Neephelibates*. Then the Words and Cries of Men and Women, the hacking, flashing and hewing of Battle-axes, the shocking, knocking, and jolting of Armours, and Harnesses, the neighing of Horses, and all other martial Din and Noise, froze in the Air; and now the Rigour of the Winter being over, by the succeeding Serenity and Warmth of the Weather, they melt and are heard.

By Jingo, quoth *Panurge*, the Man talks somewhat like, I believe him; but cou'd n't we see some of 'em? I think I have read, that on the Edge of the Mountain on which *Moses* receiv'd the *Judaic* Law, the People saw the Voices sensibly.—Here, here, said *Pantagruel*, here are some that are not yet thaw'd. He then throw'd us on the Deck whole Handfuls of Frozen

B 5
Words,

Words, which seem'd to us like your rough Sugar-Plumbs, of many Colours, like those us'd in Heraldry; some Words *Gules*, [this means also Jest and merry Sayings] some *Vert*, some *Azur*, some *Black*, some *Or*, [this means fine fair Words;] and when we had somewhat warm'd them, between our Hands, they melted like Snow, and we really heard them, but could not understand them, for it was a barbarous Gibberish; one of them only that was pretty big, having been warm'd between Friar *John's* Hands, gave a Sound much like that of Chesnuts when they are thrown into the Fire without being first cut, and made us all start. This was the Report of a Field-piece in its Time, cry'd Friar *John*.

Panurge pray'd *Pantagruel* to give him some more; but *Pantagruel* told him, that to give Words was the (1) Part of a Lover. Sell me some then, I pray you, cry'd *Panurge*. That's the Part of a Lawyer, return'd *Pantagruel*. I would sooner sell you Silence, tho' at a dearer Rate, as *Demosthenes* formerly sold it by the Means of his (2) *Argentangina*, or Silver Squinsey.

However,

(1) *The Part of a Lover.*] *Verba dat omnis amans*, says *Ovid*.

(2) *Argentangina.*] *M. du Chat* taking no Notice of this *Argentangina* any further than by referring to *Erasmus's* Adages; and the old *Dutch* Scholiast saying only, that it was a Distemper which *Demosthenes* was reproach'd with when he declined speaking against the *Milesian* Ambassador's Request, [See *Aul. Gel. l. 2. c. 9.*] I thought it might not be disagreeable to quote what *Satorius* says upon this Phrase *Argentanginam patitur*. Ἀργυράγγινον πάσχει, such a one labours under an *Argentangina*. Hy heeft die gelt-zucht, say the *Hollanders*; i. e. He has (not the *Mullygrubs*, but) the *Money-grubs*, as near 'as I can make the *English* answer to the *Dutch*. *Gelt*, every body knows is money, and *Zucht* is properly a Swelling caus'd by bad Humours (gezwollenheyd outstaande uyt quaade vochtigheden.) So here, metaphorically, *Gelt-Zucht* is an Ailment caus'd by Money, which takes a Man in the Mouth, and hinders him from speaking, as was the Orator *Demosthenes's* Case, which gave Occasion to this Proverb: *Natum à Demosthene, qui cum diei unius reticentiam Milesiorum legatis viginti talentis vendidisset, hoc est, duodecim Coronatorum millibus, postero die prodit in concionem, collo multa lana obducto, ut qui anginam pateretur. Quidam verò è populo, cui simulatio subolebat, exclamabat eum non σπάργγινον, sed ἀργυράγγινον pati. Est autem Synanche, quod vulgo Squinantiam vocant. Demosthenes being bought off by the Milesian Ambassadors, who had*
given

However, he threw three or four Handfuls of them on the Deck; among which I perceiv'd some very sharp Words, and some bloody Words, which the Pilot said, us'd sometimes to go back and recoil to the Place whence they came, but 'twas with a slit Weefand; we also saw some terrible Words, and some others not very pleasant to the Eye.

When they had been all melted together, we heard a strange Noise, hin, hin, hin, hin, his, tick, tock, taak, brededin, brededack, frr, frr, frr, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, track, track, trr, trr, trr, trrr, trrrrr, on, on, on, on, on, on, ououououon, gog, magog, and I do not know what other barbarous Words, which the Pilot said, were the Noise made by the charging Squadrons, the Shock and Neighing of Horses.

Then we heard some large ones go off like Drums and Fifes, and others like Clarions and Trumpets. Believe me, we had very good Sport with them. I would fain have sav'd some merry odd Words, and have preserv'd them in Oil, as Ice and Snow are kept, and between clean Straw. But *Pantagrue* would not let me, saying, that 'tis a Folly to hoard up what we are never like to want, or have always at Hand: odd, quaint, merry, and fat Words of *Gules* never being scarce among all good and jovial *Pantagruelists*.

Panurge somewhat vex'd Friar *John*, and put him in the Pouts; for he took him at his Word, while he dreamt

given him twenty Talents, that is, twelve thousand Crowns, for only one Day's Silence, the Orator came next Day into the Senate-house, his Neck muffled about with Rollers, and his Chin bolstered up with Wool, as if he had a sore Throat: But one of the Assembly smelt a Rat, and cry'd out, *Demosthenes has not got a Cold, but Gold*; as near as I can imitate the *Greek* Pun. The *Greeks* have another Proverb to the same Purpose: *Βόυς ἐπὶ γλῶσσῃ*; *Bos in lingua*, he has an Ox on his Tongue. [*Hem is een stuck specks in de mont geworpen*, say the *Dutch*, Somebody has thrown a Piece of Bacon into his Mouth; when a Man is brib'd to be silent.] As for the Ox on the Tongue, the Reader must know the *Athenian* Coin was stamp'd with the Figure of an Ox. *Plautus in Persia*: *Bovis bini hic sunt in crumena*, he has a Pair of Oxen in his Purse.

Such

dreamt of nothing less. This caus'd the Friar to threaten him with such a Piece of Revenge as was put upon G. *Jouffeaume*, who having taken the merry *Patelin* at his Word, when he had overbid himself in some Cloth, was afterwards fairly taken by the Horns like a Bullock, by his jovial Chapman, whom he took at his Word like a Man. *Panurge* well knowing that threaten'd Folks live long, bob'd, and made Mouths at him, in token of Derision ; then cry'd, Would I had here the *Word* of the *Holy Bottle*, without being thus oblig'd to go further in Pilgrimage to her.

C H A P. LVII.

How Pantagruel went ashore at the Dwelling of Gaster, the (1) Master of Arts in the World.

THAT Day *Pantagruel* went ashore in an Island, which, for Situation and Governor, may be said not to have its Fellow. When you just come into it, you find it rugged, craggy, barren, unpleasant to the Eye, painful to the Feet, and almost as inaccessible as the (2) Mountain of *Dauphiné*, which is somewhat like a Toadstool, and what was never climb'd, as any can remember, by any but (3) *Doyac*, who had the Charge of King *Charles* the VIIIth's Train of Artillery.

This

Such therefore as were corrupted into silence, were said to have an Ox stamp'd on their Tongue : *Bovem in lingua habere*. He has a Bone in his Mouth, say the French, *Il a un os dans la bouche*.

(1) *Master of Arts.*] Alluding to the *Magister artis*, ingenique largitor Venter of the Poet *Perfius*.

(2) *Mountain of Dauphiné.*] This Mountain is one of the four Wonders which *Louis XI.* took Notice of in *Dauphiné*. It is within three Leagues of *Grenoble*, going towards *Embrun*, near the *Grand Chartreuse*; and being shap'd like a Pyramid revers'd, it has got the Name of *inaccessible*. See more in *Du Chat*.

(3) *Doyac, &c.*] *John*. The Continuation of *Monstrelet*, fol. 209. calls him *Doyac*, and fol. 229. *De Doyac*; but *Scyffel* calls him

This same *Doyac*, with strange Tools and Engines, gain'd that Mountain's Top, and there he found an old Ram. It puzzled many a wise Head to guess how it got thither. Some said that some Eagle, or great Horn-Coot having carry'd it thither while 'twas yet a Lambkin, it had got away, and sav'd itself among the Bushes.

As for us, having with much Toil and Sweat overcome the difficult Ways at the Entrance, we found the Top of the Mountain so fertile, healthful, and pleasant, that I thought I was then in the true Garden of *Eden*, or earthly *Paradise*, about whose Situation our good Theologues are in such a Quandary, and keep such a Pother.

As for *Pantagruel*, he said, that here was the Seat of *Arete* (that's as much as to say Virtue) describ'd by *Hesiod*; this however, with Submission to better Judgments. The Ruler of this Place was one Master *Gaster*, the first Master of Arts in the World; for (4) if you believe that Fire is the great Master of Arts, as *Tully* writes, you very much wrong him and yourself; alas, (5) *Tully* never believ'd this. On the other Side, if you fancy *Mercury* to be the first Inventor of Arts, as our ancient *Druids* believ'd of old, you are mightily beside the Mark. The Satirists Sentence, that affirms Master *Gaster* to be Master of all Arts, is true. With him peacefully resided old good *Penia*, alias *Poverty*,

him plain *Oyac*, which seems to suit best with the first Condition of that Man, who, from a Hosier as he was in *Auvergne* at *Montferant*, the Place of his Birth, rose to be the chief Favourite of *Louis XI*. See more of him, and of his Fate, in *Du Chas*. But this was not the Person that form'd and executed the bold design of climbing the Mountain in question; It was one *Damp Julian*, a *Lorrainer*, a Captain of *Montellmar*, who by Means of Engines he had contriv'd himself, climb'd to the Top of it the 26th of June, 1492. We told this in the *Chevalier Bayard's* Life, writ by *Symphorian Champier*; and the Thing is yet more satisfactorily particulariz'd in the Registers of the Parliament of *Dauphiné*, which have been followed by *Salvaing de Boffieux*, in the Latin Poem he wrote to celebrate the Wonders of this Mountain.

(4) If you believe that Fire, &c.] Opinion of *Heraclitus*, &c. See *Plutarch*.

(5) *Tully* never believed this.] Indeed he confutes this Opinion in his *de Natura Deorum*, l. 3.

the

the Mother of the Ninety-nine Muses, on whom (6) *Porus*, the Lord of *Plenty*, formerly begot *Love*, that Noble Child, the Mediator of Heaven and Earth, as *Plato* affirms in *Symposio*.

We were all obliged to pay our Homage, and swear Allegiance to that mighty Sovereign; for he is imperious, severe, blunt, hard, uneasy, inflexible; you cannot make him believe, represent to him, or persuade him any thing.

He does not hear; and, as the *Egyptians* said, that *Harpocrates*, the God of Silence, nam'd (7) *Sigalion* in *Greek*, was *Astomé*, that is, without a Mouth; so *Gaster* was created (8) without Ears, even like the Image of *Jupiter* in *Candia*.

He only speaks by Signs; but those Signs are more readily obey'd by every one, than the Statutes of *Senates*, or Commands of *Monarchs*; neither will he admit the least Let or Delay in his Summons. You say, that when a *Lion* roars, all the *Beasts* at a considerable Distance round about, as far as his Roar can be heard, are seiz'd with a Shivering. This is written, 'tis true, I have seen it. I assure you, that at Master *Gaster's* Command, the very *Heavens* tremble, and all the *Earth* shakes; his Command is call'd *Do this or die*: Needs must when the Devil drives, there's no gain-saying of it.

The Pilot was telling us how on a certain Time, after the Manner of the Members that mutiny'd against the Belly, as *Æsop* describes it, the whole Kingdom of the (9) *Somates* went off into a direct Faction against *Gaster*, resolving to throw off his Yoke; but they soon

(6) *Porus*.] See *Plato's* Banquet, and *Plutarch* in his Discourse of *Isis* and *Osiris*.

(7) *Sigalion*.] *Auson*. Ep. 25. v. 27.

Aut tua Sigalion Ægyptius oscula signet.

(8) *Without Ears*.] See *Plutarch* in the same Discourse.

(9) *Somates*.] From *Σῶμα*; the Body. Now the Author makes a Kingdom of it, where lives Messer *Gaster* (a *Greek Word* likewise, signifying the Belly, Stomach, and Paunch.

found their Mistake, and most humbly submitted, for otherwise they had all been famish'd.

What Company soever he is in, none dispute with him for Precedence or Superiority, (10) he still goes first, tho' Kings, Emperors, or even the Pope were there. So he held the first Place at the Council of *Basle*, tho' some will tell you, that the Council was tumultuous, by the Contentions and Ambition of many for Priority.

Every one is busied and labours to serve him; and indeed to make amends for this, he does this Good to Mankind, as to invent for them all Arts, Machines, Trades, Engines, and Crafts: he even instructs Brutes in Arts which are against their Nature, making Poets of Ravens, Jack-daws, chattering Jays, Parrots, and Starlings, and Poetresses of Magpies, teaching them to utter human Languages, speak and sing; and all for the Gut. He reclaims and tames Eagles, Gerfaulcons, Faulcons gentle, Sakers, Lanners, Goffe-hawks, Spar-hawks, Merlins, Hagards, Passengers, wild rapacious Birds; so that setting them free in the Air, whenever he thinks fit, as high and as long as he pleases, he keeps them suspended, straying, flying, hovering and courting him above the Clouds: then on a Sudden he makes them stoop and come down amain from Heaven next to the Ground; and all for the Gut.

Elephants, Lions, Rhinocerotes, Bears, Horses, Mares, and Dogs, he teaches to dance, prance, vault, fight, swim, hide themselves, fetch and carry what he pleases; and all for the Gut.

Salt and fresh Water Fish, Whales, and the Monsters of the Main, he brings up from the Bottom of the Deep; Wolves he forces out of the Woods, Bears out of the Rocks, Foxes out of their Holes, and Serpents out of the Ground; and all for the Gut.

(10) *He still goes first.*] The Belly will be foremost, especially if it is more than ordinary large and prominent.

In short, he is so unruly, that in his Rage he devours all Men and Beasts; as was seen among the (11) *Vascons*, when *Q. Metellus* besieg'd them in the *Sertorian Wars*; among the *Saguntines* besieg'd by *Hannibal*; among the *Jews* besieg'd by the *Romans*, and six hundred more; and all for the Gut. When his Regent *Penia* takes a Progress, wherever she moves all Senates are shut up, all Statutes repeal'd, (12) all Orders and Proclamations vain; she knows, obeys, and has no Law. All shun her, in every Place chusing rather to expose themselves to Shipwrecks at Sea, and venture through Fire, Rocks, Caves and Precipices, than be seiz'd by that most dreadful Tormentor.

C H A P. LVIII.

How, at the Court of the Master of Ingenuity, Pantagruel detested the Engastrimythes and the Gastrolaters.

AT the Court of that great Master of Ingenuity, *Pantagruel* observed two Sorts of troublesome and (1) too officious Apparitors, whom he very much detested. The first, were call'd *Engastrimythes*; the others, *Gastrolaters*.

(11) *Among the Vascons, &c.*

~~Sed qui mordere cadaver~~
~~Sustinuit~~
Vascones, ut fama est, alimentis talibus usq
~~Produxere animas,~~

Says *Juvenal*, Sat. 15. See *Florus*, l. 3. c. 22. and *Val. Max.* l. 7. c. 6.

(12) *All Orders, &c. vain.*] Necessity has no Law, as the Proverb says.

(1) *Too officious Apparitors.*] Servants, incommodious to *Master* their Master, by preventing him in all his Appetites. See *Cal. Rhodig.* l. 9. c. 13. of his ancient Readings.

The

The first pretended to be descended of the Ancient Race of (2) *Eurycles*; and for this brought the Authority of *Aristophanes*, in his Comedy call'd the *Wasps*: whence of old they were call'd *Euriclians*, as (3) *Plato* writes, and *Plutarch* in his Book of the *Cessation of Oracles*. In the holy Decrees 26 Qu. 3. they are stiled *Ventriloqui*; and the same Name is given them in *Ionian* by *Hippocrates*, in his fifth Book of *Epid.* as Men who speak from the Belly. *Sophocles* calls them *Sternomantes*. These were Soothsayers, Enchanters, Cheats, who gull'd the Mob, and seem'd not to speak and give Answers from the Mouth, but from the Belly.

Such a one, about the Year of our Lord 1513, was (4) *Jacoba Rodogina*, an Italian Woman of mean Extract; from whose Belly, we, as well as an infinite Number of others at *Ferrara*, and elsewhere have often heard the Voice of the Evil Spirit speak, low, feeble, and small indeed; but yet very distinct, articulate and intelligible, when she was sent for, out of Curiosity, by the Lords and Princes of the (5) *Cisalpine Gaul* to remove all Manner of Doubt, and be assur'd that this was not a Trick, they us'd to have her strip'd stark naked, and caus'd her Mouth and Nose to be stopp'd. This evil Spirit would be call'd *Curl'd-pate*, or *Cinnatulo*, seeming pleas'd when any called him by that Name; at which he was always ready to answer. If any spoke to him of Things past or present, he gave pertinent Answers, sometimes to the Amazement of the Hearers; but if of Things to come, then the Devil was gravelled, and us'd to lie as fast as a Dog can trot. Nay, sometimes he seem'd to own his Ignorance;

(2) *Eurycles*.] The Name of an *Engastrimuthe* in *Aristophanes's* Comedy of the *Wasps*.

(3) *Plato*.] In his Dialogue intituled the *Sophist*.

(4) *Jacoba Rodogina*.] Or of *Rouigue*, a Town of *Italy*, of which likewise was *Cælius Rhodiginus*, who l. 5. c. 10. of his ancient Reading, had related this Story, but without specifying the Year.

(5) *Cisalpine Gaul*.] Beyond the *Alps* in respect of *France*, and the contrary with respect of *Rome*: 'tis an ancient Part of *Gaul*, between Mount *Senis* and the River *Rubicon*, near *Rimini*, comprehending *Piedmont*, *Montferrat*, *Milan*, *Mantua*, and *Ferrara*. Dutch Scholiast.

instead of an Answer, letting out a rousing Fart, or muttering some Words with barbarous and uncouth Inflections, and not to be understood.

As for the (6) *Gastrolaters*, they stuck close to one another in Knots and Gangs. Some of them merry, wanton, and soft as so many (7) *Milksops*; others lowering, grim, dogged, demure and crabbed, all idle, mortal Foes to Business, spending half their Time in sleeping, and the rest in doing nothing, a Rent-charge and dead unnecessary Weight on the Earth, as *Hesiod* saith; afraid, (as we judg'd) of offending or lessening their Paunch. Others were mask'd, disguis'd, and so oddly dress'd, that 'twould have done you good to have seen them.

There's a Saying, and several Ancient (8) *Sages* write, that the Skill of Nature appears wonderful in the Pleasure which she seems to have taken in the Configuration of Sea-shells, so great is their Variety in Figures, Colours, Streaks, and imitable Shapes: I protest, the Variety we perceiv'd in the Dresses of the *Gastrolatrous Coquillons* was not less. They all own'd *Gaster* for their Supreme God, adored him as a God, offered him Sacrifices as to their Omnipotent Deity, own'd no other God, served, loved, and honoured him above all Things.

You would have thought that the holy Apostle spoke of those, when he said, *Phil.* chap. 3. *Many walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are Enemies of the Cross of Christ: whose End is Destruction, whose God is their Belly.* *Pantagruel* compar'd them to the Cyclops *Polyphemus*, whom (9) *Euripides* brings in speaking thus, I only Sacrifice to my self (not to the Gods) and to this Belly of mine, the greatest of all the Gods.

(6) *Gastrolaters*, &c.] The same who are afterwards call'd by *Rabelais*, *Coquillons* or *Cucullated Gentry*, are properly the *Monks*, to whom he bore an old Grudge.

(7) *Milksops*.] According to their natural Disposition, and in proportion to their Income.

(8) *Sages*.] See *Pliny*, l. 9. c. 33.

(9) *Euripides*.] In his Tragedy of the *Cyclops*. See *Plutarch* in *Cessation of Oracles*.

CHAP. LIX.

Of the ridiculous Statue Manduce; and how, and what the Gastrolaters sacrifice to their Ventripotent God.

While we fed our Eyes with the Sight of the Phyzzes and Actions of these loundging gulligutted *Gastrolaters*, we on a Sudden heard the Sound of a musical Instrument call'd a Bell, at which all of them plac'd themselves in Rank and File as for some mighty Battle, every one according to his Office, Degree, and Seniority.

In this Order, they moved towards Master *Gaster*, after a plump, young, lusty gorbellied Fellow, who on a long Staff fairly gilt, carried a wooden Statue grossly carved and as scurvily daub'd o'er with Paint, such a one as (1) *Plautus*, *Juvenal*, and *Pomp. Festus* describe it. At *Lyons* during the Carnival 'tis call'd *Maschécrouste*, or (2) *Gnawcrust*; they call'd this *Manduce*.

It was a monstrous, ridiculous, hideous Figure, fit to fright little Children: Its Eyes were bigger than its Belly, and its Head larger than all the Rest of its Body, well Mouth-cloven however, having a goodly Pair of wide, broad Jaws, lined with two Rows of Teeth, upper Teeth and under Teeth, which, by the Magic of a small Twine, hid in the hollow Part of the Golden Staff, were made to clash, clatter, and rattle dreadfully

(1) *Plautus*, &c.] *Plautus* in his Comedy of the *Cable*; *Juvenal*, *Sat.* and *Pompon. Festus*, l. xi.

(2) *Gnaw-crust*.] They don't now carry it about at *Lyons*, tho' they still talk of it there, and frighten their children with threatening to throw 'em to *Masché-crouste* to be devour'd by him. If it is true, as is affirm'd, that in several Places of *Flanders* they call *Kermes* such another Image which is carried about on *Flesh-days*, it must be on account of the terrible snapping Noise, made by the Jaws of that Statue when they are mov'd; since in *Holland*, they also call *Kermes* the Din and tumultuous Noise, which runs thro' all Fairs, where 'tis hardly possible to hear one another speak.

one against another, as they do at *Metz* with (3) St. Clement's Dragon.

Coming near the *Gastrolaters*, I saw they were followed by a great Number of fat Waiters and Tenders laden with Baskets, Dossiers, Hampers, Dishes, Wallets, Pots and Kettles : Then under the Conduct of *Manduce*, and singing I don't know what *Dithyrambics*, *Crepalomes*, and *Epenons*, opening their Baskets and Pots, they offer'd their God,

<i>White Hippocras, with dry</i>	<i>Soft-Bread.</i>
<i>Toasts.</i>	<i>Household-Bread.</i>
<i>White Bread.</i>	<i>Capirotadoes.</i>
<i>Brown Bread.</i>	<i>Cold Loins of Veal, with</i>
<i>Carbonadoes, six sorts.</i>	<i>Spice.</i>
<i>Brawn.</i>	<i>Zinziberine.</i>
<i>Sweet-breads.</i>	<i>Beatille-Pies.</i>
<i>Fricassees, nine sorts.</i>	<i>Brewes.</i>
<i>Monastical Brewes.</i>	<i>Marrow-Bones, Toast and</i>
<i>Gravy-soup.</i>	<i>Cabbage.</i>
<i>Hotch-pots.</i>	<i>Hashes.</i>

Eternal Drink intermix'd. Brisk delicate White-Wine led the Van, Claret and Champaign follow'd, cool, nay, as cold as the very Ice, I say, fill'd and offer'd in large Silver Cups. Then they offer'd,

<i>Chitterlins garnished with</i>	<i>Chines and Pease.</i>
<i>Mustard.</i>	<i>Hogs-baslets.</i>
<i>Sausages.</i>	<i>Scotch-collops.</i>
<i>Neats Tongues.</i>	<i>Puddings.</i>
<i>Hung-beef.</i>	<i>Carvelats.</i>

(3) *Clement's-Dragon.*] The People call it *Grauli*, either from the German Word *Greulich*, horrible, terrible, or rather corruptly for *Gargouille*, (which see explain'd elsewhere.) This Image is carry'd in Procession on St. Mark's Day, and during the Rogation-week, but this not being the same Figure *Rabelais* saw, the Jaws of the *Grauli* have now no Motion. Only, on the End of his Tongue, which is of Iron, is fix'd a small white Loaf, which together with as many more as each Baker furnishes before whose Stall the Procession passes, makes up the Stipend or Salary of the poor Man who carries the *Grauli*.

Bolonia Sausages.
Hams.
Brawn-heads.

Powdered Venison, with
Turnips.
Pickled Olives.

All this associated with Sempiternal Liquor. Then
 they hous'd within his Muzzle,

Legs of Mutton, with Shal-
lots.

Ollas.

Lumber-pies, with hot
Sauce.

Ribs of Pork, with Onion
Sauce.

Roast Capons, basted with
their own Dripping.

Caponets.

Caviar and Toast.

Fawns, Deer.

Hares, Leverets.

Partridges, and young Par-
tridges.

Plovers.

Dwarf-herons.

Teals.

Duckers.

Bitterns.

Shovellers.

Curlews.

Wood-hens.

Coots, with Leeks.

Fat Kids.

Shoulders of Mutton with
Capers.

Sir-loins of Beef.

Breasts of Veal.

Pheasants, and Pheasant-
poots.

Peacocks.

Storks.

Woodcocks.

Snipes.

Hortolans.

Turkey-cocks, Hen-Turkeys,
and Turkey-poots.

Stock-doves, and Wood-cul-
vers.

Pigs, with Wine Sauce.

Black-birds, Owls, and
Rayles.

Moor-hens.

Bustards, and Bustard-
poots.

Fig-peckers.

Young Guinea-hens.

Flemmings.

Cignets.

A Renforcement of Vinegar
intermixt.

Venison-pasties.

Lark-pies.

Dormice-pies.

Cabretto-pasties.

Roe-buck-pasties.

Pigeon-pies.

Kid-pasties.

Capon-pies.

Bacon-pies.

Souced Hogs-feet.

Fry'd-pasty-crust.

Forced Capons.

Parmesan Cheese.

Red and pale Hippocras.

Gold-peaches.

Artichokes.

Dry and wet Sweetmeats,

78 sorts.

Boiled

<i>Boiled Hens, and fat Capons, marinated.</i>	<i>Hedge-hogs.</i>
<i>Pullets with Eggs.</i>	<i>Snytes.</i>
<i>Chickens.</i>	<i>Then large Puffs.</i>
<i>Rabbits, and sucking Rabbits.</i>	<i>Thistle Finches.</i>
<i>Quails, and young Quails.</i>	<i>Whore's-farts.</i>
<i>Pigeons, Squobbs, & Squeakers.</i>	<i>Fritters.</i>
<i>Hérons, and young Herons.</i>	<i>Cakes, sixteen sorts.</i>
<i>Feldisfares.</i>	<i>Crisp Wafers.</i>
<i>Olives,</i>	<i>Quince Tarts.</i>
<i>Thrusbes.</i>	<i>Curds and Cream.</i>
<i>Young Sea-ravens,</i>	<i>Whipp'd Cream.</i>
<i>Geese, Goslins.</i>	<i>Preserv'd Myrabolans.</i>
<i>Queests.</i>	<i>Gellies.</i>
<i>Widgeons.</i>	<i>Welch Barrapyclids.</i>
<i>Marvises.</i>	<i>Macaroons.</i>
<i>Grouses.</i>	<i>Tarts, twenty sorts.</i>
<i>Turtles.</i>	<i>Lemon-cream, Raspberry-cream, &c.</i>
<i>Doe-conies.</i>	<i>Comfits, 100 colours.</i>
	<i>Cream Wafers.</i>
	<i>Cream-cheese.</i>

Vinegar brought up the Rear to wash the Mouth, and for fear of the Squinsey: Also Toasts to scower the Grinders.

C H A P LX.

What the Gastrolaters sacrific'd to their God on interlarded Fish-Days.

*P*Antagrue! did not like this Pack of rascally Scoundrels with their manifold Kitchen Sacrifices, and would have been gone, had not *Epistemon* prevail'd with him to stay and see the End of the Farce; he then ask'd the Skipper, what the idle Lobcocks us'd to sacrifice to their gorbellied God on interlarded Fish-days? For his first Course, said the Skipper, they give him:
Caviar.

<i>Caviar.</i>	<i>out of old Elders)</i> <i>Aspa-</i>
<i>Botargoes.</i>	<i>ragus, Woodbind, and a</i>
<i>Fresh Butter.</i>	<i>World of others.</i>
<i>Pease Soup.</i>	<i>Red-herrings.</i>
<i>Spinage.</i>	<i>Pilchards.</i>
<i>Fresh Herrings, fullroed.</i>	<i>Anchovies,</i>
<i>Sallads, a hundred Varie-</i>	<i>Fry of Tunny.</i>
<i>ties; of Cresses, sodden</i>	<i>(1) Cauliflowers.</i>
<i>Hop-tops, Bishops-cods,</i>	<i>(2) Beans.</i>
<i>Cellery, Sives, Rampi-</i>	<i>Salt Salmon.</i>
<i>ons, Jews Ears, (a sort</i>	<i>Pickled Grigs.</i>
<i>of Mushrooms that sprout</i>	<i>Oysters in the Shell.</i>

Then he must drink, or the Devil would gripe him at the Throat; this therefore they took care to prevent, and nothing's wanting. Which being done, they give him *Lampreys* with *Hippocras* Sauce;

<i>Gurnards.</i>	<i>Gracious Lords.</i>
<i>Salmon Trouts.</i>	<i>Sword-fish.</i>
<i>Barbels, great and small.</i>	<i>Skate-fish.</i>
<i>Roaches.</i>	<i>Lamprills.</i>
<i>Cockrells.</i>	<i>Jegs.</i>
<i>Meneus.</i>	<i>Pickerells.</i>
<i>Thornbacks.</i>	<i>Golden Carps.</i>
<i>Sleeves.</i>	<i>Burbates.</i>
<i>Sturgeons.</i>	<i>Salmons.</i>
<i>Sheath-fish.</i>	<i>Salmon-Peels.</i>
<i>Mackerels.</i>	<i>Dolphins.</i>
<i>Maids.</i>	<i>Barn-Trouts.</i>
<i>Plaice.</i>	<i>Miller's Thumbs.</i>
<i>Fry'd Oysters.</i>	<i>Precks.</i>
<i>Cockles.</i>	<i>Bret-fish.</i>
<i>Prawns.</i>	<i>Flounders.</i>
<i>Smelts.</i>	<i>Sea-nettles.</i>
<i>Rock-fish.</i>	<i>Mullets.</i>

(1) *Cauliflowers.*] Not mere *Cauliflowers*, but emb' Oil, i. e. with Oil. See this explain'd before, in Ch. 32.

(2) *Beans.*] It is not plain *Beans* in *Rabelais*, but *Sagrènes de fèves*, which *Cotgrave* says is a Porridge, or Mels of *Beans*, *Sallad-Oil*, and some *Verjuice* or *Vinegar*.

Gudgeons.

<i>Gudgeons.</i>	<i>Meagers.</i>
<i>Dabs, and Sandings.</i>	<i>Sea-breems.</i>
<i>Haddocks.</i>	<i>Halibuts.</i>
<i>Carps.</i>	<i>Soles.</i>
<i>Pykes.</i>	<i>Dog's Tongue, or Kind-fool.</i>
<i>Botitoes.</i>	<i>Muscles.</i>
<i>Rockets.</i>	<i>Lobsters.</i>
<i>Sea-bears.</i>	<i>Great Prawns.</i>
<i>Sharplings.</i>	<i>Dace.</i>
<i>Tunnies.</i>	<i>Bleaks.</i>
<i>Silver-Eels.</i>	<i>Tenches.</i>
<i>Chevins.</i>	<i>Ombers.</i>
<i>Cray-fish.</i>	<i>Fresh-cods.</i>
<i>Pallours.</i>	<i>Dried Melwells.</i>
<i>Shrimps.</i>	<i>Darefish.</i>
<i>Congers.</i>	<i>Fausens, and Grigs.</i>
<i>Porpoises.</i>	<i>Eel-pouts.</i>
<i>Bases.</i>	<i>Tortoises.</i>
<i>Shads.</i>	<i>Serpents, i. e. Wood-Eels.</i>
<i>Murenes, a Sort of Lam-</i>	<i>Dorees.</i>
<i>preys.</i>	<i>Moor-game.</i>
<i>Craylings.</i>	<i>Pearches.</i>
<i>Smys.</i>	<i>Loaches.</i>
<i>Turbots.</i>	<i>Crab-fish.</i>
<i>Trouts, not above a Foot</i>	<i>Snails, and Whelks.</i>
<i>long.</i>	<i>Frogs.</i>
<i>Salmons.</i>	

If, when he had cramm'd all this down his guttural Trap-door, he did not immediately make the Fish swim again in his Paunch, Death would pack him off in a Trice; special Care is taken to antidote his Godship with Vine-tree Syrup. Then is sacrific'd to him *Harberdines, Poor-Jack*, minglemangled mishmash'd, &c.

<i>Eggs, fry'd, beaten, but-</i>	<i>Stock-fish.</i>
<i>ter'd, poach'd, hardened,</i>	<i>Green-fish.</i>
<i>boil'd, broil'd, stew'd,</i>	<i>Sea-Bats.</i>
<i>slie'd, roasted in the Em-</i>	<i>Cod's Ounds.</i>
<i>bers, rost'd in the Chim-</i>	<i>Sea-pikes.</i>
<i>ney, &c.</i>	

Which

Which to concoct and digest the more easily, Vinegar is multiply'd. For the latter Part of their Sacrifices they offer,

<i>Rice Milk, a d Hasty pudding.</i>	<i>Figs.</i>
<i>Butter'd Wheat and Flumery.</i>	<i>Almond Butter.</i>
<i>Watergruel and Milk-porridge.</i>	<i>Skirret-root.</i>
<i>Frumenty and Bonyclaber.</i>	<i>White-pot.</i>
<i>Stew'd Prunes, and bak'd Bullace.</i>	<i>Raisins.</i>
<i>Pistachoes, or Fistic-nuts.</i>	<i>Dates.</i>
	<i>Chestnuts and Walnuts.</i>
	<i>Filberds.</i>
	<i>Parsnips.</i>
	<i>Artichokes.</i>

Perpetuity of Soaking with the whole.

'Twas none of their Fault, I'll assure you, if this same God of theirs was not publickly, preciously, and plentifully serv'd in his Sacrifices, better yet than *Heliogabalus's* Idol; nay, more than *Bell* and the *Dragon* in *Babylon* under King *Balthazar*. Yet *Gaster* had the Manners to own that he was no God, but a poor, vile, wretched Creature. And as King (3) *Antigonus*, first of the Name, when one *Hermodotus*, (as Poets will flatter, especially Princes) in some of his Fustian, dubb'd him a God, and made the Sun adopt him for his Son, said to him, *My Lysanophore*, (or in plain English, my Groom of the Close-stool) can give thee the Lye; so Master *Gaster* very civilly us'd to send back his bigoted Worshippers to his Close-stool, to see, smell, taste, philosophise, and examine what Kind of Divinity they could pick out of his Sir-reverence.

(3) *Antigonus*, &c.] See *Plutarch* in his *Apophthegms*, and in his *Treatise of Isis and Osiris*.

C H A P. LXI.

How Gaster invented Means to get and preserve Corn.

TH O S E Gasterolatrous Hobgoblins being withdrawn, *Pantagruel* carefully minded the famous Master of Arts, *Gaster*. You know that by the Institution of Nature, Bread has been assign'd him for Provision and Food, and that as an Addition to this Blessing, he should never want the Means to get Bread.

Accordingly, from the Beginning he invented the Smith's Art, and Husbandry to manure the Ground, that it might yield him Corn; he invented Arms, and the Art of War to defend Corn; Physick and Astronomy, with other Parts of Mathematicks, which might be useful to keep Corn a great number of Years in Safety from the Injuries of the Air, Beasts, Robbers, and Purloiners; he invented Water, Wind, and Hand-mills, and a thousand other Engines to grind Corn, and turn it into Meal; Leaven, to make the Dough ferment, and the Use of Salt, to give it a Savour, for he knew that nothing bred more Diseases than heavy, unleaven'd, unfavoury Bread.

He found a Way to get Fire to bake it; Hour-glasses, Dials and Clocks, to mark the Time of its baking; and as some Countries wanted Corn, he contriv'd Means to convey it out of one Country into another.

He had the Wit to pimp for Asses and Mares, Animals of different Species, that they might copulate for the Generation of a third, which we call Mules, more strong and fit for hard Service than the other two. He invented Carts and Waggon to draw him along with greater Ease; and as Seas and Rivers hindered his Progress, he devis'd Boats, Gallies, and Ships (to the Astonishment of the Elements) to waft him over to barbarous, unknown, and far distant Nations, thence to bring, or thither to carry Corn.

Besides, seeing that, when he had till'd the Ground, some Years the Corn perish'd in it for want of Rain in
due

due Season, in others rotted, or was drown'd by its Excess, sometimes spoil'd by Hail, (1) eat by Worms in the Ear, or beaten down by Storms, and so his Stock was destroy'd on the Ground; we were told, that ever since the days of *Jove*, he has found out a Way to conjure the Rain down from Heaven only with cutting certain Grass, common enough in the Field, yet known to very few, some of which was then shewn us: I took it to be the same as the Plant, one of whose Boughs being dipp'd by *Jove's* Priest into the (2) *Agrian* Fountain, on the *Lycian* Mountain in *Arcadia* in Time of Drought, rais'd Vapours which gather'd into Clouds, and then dissolv'd into Rain, that kindly moisten'd the whole Country.

Our Master of Arts was also said to have found a Way to keep the Rain up in the Air, and make it fall into the Sea; also to annihilate the Hail, suppress the Winds, and remove Storms as the (3) *Mathanensians* of *Træzene* us'd to do. And as in the Fields Thieves and Plunderers sometimes stole and took by force the Corn and Bread, which others had toil'd to get, he invented the Art of building Towns, Forts, and Castles, to hoard and secure that Staff of Life; on the other hand, finding none in the Fields, and hearing that it was hoarded up and secured in Towns, Forts and Castles, and watched with more Care than ever were the Golden Pippins of the *Hesperides*, he turn'd Engineer, and found ways to beat, storm, and demolish Forts and Castles, with Machines, and warlike Thunderbolts, Battering-rams, Balists, and Catapults whose Shapes were shown

(1) *Eat by Worms in the Ear.*] *Egrener*, is to shake out the Grain or Corn, from the Ear: so *les vents egrenent les Grains*, is the Grain was shaken out by the Winds. Mr. M——x, instead of *Vents*, Winds, translates it as if it were *Vers*, Worms: but that's wrong: *Worms* (*Vers*) do indeed *ronger le Grain*, eat the Corn, but *Winds* (*Vents*) *egrenent les épis*, shake out the Grain from the Ear.

(2) *Agrian Fountain.*] Read the *Fountain Agria*. See *Nicolas Leonicus*, l. 1. c. 67. of his various Histories. In *Pausanias Arcadies*, this Fountain is called *Ἀγρία*, and *Rhodeginus* l. 13. c. 17. likewise has called it *Agria*.

(3) *Mathanensians.*] This is taken from the same Work of *Nicolas Leonicus*, l. 2. c. 38. See *Pausanias's* *Corinthiacs*.

us, not over-well understood by our Engineers, Architects, and other Disciples of *Vitruvius*, as Master *Philebert de l'Orme*, (4) King *Megistus*'s principal Architect has own'd to us.

And seeing that sometimes all these Tools of Destruction were baffled by the cunning Subtilty, or the subtle Cunning (which you please) of Fortifiers, he lately invented Cannons, Field-pieces; Culverins, Mortar-pieces, Basiliskos, murdering Instruments that dart Iron, Leaden, and Brazen Balls, some of them outweighing huge Anvils; this by the Means of a most dreadful Powder, whose Hellish Compound and Effect has even amaz'd Nature, and made her own herself outdone by Art; the (5) *Oxydracian* Thunders, Hails and Storms, by which the People of that Name immediately destroyed their Enemies in the Field, being but mere Pot-guns to these. For, one of our Great Guns, when us'd, is (6) more dreadful, more terrible, more diabolical, and maims, tears, breaks, flays, mows down, sweeps away more Men, and causes a greater Conflagration, and Destruction, than a hundred Thunderbolts.

C H A P. LXII.

How Gaster invented an Art to avoid being hurt or touch'd by Cannon Balls.

G After having secur'd himself with his Corn within Strong-holds, has sometimes been attack'd by Enemies, his Fortresses, by that thrice threefold curst In-

(4) *King Megistus, &c.*] *Henry II.* in whose Reign *Philebert de l'Orme* was Architect and Intendant of the Buildings, as he continu'd to be under the Kings *Francis II.* and *Charles IX.* The different Works of this ingenious *Lyonnois* were printed in Fol. in 1569. at *Paris* by *Frederic Moral.*

(5) *Oxydracian, &c.*] See *Apollonius's Life* by *Philostratus*, l. 2. c. 14.

(6) *More dreadful, &c.*] *Polydore Virgil* had before express'd himself much after the same Manner in his Treatise *de rerum inventoriis.*

Arument,

strument, levell'd and destroyed, his dearly beloved Corn and Bread snatch'd out of his Mouth, and sack'd by a Tyrannick Force; therefore he then sought Means to preserve his Walls, Bastions, Rampiers, and Sconces from Cannon-shot, and to hinder the Bullets from hitting him, stopping them in their Flight, or at least from doing him, or the Besieged and Walls any Damage; he shew'd us a Trial of this, which has been since us'd by *Fronton*, and is now common among the Pastimes and harmless Recreations of the *Thelemites*. I'll tell you how he went to work, and pray for the future be a little more ready to believe what *Plutarch* affirms to have try'd; suppose a Herd of Goats were all scampering as if the Devil drove 'em, do but put a Bit of *Eringo* into the Mouth of the hindmost Nanny, and they will all stop stock-still, in the Time you can tell three.

Thus *Gaster* having caus'd a Brass Faulcon to be charg'd, with a sufficient Quantity of Gun-powder, well purg'd from its Sulphur, and curiously made up with fine Camphir, he then had a suitable Ball put into the Piece, with twenty-four little Pellets like Hail-shot, some round, some Pearl fashion, then taking his Aim, and levelling it at a Page of his, as if he would have hit him on the Breast; about Sixty Strides off the Piece, half way between it and the Page in a right Line, he hang'd on a Gibbet by a Rope a very large Siderite or Iron-like Stone, otherwise call'd *Herculean*, formerly found in *Ida* in *Phrygia* by one *Magnes* as (1) *Nicander* writes, and commonly call'd Load-stone: Then he gave Fire to the Prime on the Piece's Touch-hole, which in an Instant consuming the Powder, the Ball and Hailshot were with incredible Violence and Swift-ness hurried out of the Gun at its Muzzle, that the Air might penetrate to its Chamber, where otherwise would have been a *Vacuum*; which Nature abhors so much that this Universal Machine, Heaven, Air, Land, and Sea would sooner return to the primitive Chaos than admit the least Void any where. Now the Ball and small Shot, which threaten'd the Page with no

(1) *Nicander*.] See *Pliny*, l. 36. c. 26.

less than quick Destruction, lost their Impetuosity, and remain'd suspended and hovering round the Stone; nor did any one of them, notwithstanding the Fury with which they rush'd, reach the Page.

Master *Gasser* could do more than all this yet, if you'll believe me, for he invented a Way how to cause Bullets to fly backwards, and recoil on those that sent 'em, with as great a Force, and in the very numerical Parallel for which the Guns were planted. And indeed, why should he have thought this difficult, seeing the Herb (2) *Ethiopis* opens all Locks whatsoever, and an *Echineis* or *Remora*, a silly, weakly Fish, in Spite of all the Winds that blow from the 32 Points of the Compass, will in the Midst of a Hurricane make you the biggest First Rate remain stock still, as if she were becalm'd, or the blustering Tribe had blown their last; nay, and with the Flesh of that Fish preserv'd with Salt, you may fish (3) Gold out of the deepest Well that was ever sounded with a Plummet; for it will certainly draw up the precious Metal. (4) Since, as *Democritus* affirm'd, and *Theophrastus* believ'd and experienc'd, that there was an Herb at whose single Touch an Iron Wedge, tho' never so far driven into a huge Log of the hardest Wood that is, would presently come out; and 'tis this same Herb your *Hickways*, alias *Woodpeckers* use, when with some mighty Ax any one stops up the Hole of their Nests, which they industriously dig and make in the Trunk of some sturdy Tree; Since Stags and Hinds when deeply wounded with Darts, Arrows, and Bolts, if they do but meet the Herb call'd *Dittany*, which is common in *Candia*, and eat a little of it, presently the Shafts come out, and all's well again; even as kind *Venus* cured her beloved By-blow *Aeneas*, when he was wounded on the right Thigh

(2) *Ethiopis*, &c.] See *Pliny*, l. 24. c. 17. &c.

(3) *Gold*, &c.] See *Pliny*, l. 9. c. 25.

(4) Since *Democritus*, &c.] Though *Democritus* was reckon'd by *Pliny* to be a great Liar, yet in the Point before us, *Theophrastus*, who is one of *Pliny's* Heroes, gives full Credit to *Democritus's* Assertion. Here, Mr. *N*—x has quite confounded this Fact with the preceding, as may be seen by either of his Editions. See *Pliny* for all or most of these Particulars.

with an Arrow by *Juturna*, *Turnus's* Sister; since the very Wind of Laurels, Fig-trees, or Sea-calves, makes the Thunder sheer off, insomuch that it never strikes them; Since at the Sight of a Ram, mad Elephants recover their former Senses; since mad Bulls coming near wild Fig-trees call'd *Caprifci*, grow tame, and will not budge a Foot, as if they had the Cramp; since the venomous Rage of Vipers is assuag'd, if you but touch them with a Beechen Bough; since also (5) *Euphorion* writes, that in the Isle of *Samos*, before *Juno's* Temple was built there, he has seen some Beasts called *Neades*, whose Voice made the neighbouring Places gape and sink into a Chasm and Abyss. In short, since Elders grow of a more pleasing Sound, and fitter to make Flutes in such Places where the crowing of Cocks is not heard, as the ancient Sages have writ, and *Theophrastus* relates; as if the crowing of a Cock dull'd, flatten'd, and perverted the Wood of the Elder, as it is said to astonish and stupify with Fear that strong and resolute Animal, a Lion. I know that some have understood this of wild Elder, that grows so far from Towns or Villages that the crowing of Cocks cannot reach near it; and doubtless that Sort ought to be preferr'd to the stenching common Elder, that grows about decayed and ruined Places; but others have understood this in a higher Sense, not literal, but allegorical, according to the Method of the (6) *Pythagoreans*: As when it was said that *Mercury's* Statue could not be made of every Sort of Wood, to which Sentence they give this Sense; That *God is not to be worshipp'd in a vulgar Form, but in a chosen and religious Manner*. In the same Manner by this Elder, which grows far from Places where Cocks are heard, the Ancients meant, that the Wise and Studious ought not to give their Minds to trivial or vulgar Musick, but to that which is Celestial, Divine, Angelical,

(5) *Euphorion*.] See *Ælian*, l. 17. c. 28.

(6) *Pythagoreans*.] *Pythagoras* used to say allegorically, That all Sorts of Wood ought not to be employ'd indifferently in making *Mercury's* Statue: which has been explain'd by *Apuleius* in his first Apology for Magic; by *Alex. ab Alex.* l. 4. c. 12. of his Genial Days, and by *Erasmus* in his Adages.

more abstracted, and brought from remoter Parts, that is, from a Region where the crowing of Cocks is not heard; for to denote a solitary and unfrequented Place, we say, Cocks are never heard to crow there.

C H A P. LXIII.

How Pantagrue fell asleep near the Island of Chaneph, and of the Problems propos'd to be solv'd when he wak'd.

THE next Day merrily pursuing our Voyage, we came in sight of the Island of (1) *Chaneph*, where *Pantagrue's* Ship could not arrive, the Wind chopping about, and then failing us so that we were becalm'd, and could hardly get ahead, tacking about from Starboard to Larboard, and from Larboard to Starboard, tho' to our Sails we had added Drabblers.

With this Accident we were all out of Sorts, moping, drooping metagrabolized, as dull as *Dun* in the Mire, in *C sol fa ut* flat, out of Tune, off the Hinges, and I don't know howish, without caring to speak one single Syllable to each other.

Pantagrue was taking a Nap, slumbering and nodding on the Quarter-deck, by the Cuddy, with an *Heliodorus* in his Hand, for still 'twas his Custom to sleep (2) better by Book than by Heart.

Epistemon was conjuring, with his Astrolabe to know what Latitude we were in.

Friar *John* was got into the Cook-room, examining by the Ascendant of the Spits, and the Horoscope of

(1) *Chaneph*.] It means Hypocrisy, in the *Hebrew* Language. In this Island, *Rabelais* places a Sort of pretended *Saints*, who under a mortified Exterior, conceal'd, according to him, Morals full of Cynical Indiscretions.

(2) *Better by Book, &c.*] He chose rather to sleep over a Book than absolutely to do nothing.

Ragoufts and Fricassees, what time o'day it might them be.

Panurge (sweet Baby!) held a Stalk of *Pantagruelion*, alias Hemp, next his Tongue, and with it made pretty Bubbles and Bladders.

Gymnast was making Tooth-pickers with Lentisk.

Ponocrates, dozing, doz'd, and dreaming, dream'd; tickled himself to make himself laugh, and with one Finger scratch'd his Noddle where it did not itch.

Carpalim with a Nut-shell, and a Trencher of *Verne*, [that's a Card in *Gascony*] was making a pretty little merry Windmill, cutting the Card long-ways into four Slips, and fastening them with a Pin to the Convex of the Nut, and its Concave to the tarr'd Side of the Gunnel of the Ship.

Eusthenes bestriding one of the Guns, was playing on it with his Fingers, as if it had been a Trump-marine.

Rhizotomus with the soft Coat of a Field Tortoise, alias yclep'd a Mole, was making himself a Velvet Purse.

Xenomanes was patching up an old weather-beaten Lantern with a Hawk's Jesses.

Our Pilot (good Man!) was pulling Maggots out of the Seamens Noses.

At last Friar *John* returning from the Fore-castle, perceiv'd that *Pantagruel* was awake. Then breaking this obstinate Silence, he briskly and cheerfully ask'd him, how a Man should kill Time, and raise good Weather, during a Calm at Sea?

Panurge, whose Belly thought his Throat cut, back'd the Motion presently, and ask'd for a Pill to purge Melancholy.

Epistemon also came on, and ask'd how a Man might be ready to be-pifs himself with Laughing, when he has no Heart to be merry?

Gymnast arising, demanded a Remedy for a Dimness of Eyes?

Ponocrates, after he had a while rub'd his Noddle, and shak'd his Ears, ask'd, How one might avoid Dog-sleep? Hold, cry'd *Pantagruel*, the Peripateticks have wisely made a Rule, that all Problems, Questions, and Doubts

which are offered to be solv'd, ought to be certain, clear, and intelligible; what do you mean by (3) Dog's-sleep? I mean, answered *Ponocrates*, to sleep fasting in the Sun at Noon-day, as the Dogs do.

Rhizotomus, who lay stooping on the Pump, rais'd his drowsy Head, and lazily yawning, by natural Sympathy, fet almost every one in the Ship (4) a yawning too; then ask'd for a Remedy against Oscitations and Gappings.

Xenomanes, half puzzled, and tired out with new vomiting his antiquated Lantern, ask'd how the Hold of the Stomach might be so well ballasted and freighted from the Keel to the Main-hatch with Stores well stowed, that our human Vessels might not heel, or be walt, but well trimmed, and stiff?

Carpalim twirling his diminutive Windmill, ask'd how many Motions are to be felt in Nature before a Gentleman may be said to be hungry?

Eusthenes hearing them talk, came from between Decks, and from the Capstern call'd out to know why a Man that's fasting, bit by a Serpent also fasting, is in greater danger of Death, than when Man and Serpent have eat their Breakfasts? Why (5) a Man's fasting-spittle is poisonous to Serpents and venomous Creatures?

One single Solution may serve for all your Problems, Gentlemen, answered *Pantagruel*, and one single Medicine for all such Symptoms and Accidents. My Answer shall be short, not to tire you with a long, needless train of pedantick Cant: (6) The Belly has no Ears, nor is it to be fill'd with fair Words; you shall be answer'd to content by Signs and Gestures. As formerly

(3) *Dog's-sleep.*] In *Oudin's Dictionary, Ital. and Fr.* To sleep like a Dog, is to sleep indifferently at all Hours, and in all Places.

(4) *A yawning, &c.*] *Oscitante uno, deinde oscitat & alter.* Prov.

(5) *A Man's fasting-spittle.*] See *Aristotle of Animals*, l. 8. c. 29. and *Pliny*, l. 7. c. 2.

(6) *The Belly.*] *L'estomach affamé.* A hungry Stomach has no Ears, said *Cato* the Censor, in one of his Speeches to the Roman People. See his Life in *Plutarch*.

at Rome Tarquin the Proud, its last King, sent an Answer by Signs to his Son Sextus, who was among the Gabii, [at Gabii] (saying this he pull'd the String of a little Bell, and Friar John hurried away to the Cook-Room.) The Son having sent his Father a Messenger to know how he might bring the Gabii [Gabini] under a close Subjection; the King, mistrusting the Messenger, made him no Answer, and only took him into his Privy-garden, and in his presence with his Sword lopt off the Heads of the tall Poppies that were there. The Express return'd without any other Dispatch, yet having related to the Prince what he had seen his Father do, he easily understood that by those Signs he advis'd him to cut off the Heads of the chief Men in the Town, the better to keep under the Rest of the People.

C H A P. LXIV.

How Pantagruel gave no Answer to the Problems.

Pantagruel then ask'd, what Sorts of People dwell'd in (1) that damn'd Island? They are, answered Xenomanes, all (2) Hypocrites, holy Mountebanks, Tumblers of Beads, Mumblers of *Ave Maries*, spiritual Comedians, Sham Saints, Hermits, all of them poor Rogues, who like the Hermit of *Lormont* between *Blaye* and *Bordeaux*, live wholly on Alms given them by Passengers. Catch me there if you can, cry'd Panurge; may the Devil's head Cook conjure my Bumgut into a Pair of Bellows, if ever you find me among them. Hermits, sham Saints, living Forms of Mortification, holy Mountebanks, avaunt, in the Name of

(1) *That damn'd Island.*] *Isle de chien*, in Rabelais. On which *M. du Chat* says *Cbienne d' Isle* (*Bitcbington Island*, if you will,) Island of People who bark at and bite all the World, as curst Curs do.

(2) *Hypocrites.*] Add *Hydropics*, puffed up with a false Opinion of their own Sanctity.

your Father Satan, get out of my Sight; when the Devil's a Hog you shall eat Bacon. I shall not forget yet a while our fat (3) *Concilipetes* of *Chefil*; O that *Beelzebub* and *Astaroth* had counsell'd them to hang themselves out of the Way, and they had don't, we had not then suffered so much by devilish Storms as we did for having seen 'em. Harkee me, dear Rogue, *Xenomanes*, my Friend, I pr'y thee are these Hermits, Hypocrites, and Eve-droppers, Maids or married? Is there any thing of the Feminine Gender among them? Could a Body hypocritically take there a small hypocritical Touch? Will they lye backwards and let out their Fore-rooms? There's a fine Question to be ask'd, cry'd *Pantagruel*! Yes, yes, answer'd *Xenomanes*, you may find there many goodly Hypocriteffes, jolly spiritual Actresses, kind Hermitesses, Women that have a plaguy deal of Religion; then there's the Copies of them, little Hypocritillons, Sham-sanctitos, and Hermitillons; Foh, away with them, cry'd Friar *John*, a young Saint, an old Devil, (mark this, an old Saying, and as true a one, as a young Whore an old Saint.) Were there not such, continued *Xenomanes*, the Isle of *Chaneph* for want of a Multiplication of Progeny, had long ere this been desert and desolate.

Pantagruel sent them by *Gymnast* in the Pinnacle seventy-eight Thousand fine pretty little (4) Gold Half-Crowns of those that are mark'd with a Lantern. After this he ask'd, What's o'Clock? Past nine, answered *Epistemon*. 'Tis then the best Time to go to Dinner, said *Pantagruel*, for the sacred Line so cele-

(3) *Concilipetes* of *Chefil*.] Fathers of the Council of Trent. See before ch. 18.

(4) *Gold Half-crowns*.] *Cyrus*, being reduc'd to Beggary in the other World, begged *Epistetus* to bestow a Penny upon him in Charity. I give no Pennies, said that *Philosopher*, who was become a great Lord in that Country, here *Sirrah*, here's a Crown for you. (*Rab. l. 2. c. xxx.*) The Reason of this Proceeding of *Epistetus* is, that when great Men bestow their Favours, they ought to have more regard to their own Grandeur than to the Meanness and indispenfable Occasions of the necessitous. Upon this Footing, tho' 'tis a common saying, *A pauvre gens menue monnye*, (small Money to poor People) yet we find *Pantagruel*'s Alms to the poor Hermits, &c. of *Caneph* consists in Half-crowns, &c. See *Du Chat* more at large here.

brated by (5) *Aristophanes* in his Play called *Concionatores* is at hand, never failing when the Shadow is decempedal.

Formerly among the *Persians*, Dinner Time was at a set Hour (6) only for Kings; as for all others, their Appetite and their Belly was their Clock; when that chimed, they thought it time to go to Dinner. So we find in *Plautus* a certain Parasite making a heavy do, and sadly railing at the Inventors of Hour-glasses and Dials, as being unnecessary Things, there being no Clock more regular than the Belly.

(7) *Diogenes* being asked at what Times a Man ought to eat, answered, The Rich when he is hungry, the Poor when he has any thing to eat. Physicians more properly say, that the Canonical Hours are,

*To rise at Five, to dine at Nine,
To sup at Five, to sleep at Nine.*

The famous King (8) *Petofiris*'s Magick was different——Here the Officers for the Gut came in, and got ready the Tables and Cupboards, laid the Cloth, whose Sight and pleasant Smell were very comfortable; and brought Plates, Napkins, Salts, Tankards, Flaggons, Tall-boys, Ewers, Tumblers, Cups, Goblets, Basons and Cisterns.

(5) *Aristophanes*.] See *Erasmus's* Adages, Chil. 3. Cent. 4. ch. 70.

(6) *Only for Kings*.] *John de la Bruire Champier* l. 2. c. 3. of his *de re cibaria*: *Marcellinas*, *Persas*, *munditias conviviorum*, & *luxum*, *maximeque potandi aviditatem vitasse*, *ut luem, prodit: nec apud eos extra Regales mensas boram esse præstitutam prandendi. Sed ventrem esse cuique Solarium, eoque monente, quod incidisset edisse.*

(7) *Diogenes*, &c.] See this Cynic's Life in *Diogenes Laertius*.

(8) *Petofiris*.] *Juvenal* Sat. 6.

*Ægra licet jaceat, capiendo nulla videtur
Aptior hora cibo, nisi quam dederit Petofiris.*

The pretended *Magic* of *Petofiris*, as also that of the *Physician*, *Cnidias* in *Pliny*, l. 29. c. 1. was properly not more than an inordinate Fondness for the *Mathematics*, which persuaded those two Men that the Knowledge of the Stars was so extensive, that there in it might be discover'd whether a Sick Person had best take a new-laid Egg or Broth.

Friar

Friar *John* at the Head of the Stewards, Sewers, Yeomen of the Pantry, and of the Mouth, Tasters, Carvers, Cup-bearers, and Cupboard-keepers, brought four stately Pasties, so huge that they put me in mind of the four Bastions at *Turin*; 'ods fish, how manfully did they storm them! What Havock did they make with the long Train of Dishes that came after them, how bravely did they stand to their Pan-puddings, and paid off their Dust? How merrily did they soak their Noses!

The Fruit was not yet brought in, when a fresh Gale at West and by North began to fill the Main-course, Misen-sail, Foresail, Tops, and Top-gallants; for which Blessing they all sung divers Hymns of Thanks and Praise.

When the Fruit was on the Table, *Pantagruel* ask'd, Now tell me, Gentlemen, are your Doubts fully resolv'd or no? I gape and yawn no more, answered *Rhizotomus*; I sleep no longer like a Dog, said *Ponocrates*; I have cleared my Eye-sight, said *Gymnast*; I have broke my Fast, said *Eusthenes*; so that for this whole Day I shall be secure from the Danger of my Spittle.

(9) <i>Asps</i>	<i>Starry Lizards</i>	<i>Crocodiles</i>
<i>Amphisbenes</i>	<i>Attelabes</i>	<i>Toads</i>
<i>Anerudutes</i>	<i>Ascalabotes</i>	<i>Night-mares</i>
<i>Abedissimons</i>	<i>Hæmorrhoids</i>	<i>Mad-dogs</i>
<i>Albetrafs</i>	<i>Basilisks</i>	<i>Colotes</i>
<i>Ammobates</i>	<i>Fitches</i>	<i>Cychriodes</i>
<i>Apimaos</i>	<i>Sucking water-</i>	<i>Cafezates</i>
<i>Albatabens</i>	<i>Snakes</i>	<i>Caubares</i>
<i>Aractes</i>	<i>Black wag-leg-flies</i>	<i>Snakes</i>
<i>Asterions</i>	<i>Spanish-flies</i>	<i>Cubersks, two-ton-</i>
<i>Alcharates</i>	<i>Catoblepes</i>	<i>gued Adders</i>
<i>Arges</i>	<i>Horn'd Snakes</i>	<i>Amphibious Serpents</i>
<i>Spiders</i>	<i>Caterpillars</i>	<i>Cenchres</i>

(9) *Asps*, &c.] A great part of these different Names of Serpents, and other venomous Creatures, dispos'd here in Alphabetical Order, is to be found in *Pliny*: and this Order is imitated from the same *Pliny*, l. 37. c. 10. which treats of the various Kinds of precious Stones. The Names are mostly corrupted; and therefore 'twill be best to consult thereupon *Albertus Magnus*, *Bartholomæus Anglicanus*, *Aldrovand* and *Redi*.

Cocka-

<i>Cockatrices</i>	<i>Mulures</i>	<i>Horn-worms</i>
<i>Dipsades</i>	<i>Mouse-serpents</i>	<i>Scalavotins</i>
<i>Domeses</i>	<i>Shrew-mice</i>	<i>Solofruidars</i>
<i>Dryinades</i>	<i>Miliares</i>	<i>Deaf-asps</i>
<i>Dragons</i>	<i>Megalaunes</i>	<i>Horse-leeches</i>
<i>Elopes</i>	<i>Spitting-asps</i>	<i>Salt-baters</i>
<i>Enhydrides</i>	<i>Porphyri</i>	<i>Rot-serpents</i>
<i>Falvifes</i>	<i>Parcades</i>	<i>Stink-fish</i>
<i>Galeotes</i>	<i>Phalangs</i>	<i>Stupbes</i>
<i>Harmenes</i>	<i>Pempbedrons</i>	<i>Sabrin</i>
<i>Handons</i>	<i>Pine-tree-worms</i>	<i>Blood-sucking-flies</i>
<i>Icles</i>	<i>Rutulæ</i>	<i>Hornfretters</i>
<i>Jarraries</i>	<i>Worms</i>	<i>Scolopendres</i>
<i>Ilicines</i>	<i>Rhagia</i>	<i>Tarantulas</i>
<i>Pharaoh's-mice</i>	<i>Rhaganes</i>	<i>Blind-worms</i>
<i>Kedusudures</i>	<i>Salamanders</i>	<i>Tetragnathias</i>
<i>Sea-hares</i>	<i>Sloe-worms</i>	<i>Teristals</i>
<i>Calcidic-newts</i>	<i>Stellions</i>	<i>Vipers, &c.</i>
<i>Footed-serpents</i>	<i>Scorpions</i>	
<i>Manticores</i>	<i>Scorpions</i>	

C H A P. LXV.

How Pantagruel pass the Time with his Servants.

IN what Hierarchy of such venomous Creatures do you place *Panurge's* future Spouse, ask'd *Friar John*? Art thou speaking ill of Women, cry'd *Panurge*, thou mangy Scoundrel, thou sorry, noddypeak'd, shaveling Monk? By the *Cenomanic Paunch* and *Gixie*, said *Epistemon*, *Euripides* has written, and makes *Andromache* say it, that by Industry and the Help of the Gods, Men had found Remedies against all poisonous Creatures; but none was yet found against a bad Wife.

This flaunting *Euripides*, cry'd *Panurge*, was gabbling against Women every Foot, and therefore was devoured by Dogs, as a Judgment from Above! as *Aristophanes* observes—Let's go on. Let him speak that's next. I can leak now like any Stone-horse, said then

then *Epistemon*. I am, said *Xenomanes*, full as an Egg and round as a Hoop; my Ship's Hold can hold no more, and will now make Shift to bear a steady Sail. Said *Carpalim*, a Truce with Thirst, a Truce with Hunger; They're strong, but Wine and Meat are stronger. I'm no more in the Dumps, cry'd *Panurge*, my Heart's a Pound lighter. I'm in the right Cue now, as brisk as a Body-louse, and as Merry as a Beggar. For my Part, I know what I do when I drink; and 'tis a true Thing (tho' 'tis in your *Euripides*) that is said by that jolly Toper *Silenus*, of blessed Memory, that

*The Man's emphatically Mad,
Who Drinks the Best, yet can be Sad.*

We must not fail to return our humble and hearty Thanks to the Being, who with this good Bread, this cool delicious Wine, these good Meats and rare Dainties, removes from our Bodies and Minds these Pains and Perturbations, and at the same Time, fills us with Pleasure and with Food.

But methinks, Sir, you did not give an Answer to Friar *John's* Question; which, as I take it, was, how to raise good Weather? Since you ask no more than this easy Question, answer'd *Pantagruel*, I'll strive to give you Satisfaction, and some other Time we'll talk of the rest of the Problems, if you will.

Well then, Friar *John* ask'd how good Weather might be rais'd: have we not rais'd it? Look up, and see our full Top-sails; Hark! how the Wind whistles through the Shrouds, what a stiff Gale it blows: observe the rattling of the Tacklings, and see the Sheets, that fasten the Main-sail behind; the Force of the Wind puts them upon the Stretch. While we pass'd our Time merrily, the dull Weather also pass'd away, and while we rais'd the Glasses to our Mouths, we also rais'd the Wind, by a secret Sympathy in Nature.

Thus (1) *Atlas* and *Hercules* clubb'd to raise and underprop

(1) *Atlas* and *Hercules*, &c.] The Poets feign'd that *Atlas* supported the Heav'ns on his Shoulders, but that in order to ease him
Hercules,

derprop the falling Sky, if you'll believe the wise Mythologists, but they rais'd it some half an Inch too high; *Atlas* to entertain his Guest *Hercules* more pleasantly, and *Hercules* to make himself amends for the Thirst which some Time before had torment-ed him in the Deserts of *Africa*——Your good Father, said Friar *John*, interrupting him, takes care to free many People from such an Inconveniency; for I have been told by many venerable Doctors, that his chief Butler *Turelupin* saves above eighteen hundred Pipes of Wine yearly, to make Servents and all Comers and Goers drink before they are dry—As the Camels and Dromedaries of a Caravan, continued *Pantagrue*, use to drink for the Thirst that's past, for the present, and for that to come, so did *Hercules*; and being thus excessively rais'd, this gave a new Motion to the Sky, which is that of (2) Titubation and Trepidation, about which our crack-brain'd Astrologers make such a Pother.——This, said *Panurge*, makes the Saying good,

- (3) *While jolly Companions carouse it together.
A fig for the Storm; it gives way to good Weather.*

Hercules, who was not to be conquer'd by Labour, one Day, lent him his Back. See *Lucian* in his Dialogue intitled *Caron*, or the Contemplators, and *Seneca's* Tragedy of *Hercules furens*. *Rabelais*, l. i. c. 22. speaks of this Labour of *Atlas* and *Hercules*. According to him, they made a Debauch together, which he calls *bausser le tems*, raising the Weather, hoisting away the Clouds, because by sitting long a-tippling, the Weather, which was cloudy at their first sitting down to Table, is become clear, and serene when they are going to break up. It is in the same Sense that l. i. ch. 5. it is said *Long Tippling breaks the Thunder*.

(2) *Titubation and Trepidation.*] See *Agrippa, de vanitate Scientiarum*, ch. of Astronomy.

(3) *While Jolly Companions, &c.*] Read these two Lines thus,

*While round a fat Ham we carouse it together,
The Storm spends itself, and gives way to fair Weather.*

*Le mal temps passe, & retourne le bon,
Pendant qu'on trinque autour du gras jambon.*

In those Times, a Ham was a principal and a standing Dish at all Repasts of Pleasure. See *Tales of Eutrapel*, ch. 21.

Nay,

Nay, continued *Pantagruel*, some will tell you, that we have not only shortened the Time of the Calm, but also much disburden'd the Ship, not like *Æsop's* Basket, by easing it of the Provision, but by breaking our Fasts, and that a Man is more terrestrial and heavy when fasting, than when he has eaten and drank, even as they pretend that he weighs more dead than living. However 'tis, you'll grant they are in the Right, who take their Mornings Draught, and Breakfast before a long Journey, then say that the Horses will perform the better, and that a Spur in the Head, is worth two in the Flank ! or in the same Horse Dialect,

*That a Cup in the Pate
Is a Mile in the Gate.*

Don't you know that formerly the *Amycleans* worshipped the Noble Father *Bacchus* above all other Gods, and gave him the Name of (4) *Pfila*, which in the *Dorick* Dialect signifies Wings; for as the Birds raise themselves by a towering Flight with their Wings above the Clouds; so with the Help of soaring *Bacchus*, the powerful Juice of the Grape, our Spirits are exalted to a Pitch above themselves, our Bodies are more sprightly, and their earthly Parts become soft and pliant.

C H A P. LXVI.

*How, by Pantagruel's Order, the Muses were saluted
near the Isle of Ganabim.*

THIS Fair Wind and as fine Talk brought us in the Sight of a high Land, which *Pantagruel* discovering afar off, shew'd it *Xenomanes*, and ask'd him, do you see yonder to the Leeward, a high Rock with two Tops, much like Mount *Parnassus* in *Phocis* ? I do plain-

(4) *Pfila*.] See *Pausanias's Laconics*.

ly, answer'd *Xenomanes*, 'tis the Isle of (1) *Ganabim*; have you a Mind to go ashore there? No, return'd *Pantagruel*. You do well indeed, said *Xenomanes*, for there is nothing worth seeing in the Place. The People are all Thieves; yet there is the finest Fountain in the World, and a very large Forest towards the right Top of the Mountain. Your Fleet may take in Wood and Water there.

He that spoke last spoke well, quoth *Panurge*; let us not by any Means be so mad as to go among a Parcel of Thieves and Sharpers. You may take my Word for't, this Place is just such another, as, to my Knowledge, formerly were the Islands of (2) *Sark* and *Herm* between the smaller and the greater *Britain*; such as were the (3) *Poneropolis* of *Philip* in *Thrace*; Islands of Thieves, Banditti, Picaroons, Robbers, Ruffians, and Murtherers, worse than *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*, and full as honest as the Senior Fellows of the College of *Iniquity*, the very Out-casts of the county Goal's common Side. As you love yourself do not go among 'em; if you go, you'll come off but blueely, if you come off at all. If you will not believe me, at least believe what the good and wise *Xenomanes* tells you: For may I never stir if they are not worse than the very *Canibals*; they would certainly eat us alive. Do not go among 'em, I pray you; 'twere safer to take a Journey to Hell. Hark, by Cod's Body, I hear them ringing the Alarm-Bell most dreadfully, as the *Gascons* about *Bourdeaux* us'd formerly to do against the Commissaries and Of-

(1) *Ganabim*.] A Hebrew Word for a Thief, says the Dutch Scholiast. *Mot Hebreu qui signifie larron*. He should have said *Larcons*, *Thieves*, for *Ganabim* is the Plural of *Ganab*, a Thief. See *Camb. Dict.* It is an Island of our Author's own creating.

(2) *Sark and Herm*.] These are two small Islands, or rather two whitish Rocks between *Guernsey* and *Jersey*, anciently dependent on *Normandy*, but united to *England* by *William the Conqueror*. As, in all Probability, it was customary in *Rabelais's* Time, for such of his Nation as were forced to quit their Country for any Crime, to retire to those two Places, our Author for that Reason, makes these two small Islands a Receptacle of Thieves and Sharpers.

(3) *Poneropolis*, &c.] See *Plutarch* in his Treatise of Curiosity; and *Suidas*, at the Word *Απλις πολις*, where he quotes to this Purpose the Historian *Theopompus* in 13. of his *Philippics*.

ficers for the Tax on Salt, or my Ears tingle. Let's sheer off.

Believe me, Sir, said Friar *John*, let's rather land, we'll rid the World of that Vermin, and inn there for nothing. Old Nick go with thee for me, quoth *Panurge*. This rash, hair-brain'd Devil of a Friar fears nothing, but ventures and runs on like a mad Devil as he is, and cares not a Rush what becomes of others; as if every one was a Monk, like his Friarship. A pox on grinning Honour, say I. Go to, returned the Friar, (4) thou mangy Noddy-peak! thou forlorn druggie-headed Sneakby! and may a Million of black Devils anatomize thy Cockle Brain. The Hen-hearted Rascal is so cowardly, that he bewrays himself for fear every Day. If thou art so afraid, Dunghil, don't go, stay here and be hang'd, or go and hide thy Loggerhead under Madam *Proserpine's* (5) Petticoat.

Panurge hearing this, his Breech began to make Buttons, so he slunk in an Instant, and went to hide his Head down in the Bread-room among the musty Biscuits, and the Orts and Scraps of broken Bread.

Pantagruel in the mean Time said to the rest, I feel a pressing Retraction in my Soul, which like a Voice admonishes me not to land there. Whenever I have felt such a Motion within me, I have found myself happy in avoiding what it directed me to shun, or in undertaking what it prompted me to do, and (6) never had occasion to repent following its Dictates.

As much, said *Epistemon*, is related of the Dæmon of *Socrates*, so celebrated among the *Academics*. Well then, Sir, said Friar *John*, while the Ship's Crew water, have you a Mind to have good Sport? *Panurge* is

(4) *Thou mangy Noddy-peak.*] In the Original, *Ladre verd*: which *M. Du Chat* interprets, a Man without Courage, insensible to the Spurrings of Honour. The like says *Cotgrave*: a Coward; one that's unsensible and cannot, or fearful and will not, feel the Wrongs done to him.

(5) *Petticoat.*] *Cottardie*, an old Word for a *Petticoat*: used here, because it equivocates to *cowardie*, (the Cowardice of *Panurge*.)

(6) *Never had occasion to repent, &c.*] The *Queen of Navarre* in her *Memoirs* says much the same of herself, and of *Catherine de Medicis* her Mother.

got down somewhere in the Hold, where he is crept into some Corner and lurks like a Mouse in a Cranny; let 'em give the Word for the Gunner to fire yon Gun over the Round-house on the Poop; this will serve to salute the *Muses* of this *Antiparnassus*; besides, the Powder does but decay in it. You are i' th' right, said *Pantagrue*; here give the Word for the Gunner.

The Gunner immediately came, and was order'd by *Pantagrue* to fire that Gun, and then charge it with fresh Powder, which was soon done; the Gunners of the other Ships, Frigates, Gallions, and Gallies of the Fleet hearing us fire, gave every one a Gun to the Island; which made such a horrid Noise, that you'd have sworn Heav'n had been tumbling about our Ears.

C H A P. LXVII.

How Panurge bewray'd himself for Fear, and of the huge Cat Rodilardus, which he took for a puny Devil.

PAnurge, like a wild, addle-pated, giddy Goat, falls out of the Bread-room in his Shirt, with nothing else about him but one of his Stockings, half on half off, about his Heel, like a rough-footed Pigeon, his Hair and Beard all bepowder'd with Crums of Bread, in which he had been over Head and Ears, and a huge and mighty Puff partly wrapt up in his other Stocking. In this Equipage, his Chops moving like a Monkey's who's a Louse-hunting, his Eyes staring like a dead Pig's, his Teeth chattering, and his Bum quivering, the poor Dog fled to Friar *John*, who was then sitting by the Chain-wales of the Starboard-side of the Ship, and pray'd him heartily to take pity on him, and keep him in the Safeguard of his trusty Bilbo, swearing by his Share of *Papimany*, that he had seen all Hell broke loose.

Woe's me, my *Jacky* (cry'd he) my dear *Jobny*, my old Crony, my Brother, my Ghostly Father, all the Devils keep Holiday, all the Devils keep their Feast to-day,

to-day, Man: Pork and Pease choak me, if ever thou sawest such Preparations in thy Life for an infernal Feast. Dost thou see the Smoke of Hell's Kitchens? (This he said, shewing him the Smoke of the Gunpowder above the Ships) thou never sawest so many damn'd Souls since thou wast born; and so fair, so bewitching they seem, that one would swear they are *Stygian Ambrosia*. I thought at first (God forgive me) that they had been *English* Souls; and I don't know, but that this Morning the *Isle of Horses*, near *Scotland*, was sack'd, with all the *English* who had surprized it, by (1) the Lords of *Termes* and *Essay*.

Friar *John*, at the Approach of *Panurge*, was entertain'd with a Kind of Smell that was not like that of Gunpowder, nor altogether so sweet as Musk; which made him turn *Panurge* about, and then he saw that his Shirt was dismally bepaw'd, and bewray'd with fresh Sir-reverence. The retentive Faculty of the Nerve which restrains the Muscle call'd Sphincter ('tis the Arse-hole, an't please you) was relaxated by the Violence of the (2) Fear which he had been in during his fantastic Visions. Add to this the thundering Noise of the

(1) *The Lords of Termes and Essay.*] This happen'd about the Month of July 1548. Henry II. King of France, had sent six thousand Men to the Assistance of the *Scots*, who, for some Years had been at War with *England*. The *English* having by Surprize taken from the *Scots* the *Isle of Keith*, (otherwise call'd the *Isle of Horses*,) *André de Montalambert* *Sieur de Dessé*, who commanded the Body of *French* Auxiliaries, so rightly took his Measures for re-entering the *Island*, that, making a Descent on it not above three Weeks after the *English* had possessed themselves of it, he made himself Master of the *Island*, after an Engagement wherein the *English* lost 400 Men and all their Baggage. See *Tlucanus*, l. 5. in the Year 1548. It was the Souls of these *English*, which *Panurge* thought he perceived in Hell, tho' he had only a Glimpse of 'em, his Fear hindering him from seeing them perfectly: and they appeared to him *tant douillettes, tant blondelettes, tant delicates*, so soft, so fair, so nice and tender that one would have taken them for *Stygian Ambrosia*, as he tells Friar *John*: and indeed the *English* are naturally fairer, and more tender than any other Nation of the *North*.

(2) *Fear, &c.*] *Macrobius*, l. 7. c. II. of his *Saturnalia*: *bine & laxamentum ventris comitatur timorem; quia muscoli, quibus clauderentur retrimentorum meatus, fugientis introrsum anima virtute deserti, laxant vincula, quibus retrimenta usque ad digestionis opportunitatem continebantur.*

shooting,

shooting, which seems more dreadful between Decks than above. Nor ought you to wonder at such a Mishap; for one of the Symptoms and Accidents of Fear is, that it often opens the Wicket of the Cupboard wherein second-hand Meat is kept for a Time. Let's illustrate this noble Theme with some Examples.

Messer Pantolfe de la Cassina, of *Sienna*, riding post from *Rome*, came to *Chamberry*, and alighting at honest *Vinet's*, took one of the Pitchforks in the Stable, then turning to the Inn-keeper, said to him, *Da Roma in qua io non son andato del Corpo. Di gratia piglia in mano questa forcha, & fa mi paura.* I have not had a Stool since I left *Rome*. I pray thee take this Pitchfork and fright me. *Vinet* took it, and made several Offers, as if he would in good earnest have hit the Signor; but did not, so the *Sieneſe* said to him, *Si tu non fai altramente, tu non fai nulla: Però sforzati di adoperarli più gagliardamente.* If thou dost not go another Way to work, thou hadst as good do nothing; therefore try to bestir thyself more briskly. With this, *Vinet* lent him such a swingeing Stoater with the Pitchfork souce between the Neck and the Collar of his Jerkin, that down fell *Signor* on the Ground Arsyverſy, with his spindle Shanks wide straggling over his Role. Then mine Host sputtering, with a full mouth'd Laugh, said to his Guest, by *Belzebub's* Bum-gut, much good may do you, *Signor Italiano*; take notice this is *Datum Chamberiaci*, given at *Chamberry*. 'Twas well the *Sieneſe* had untrussed his Points and let down his Drawers; for this Physic work'd with him as soon as he took it, and as copious was the Evacuation, as that of nine Buffalos and fourteen (3) missificating Arch-lubbers. Which Operation being over, the mannerly *Sieneſe* courteously gave mine Host a whole Bushel of Thanks, saying to him, *Io ti*

(3) *Missificating Arch-lubbers.*] *Archiprebſtres d'Aofſie*, says *Rabelais*, *Arch-Priests of Aofſia*. The *Buffalo* or *Buſſe* is a Kind of wild Ox, common in *Italy*, and probably more so at *Oſtia* than in other Parts of that Country. Which, belike, gave occasion to *Rabelais*, always an Enemy to Ecclesiastics, to couple together the *Buffalos* and *Arch-Priests* of *Oſtia*, as supposed to be greater Eaters than your ordinary Oxen and plain Priests. Before, in l. i. c. 21. the Author used a Proverb importing that *Archdeacons* Noses run more copiously than simple *Deacons*.

ringratio, bel Messere; così facendo tu m'ai esparagnata [Esparmiata] *la speza d'un Servitiale.* I thank thee, good Landlord; by this thou hast e'en fav'd me the Expence of a Clyster.

I'll give you another Example of *Edward* the Fifth, King of *England*. Master *Francis Villon* being banish'd *France*, (4) fled to him, and got so far into his Favour as to be privy to all his household Affairs. One Day the King being on his Close-stool, shew'd *Villon* the Arms of *France*, and said to him, dost thou see what Respect I have for thy *French Kings*? I have none of their Arms any where but in this Back-side, near my Close-stool. Odd's Life, said the *Buffoon*, how wise, prudent and careful of your Health, your Highness is! How carefully your learned Doctor (5) *Thomas Linacre* looks after you! He saw that, now you grow old, you are inclin'd to be somewhat costive, and every Day were fain to have an Apothecary, I mean a Suppository or Clyster thrust into Royal *Nockandro*, so he has, much to the Purpose, induced you to place here the Arms of *France*; for the very Sight of them puts you into such a dreadful Fright, that you immediately let fly, as much as would come from eighteen squattering (6) *Bonasi* of *Pæonia*:
and

(4) *Fled to him.*] *Francis Corbueil*, surnam'd *Villon*, had committed several Villanies, for which in 1461, he was condemn'd by the *Cbatelet* to be hang'd. But the *Parliament* having chang'd the Punishment of Death into that of Banishment, *Villon*, who at first retired to *St. Maixant* in *Poitou*, went from thence into *England*, being then but thirty Years old, as he says himself in the beginning of his (Larger) Will and Testament.

(5) *Thomas Linacre.*] He dy'd in 1524, aged threescore and four; and if we may believe *Konigius* in his *Bibliothèque*, he was Physician only to *Henry VII.* and *Henry VIII.* Besides, *Edward V.* began his Reign but in 1483, full eighteen Years after *Villon's* Banishment. Thus, as it is not at all likely that this Banishment lasted so long, so it is more than probable, that what is here said by *Rabelais* concerning *Edward V.* and the Poet *Villon* is a mere Fable from one End to the other.

(6) *Bonasi of Pæonia.*] Βονασος. *Cambridge Dictionary* quoting *Pliny*, 8. 15. *A wild Beast like a Bull, only bath the Mane of a Horse; when he is bunted, he saveth himself by his Ordure, which he shrowes out in that Abundance, and is so noisome, that the Hunters are fain*

and if they were (7) painted in other Parts of your House, by *Jingo*, you would presently conskite yourself wherever you saw them: Nay, had you but here a Picture of the great *Oriflamb* of *France*, Odds bobdinkins, your Tripes and Bowels would be in no small danger of dropping out at the Orifice of your Posteriors.
 ——— But henh, henh, *atque iterum* henh.

A filly Cockney am I not?

As ever did from Paris come;

And with a Rope and sliding Knot

My Neck shall know what weighs my Bum.

A Cockney of short Reach, I say, shallow of Judgment, and judging shallowly, to wonder, that you should cause your Points to be untrussed in your Chamber before you come into this Closet; by'r Lady, at first I thought your Close-stool had stood behind the Hangings of your Bed, otherwise it seem'd very odd to me you should untruss so far from the Place of Evacuation. But now I find I was a Gull, a Wittal, a Woodcock, a mere Ninny, a Jolt-head, a Noddy, a Changeling, a Calf-lolly, a Doddipole. You do wisely, by the Mass; you do wisely; for had not you been ready to clap your hind Face on the Mustard-pot as soon as you came within sight of these Arms, mark ye me, Cop's Body, the Bottom of your Breeches had supply'd the Office of a Close-stool.

Friar *John* stopping the Handle of his Face with his Left-hand, did, with the Fore-finger of the Right, point out *Panurge's* Shirt to *Pantagruel*; who, seeing him in this Pickle, scar'd, appall'd, shivering, raving, staring, bewray'd, and torn with the Claws of the fa-

fain to leave the Pursuit. The Remarks, said to be made by *Rabelais* himself on the 4th Book, say, that when the *Bénafus* finds itself press'd by the Dogs, he squirts his Dung at them almost five Paces off, and that it is so hot it fetches off not only the Hair but the very Skin.

(7) *Painted in other Parts of your House.*] The Original says, painted in your Bed Chamber, in your Guard Room, in your Hall, in your Chapel, in your Galleries, or in any other Parts of your House.

mous Cat (8)-*Rodilardus*, could not chuse but laugh, and said to him, Pr'ythee what would'st thou do with this Cat? With this Cat, quoth *Panurge*, the Devil scratch me, if I did not think it had been a young soft-chin'd Devil, which, with this same Stocking instead of Mittain, I had snatch'd up in the great Hutch of Hell, as thievishly as any Sizar of *Montague College* could ha' done. The Devil take *Tybert*, I feel it has all bepink'd my poor Hide, and drawn on it to the Life I do'nt know how many Lobster's Whiskers: with this he threw his Boar-Cat down.

Go, go, said *Pantagruel*, be bath'd and clean'd, calm your Fears, put on a clean Shift, and then your Clothes. What! do you think I am afraid, cry'd *Panurge*? Not I, I protest; by the Testicles of *Hercules*, I am more hearty [bold] and (9) stout, though I say it that should not, than if I had swallowed as many Fies as are put into Plumb Cakes, and other Paste at *Paris*, from *Midsummer* to (10) *Christmas*——But what's this? hah, oh, ho, how the Devil came I by this? Do you call this what the *Cat left of the Malt*, Filth, Dirt, Dung, Dejection, fœcal Matter, Ecrement, (11) Stercoration, Sir-reverence, (12) Ordure, Second-hand-meat, Fewmets, Stronts, (13) *Scybal*,

(8) *Rodilardus*.] Latin for *Bacon-gnaquer*. *Rodere* and *Lardum*. The Inventor of this Name was *Eliseus Calentius*, one of *Paul Jovius's* eminent Men.

(9) *Stout*, &c.] The Fly is a Symbol of Temerity, *inasmuch* as that Insect falls upon any Thing, to the hazard of its Life. Thence the Proverb.

(10) *Christmas*.] Read All Saints Day, All Hallows-tide: *Toussaints* in the Original.

(11) *Stercoration*.] *Laisse* in the Original. *Leffes*, i. e. Wolf's or Wild Boar's Dung.

(12) *Ordure*.] *Repaire* in French: i. e. Crotels or Hare's Dung.

(13) *Scybal*.] The *Duteb* Scholiast says, is *un estron endurey*, a hard T——d. *M. du Chat* says nothing of it. *Robertson's* Lexicon, *κύβαλον*, *Stercus finus*, *quisquiliæ*. *q. τοῖς κυσὶ βαλλόμενον*: thrown to the Dogs: which Definition implies Dogs-meat, I should think: though other Dictionaries say, *Scybalum* means Dung, Ordure.

or (14) Syparathe? 'Tis (15) *Hibernian* Saffron, I protest, Hah, hah, hah, it is *Irish* Saffron, by *Shaint* Pautrick, *And so much for this Time*, (16) *Selab*. Let us drink.

(14) *Syparathe*.] It should be *Spyrathe*, not *Syparathe* as in the New Editions. It means the Dung of Sheep or Goats. *Σπίραθος*, *caparum stercus*. [See Robertson's Lexicon.] *Σπίραθος* *μία*; *apud* Diosc. *dicitur stercoris caprini una pilula; una bacca, & unus globulus: apud quem etiam tegitur αἰγίς, vel αἰγῶν σπύραθος; sed & de ovillo quoque stercore usurpari docet Hesych.*

(15) *Hibernian Saffron*.] *Hibernian* partly equivocates to *Bren*, a T—d.

(16) *Selab*. *Let us drink*.] *Sela*, is as much as to say, Most certainly. 'Tis certainly *Saffron*. The new Editions have it *Cela*, but *Rabelais* writ it *Sela*, a *Hebrew* Word denoting a serious and vehement Affirmation. Here it alludes to the *Sela* which concludes several Lessons of the Choir, after which every one betakes himself to drinking.

The End of the Fourth Book.

M. MOTTEUX

H I S

Explanatory Remarks

O N T H E

PROLOGUE to the FIFTH BOOK.

THE Author begins his Prologue with a Question, Why People say, that Men are not such Fools now a-days, as they were in the Days of yore? He answers it himself, by a Prophecy out of an imaginary Book, which he calls the Prelatical Bagpipe. I give it in French and English; lest, as 'tis very dark, I should be suspected of having mistaken my Author's Meanings; for he seems to have had more than one, and to have bantered the Reader with a sham Explanation. Let us see if we can unriddle it.

*The Jubilee's Year, when All, like Fools were shorn,
Is about [or above] thirty [or Trente] Supernumerary.
O Want of Veneration! Fools they seem'd;
But, persevering, with long Breves, at last
No more they shall be gaping greedy Fools:
For they shall shell the Shrub's delicious Fruit,
Whose Flow'r they in the Spring so much had fear'd.*

L'An

L'An Jubilé que tout le monde raire
 Fadas se feit, est supernumeraire
 Au dessus trente : O peu de reverence !
 Fat il sembloit ; mais, en perseverance
 De longs Brevets, fat plus ne gloux sera :
 Car le doux fruit de l'herbe esgoussera,
 Dont tant craignoit la fleur en prime vere.

The Year of Jubilee was in 1525, under Pope Clement VII. Then all Europe suffered themselves to be shorn or fleeced by the Pardon-Pedlars, the Sellers of the Court of Rome's Indulgences, and other Trumpery Ware. Is supernumerary about [or above] Thirty [or Trente.] This means, that Time is past, and such Years of Jubilees are needless, out of Fashion, and cry'd down after the Year 1530, (or, perhaps the Council of Trent;) by reason of the Change made by the Restoration of Learning, and the Reformers: So that People were no longer to be fleec'd by the Sellers of Pardons. And indeed, about the Year 1530, King Francis I. invited the Learned to come to Paris, and having procured several Men well versed in various Studies, fixed them in the University of Paris. Belleforest and Lambinus say, that in 1531, he established twelve Professors for Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Mathematics, Philosophy, Divinity, Oratory, Physic, &c. But du Tillet, who at large relates what that Prince did, and designed for the Advancement of Learning, says this was 1530. Besides, we find in Rat. Tem. Part I. Lib. vi. Multum huic Principi debent Gallicanæ litteræ: Nam illius liberalitate accitis undique viris omni artium genere excultis, publicæ Scholæ honestis stipendiis Lutetiæ constitutæ sunt Anno 1530, quam in rem hortatoribus usus est Joanne Bellaïo, &c. And Genebrard, who was afterwards one of those Professors, writes Anno 1530, Guilielmo Budæo & Joanne Bellaïo hortantibus Regius linguarum Professores instituit. In Clemente VIII. Now, those learned Men, to whom Petavius gives the Epithets of Litterati & Pii, purged the Age of its Foolishness, and very much forwarded the Affairs of the Reformation: So that in 1530, or at least at the Time of the

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sitting

sitting of the Council of Trent, the Reign of Ignorance may be said to have come to an End.

O want of Veneration! Fools they seem'd. *That is, those who had been foolish enough to suffer themselves to be sheer'd and fleec'd thus, appeared such as they were, when Ignorance had been expell'd; I mean, bigoted Fools; neither did the Veneration which uses to be paid to the Church, hinder the wiser Sort from laughing at them, or, at least from pitying their Sil-
liness.*

But persevering with long Breves, at last no more they shall be empty greedy Fools. *Those long Breves should be the sacred Books; which may be call'd so in Opposition to the Roman Breviary, in which their Contents are as maim'd, imperfect, and abbreviated, as the vain Imaginations of Superstition are spun out there to a tedious Length; at least they mean the Books written by the Learned, many of which are long. So the People, who appear'd foolish, being no more blinded by a ridiculous Superstition, will no more gape after it, nor be greedy of it; being fill'd with sound Knowledge.*

For they shall shell the Shrub's delicious Fruit, whose Flower they in the Spring so much had fear'd. *That is, They will shell Beans in Cod; which is as if he had said, Truth that lay conceal'd, and before was known but by a few, will be reveal'd to the World; and as much as at first, it was hated, despis'd, and fear'd, at its first Appearance, so much the sweeter and more delicious will its Fruit prove, when the World shall have had a Taste of it.*

By these Beans in Cod we may also partly understand our Author's Work. The Beans are the Mystery; the Cod is the Emblem and outward Dress; which is good for nothing but to wrap up what is within it; neither ought we to feed upon it, but solely on what it contains. So we might fix the Period of Ignorance, and the Beginning of the new Æra, or Restoration of Learning, at the Year 1550, at which Time it began to bear good Fruit, and this fifth Book was written, tho' it was not published till after our Author's Death, perhaps because it spoke too plain. This makes him foretel the speedy Oblivion of whole Cart-loads of Books, that were dull, dark, and mischievous, though
they

they seem'd florid, flourishing, and flowery, gay and gawdy, as so many Papillons, [Butterflies] by which he seems to play upon the Word Papa, as in Papimany, and in the sixth Chapter of the Pantagruelian Prognostication, where the King of the Papillons, or Butterflies, undoubtedly means the Pope.

After all, as that pretended Prophecy is written in the Stile of those of Nostradamus, it appears at first as dark and unintelligible as that Astrologer's rhim'd Whimsies; tho' there is a Meaning in our Author's, and none in the dreaming Stargazer's. I would as little have troubled myself to find out Things past in the first, as I would look for Things to come in the latter, were not this needful to confirm what I have said of our Author's Design, and to shew the Uniformity of this mystical Work; which though much admir'd, had doubtless been much more beneficial, if most of it had been explain'd soon after it was written; I mean, after the Author's Death; for, as to have done that before, would undoubtedly have hasten'd it, and have expos'd him and his Writings to the Flames, he did not desire to be understood by every one, and only wrote for the Learned, as the Cardinals du Bellay, and de Chastillon, the Bishop of Maillezais, Andrew Tiraquel, his Patrons, and such Men as hated Ignorance, that they might effectually, though underhand, forward the Downfall of Superstition, its Offspring. Therefore, to blind the Vulgar, he turns off the Sense of the Prophecy, and falls a praising Colinet, Marot, Saint Gelais, &c. the Greatness of whose Wit, and the Elegancy of whose Stile, he extols to the Skies, not without some little Touch of Panegyricall Satire all the while, as appears by what he says of their Crimson, Alamode, Rhetorical Stile. This he chiefly runs upon to insinuate to those whom he fear'd, that what he said of the Jubilee's Year is only meant of the Improvements made in Learning, and more particularly in the French Tongue. So we find him begging of the French Writers, his Contemporaries, that they would be pleas'd to admit him as Puny Rhyparographer, or Riffraff-Scribbler of the Sect of Phyrrihus; that Painter having that Epithet bestow'd on him from ποταρος, Sordidus, because, like some of our modern Boor-Painters, he only drew mean Fi-

gures, as Coblers-Stalls, Barbers-Shops, and Affes, and yet he hints as if he understood by it, the Office of Apologue-monger in France, which Æsop had obtain'd among the best Orators and Philosophers in Greece; and at the same Time he invites his Reader to shell this Basket-full of Beans in Cod, gather'd in the very individual Garden whence the former came; and says, That observing the great Mysteries, of which these Books treat, they shall gain a singular Profit and Fame, as in the like Case was done by Alexander, with the Books of prime Philosophy, compos'd by Aristotle; doubtless he means those Acromatic Books which that Philosopher made public in such a Stile as was hardly to be understood; saying, that he had done it on purpose. Our Author might have said as much, as will appear by the Remarks on this his last and finest Book.

M. MOTTEUX

M. M O T T E U X

H I S

Explanatory Remarks

O N T H E

First CHAPTER of the FIFTH BOOK.

THE Ringing Island can mean nothing but the Clergy of the Church of *Rome*, whose Mysteries are all performed at the Sound of large, middle-sized, little, and very little Bells. They are rung at *Matins*, *Mafs*, Noon, *Vespers*, Sermons, and the Salutation to the Virgin every Day, on the Eves or *Vigils* of Holy-days, at Processions and at Stations; and whenever the Priest lifts up the *Wafers-god*, a little Bell is rung, that the People may fall down and adore that Piece of Dough, which, they must believe, made Heaven and Earth, though 'twere made that very Morning by the Baker, and some of the same Stamp be shewn in every Parish. Besides, when the Priest carries the *Viaticum*, a diminutive Bell always tingles before him. Thus Bells are often rung wherever there is a Monastery, Church, Chapel, or Hermitage, to awaken the People's Devotion, summon them together, dismiss them, and make them come again. Add to this, That as whatever is said of the Ringing Island in the following Chapters, cannot well be adapted to any Thing but the Popish Ecclesiasticks, so those who pretended to explain

these Books, only by printing at the End of some *French* Editions Twenty or Thirty Names, which (without the least Reason) they call a Key, either never read them, or had a Design to impose on the Reader more than our Author; else they would never have said, that the *Ring*ing Island is *England*. I own there is much Ringing there, and the *English* are famous for making that a Recreation; but this Book was writ during King *Edward* the Sixth's Reign, at which Time the Reformation had prevailed here; and though our Author mentions the Knights of the Garter in the fifth Chapter, while he speaks of the Knight-hawks of the Ringing Island, it does not follow he meant *England*, since he only places the Knights of *Malta* among the *Roman* Ecclesiasticks; which was judiciously done, because they make a Vow never to marry, read the Breviary, and have Livings like Abbots. Even that Passage proves that the Ringing Island is not *England*; since *Ædituus* makes one of his Island's Knight-hawks look wistfully on the *Pantagruelian* Strangers, to see whether he might not find among their Company a stately gawdy Kind of large huge dreadful Birds of Prey, so untoward, that they could never be brought to the Lure, nor to perch on the Glove, (which may mean that other Knights claimed a Pre-eminence over those of *Malta*.) *Ædituus* adds, *He is told there are such in your World, who wear goodly Garters below the Knee, with an Inscription about them which condemns him who shall think ill of it, (qui maly pense) to be bewrayed and confkitted.* So it is plain there were none such in the Ringing Island. Then in the Sixth Chapter *Ædituus* says, That all the good Things which they have in this Island come from every Part of the other World, except some of the Northern Regions, particularly from *Touraine*, our Author's native Country; and that the Income of the Duke of that Country could not afford him to eat his Belly full of Beans and Bacon, because his Predecessors had been more than liberal to the Birds of the Ringing Island, that they might there munch it, twist it, cram it, gorge it, crawl it, riot it, junket it, and tickle it off; stuffing their Puddings with dainty Food, &c.

The

The Hermit, whom the *Pantagruelists* met, assured them they should not be admitted into the Ringing Island, unless they fasted four Days, because it was then one of the four Fasting, or Ember-weeks. As that Island is the Popish Clergy, none enter into it, that is, into Orders, without Fasting, and a great Deal of Formality; and 'twas judiciously that *Rabelais* made his Travellers be admitted there at one of the Times prescribed for the Admittance of Laics into the Body of the Clergy. Yet he shews that those Fasts, (though commendable in their Institution) were much abused; and many, like *Panurge*, are pretty apt to say, Since you are so stedfast, and have us fast, let's fast as fast as we can, and then breakfast. Thus only putting a Constraint on themselves awhile (or seeming to put it) to indulge them in Gluttony after it.

On C H A P. II.

WHEN *Pantagrue* and his Attendants have fasted after a strange Sort of a Fashion, they are kindly received by *Albiam Camar*, Master *Ædituus*, or *Sacristan*, of the Ringing Island. *Camar* in *Hebrew* signifies an Idolatrous Priest: and *St. Jerome* has made it *Aruspex* and *Ædituus* in *Latin*. We may observe, by that Beginning, what Esteem our Author had for the Ringing Island, with its Sacrifices and Mysteries.

Ædituus acquaints our Strangers with the Metamorphosis of the *Siticines* and *Sicinnists* into Birds. The *Siticines* and *Sicinnists* were those that used to sing mounfully on the Dead, and at Funerals among the Ancients. *Siticines appellantur qui apud fitos canere soliti essent, hoc est vita functos & sepultos.* *A. Gellius, lib. 2. cap. 20.* Consequently, the Clergy of the Church of *Rome*, who chiefly subsist by Obits, Trentals, and Masses, for the Repose of the Souls of the Dead, may well be called by those Names.

We are told that the *Siticines* were become Birds; those Birds are those Ecclesiasticks, who raise themselves by Contemplation and Holiness of Life (if you will be-

lieve them) soaring above the Things of this Earth, on which we poor grovelling Laics crawl. *Ædituus* would make *Pantagruel* sensible of this, when he tells him that those Birds, which looked like Men, eat and drank, slept and bill'd like Men, were nothing less than Men, being neither Secular nor Laics.

Their spacious, costly, magnificent Cages, admirable in their Architecture, are their Churches, which appears the plainer by Reason of the Bells, which our Author says were above them.

The Variety of the Feathers and Plumes of those Birds, denotes the different Orders and Clothings of the Popish Clergy, which distinguish them from each other: The *Benedictins* are White, the *Austins* Black, the *Franciscans* Grey, the *Bernardins* Black and White, the Bishops Purple, the Cardinals Red; some Knights and *Commandeurs* are White and Blue; and there are Nuns dress'd like most of those, professing the same Orders.

'Tis observable that they are all made Birds of Prey, Clerghawks, Monkhawks, Priesthawks, Abbothawks, Bishawks, Cardinhawks, and Popehawks; and Clergkites, Nunkites, Abbeskites, &c.

The wry-neck'd *Bigottellos*, who had flocked thither during the last three Hundred Years, are the Orders of *Franciscan* and *Dominican* Friars. Our Author, who had been a Cordelier, *i. e.* a *Franciscan*, and misused by the Fraternity in the Convent, was well acquainted with their Merit, and speaks experimentally, which makes him wish for another *Hercules* to root them out.

On C H A P. III.

THE Popehawk, who like the *Phœnix*, is a *Species* alone, is undoubtedly the Pope. We have there a true Account of what happened some 1760 Moons, that is about 140 Years before our Author wrote; only to blind this, or perhaps by some Mistake in the printing, it is made 2760 Moons. I mean the Schism of *Avignon*, which lasted Forty Years. Three Popes were seen then at the same Time, *Bennet* the Ninth,

Ninth, *Gregory* the Twelfth, and *Alexander* the Fifth. This Schism ended at the Council of *Constance*, which began in 1414, and ended in 1419.

On CHAP. IV.

ÆDITUUS owns that all the Birds of the Ringing Island are Passengers ; there is a Sort of Hawks distinguished by that Name. He adds, that none of them were bred in that Place, but all came from the other World ; that is, out of the Laity, who are stiled Worthy Men with Respect to the Clergy, who assume that of *Divine*. One of the Countries out of which they come, is called *Want-o-Bread*, and the other *Too many of'em*. The first shews that many will take to any Thing rather than starve ; the other, that the Avarice of unnatural Parents makes them compel their Children, often the most defective in Body or Mind, to be Monks, Friars, Priests, &c.

Those Birds who returned to the World are the Monks and Clergymen, who, like *Luther*, *Calvin*, and others, left their Monastical or Ecclesiastical Habits ; or, like *Rabelais*, left their Monasteries. The Feathers found among the Nettles, mean his Frock and Cowl, which he cast off, and in general those of other Monks who apostatize (so their Desertion is called by the Church of *Rome*.) What the Company chanced to light upon there as they looked up and down, for the Discovery of which some People will hardly thank them, may imply this Work, which exposes all the Mysteries of Monachism.

On CHAP. V.

THE dumb Knighthawks of the Ringing Island are the Knights of *Malta* ; the Mark which they bear under their Left Wing, is the Cross of their Order, which these Knights wear on their Heart, of different
Co.

Colours, according to the Provinces to which they belong. They are said to be Dumb, because they do not say Mass, nor officiate as Priests and Monks ; and are only obliged to read every Day, or repeat some Parts of their Breviary. They have no Females, says *Ædituus* ; because there are none of their Order, yet they make themselves Amends with others out of every Order : So that what is said of the Pock-royals that embroider their Heads, and undermine the Handle of their Faces, is true of many of them who are not always concerned in Holy Wars. They are all Gentlemen, not shut up within Monasteries ; and, though they sing not, feed, that is, spend and devour as much as the best two that do ; some of the Livings or *Commanderies* bring them in great Sums yearly : and as they make a Vow never to marry, 'tis not strange they should meet with such Wounds, when they engage some other Infidels than the *Turks*.

I have already spoken *en passant* of the Knights of the Garter, of whom our Author made Mention in the same Manner. The Knights who were before their Plumes *le Trophée d'un Calominateur*, that is, the Devil in a String before their Paunches, are the Knights of the Order of St. *Michael*, pictured with the Devil at his Feet. 'Twas the most honourable Order in *France* in our Author's Time ; for that of the Holy Ghost was instituted since, by *Henry III.* Those who wear a Ram's Skin, are the Knights of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

On C H A P. VI.

THE Author describes how the Birds of the Ringing Island are cram'd, and how, though not one of them sets his Hand to the Plough, or tills the Land, whose Fat he devours ; they wallow in Plenty, and do nothing but chirp it, whistle it, and warble it merrily Night and Day. All this Chapter is a cutting Satire, in which *Rabelais* ingeniously exposes the foolish Bigotry of the great *Vulgar* and the small, who have

have undone and still ruin themselves daily, to maintain those lazy, hypocritical Birds of Prey, in idle Ease, and luxurious Pleasure, though the ravenous Tribe have nothing to give in Return, but insignificant Sittic Prayers, and a doubtful *Hereafter* for a certain *Now*.

ON CHAP. VII.

THIS Chapter is not in its due Place, neither can I find any in the whole Book where it could be well brought in; this makes me believe that it was designed for some of those which probably *Rabelais* intended to publish after this; wherein, as he tells us in the Third Book, we were to have an Account of *Panurge's* Marriage, and of his being made a Cuckold on his Wedding Night, after his coming from the Oracle of the Bottle. I can perceive some Difference in the Style, and the Sense is lame in some Places; so that as this Book was not printed till after our Author's Death, (nor would it have been safe for him to have published it) I am of Opinion it was found among his Papers, and, imperfect as it was, foisted in any how.

However, the Island of the *Apedefts* is a Satire on some Courts of Judicature, whose Members squeeze out the Blood and Substance not only of the wrangling Part of the World, but of those peaceable Persons whom some litigious Adversaries compel to fall into their Clutches. The little Wine-press, called *Pithies* in the Language of the Country, that lay backwards in a blind Corner, signifies the *Beuvettes*, Drinking-places, which are generally in the very Buildings where are the Courts of Judicature in *France*, whither the Lawyers go to refresh themselves at the Expence of the Clients. That Word comes from the Greek, *πιθι*, Drink. The Ancients had also a Festival sacred to *Bacchus*, which was called *πιδυρία*, which comes from *πιθος*, a Wine Hoghead. It used to be celebrated at the Time of the Year when Tuns and Hogheads used to be new hoop'd and fitted up, and, while it lasted, all Comers and Go-

ers drank Wine *gratis*, just as they do in *France* on *St. Martin's Eve*. The *Athenians* kept that Festival in the Month which they call *Anthesteron*, which is our Month of *November*, as *Gaza* proves it, *Lib. de mensibus Atheniensium*. By which it appears, that the Custom used on *St. Martin's Day* in *France*, on which the Parliaments as well as others make merry, succeeded to the *Pithægia* of the Ancients. All this Chapter may be easily understood by those who are acquainted with the Customs of *France*; and, as it may be applicable also to other Countries, it cannot seem very dark to others.

On C H A P. VIII.

THIS Chapter ought immediately to follow the Sixth; and is also easily to be construed. 'Tis observable, that about Midnight, which is the Time that many Monks are to rise to go to Prayers, *Ædituus* wakes his Guests, that they might drink; telling them, they should have eaten three Breakfasts already, and that if they would consume the Mouth-Ammunition of that Country, they must rise betimes: Eat them, says he, they multiply; spare them, they diminish. The lean Birds, who are singing to them while they are to drink, are the Novices and sorry Monkings, who chant at Church Matins or Vespers, while the great ones snore or tope.

Panurge, who likes all this well enough, is yet for something else, and would mix the Sports of Love with those of *Bacchus*; and considering, that those Ecclesiasticks enjoy the latter at their Ease, yet they dare not taste of the first without Danger, he brings in the Fable of the Ases, who slighted the delicious Food of the high-mettled Prancers, because they were not allowed to be familiar with the Mares. Our Author ingeniously makes *Panurge*, who was for copulating in a lawful Way, relate this to the Priest, by which he would insinuate, that it were much better for them to have a Liberty to marry.

On CHAP. IX.

WITH much Ado our Travellers get a Sight of the Popehawk ('tis Pope *Julius III.*) who sate drooping with his Feathers staring about him, attended by a Brace of little Cardinhawks and six lusty, fusty Bishawks. *Panurge* seeing him, cries, a Curse light on the Hatcher of the ill Bird, o' my Word this is a filthy *Whoop-hooper*. A Woop-hooper, or a Hooper, *υπουρα*, *επουρα*, is a Bird whose Cop or Tuft of Feathers on its Head is not altogether unlike the Papal *Tiara*, adorned with a Triple Crown; the whole Delight of that filthy Fowl is to nestle in Man's Ordure! which admirably denotes the Inclination of many of the Holy Fathers, and particularly of *Julius III.* as I will immediately shew.

The Madgehowlet, which was perceived under the Popehawk's Cage, implies either a Pope of the Female Kind, as Pope *Joan* (if there ever was any such) or rather a *Donzella*, or Concubine; unless some Critic will offer to say, that this Madgehowlet, which *Ædituus* swears is no She-thing, but a Male and a noble Bird, certainly was the Cardinal *Innocent*, with whom Pope *Julius III.* had been passionately in love while he was Legate at *Bologna*, and to whom, as a Reward for his kind Services, he had bestowed a Cardinal's Cap, when he was advanced to the Papal Chair. Since that, this noble Cardinal was so very intimate with that Pope, that *Pasquin* could not forbear to say, he believed nothing of all this, and, *That Innocent was not handsome enough to be Jupiter's Ganymede.*

The Brace of little Cardinhawks seem to mean either some such young Sparks, or rather some of that Pope's Bastards, or at least his Predecessor's. *Paul III.* made two of his bastard Daughter's Sons Cardinals; and *Rabelais* in his Fifteenth Letter to the Bishop of *Maillezais*, calls them the little Cardinals *de sancta Fiore*. That Pope himself, who had kept a *Roman Lady della Casa Rufina*, and had a bastard Son by another, had a Sister once kept by Pope *Alexander VI.* who had her drawn like

like the Virgin *Mary*. She was married afterwards to a Gentleman, who having Notice that the Pope lay with her in his Absence, afterwards stabbed her; so to make her Brother Amends, *Alexander* made him a Cardinal while he was yet very young, and afterwards he was chosen Pope. *Rabelais* seems maliciously to pun upon one of those diminutive Cardinals in his Letters, calling him a Cardinalicule.

The old Greenheaded Bishawk, snoring with his Mate and three jolly bitter Attendants under an Arbour, so that he could not be waked by the buxom Abeskite that sung by them like any Linnet, is *John de la Casa*, Archbishop of *Benevento*, and Legate of the Holy See at *Venice*. He was famous for Poetry, and wrote a Poem in Praise of Sodomy, which he called *Opera Divina*; and said in it that he knew no other Love. His Indifference for the Fair is happily expressed by his snoring near the pretty Abeskite, that so kindly invites him with her Syren's Voice, which yet proves too weak an Allurement, and cannot wake him into a natural Love.

On C H A P. X.

THE Island of Tools treats of Things which are not much less odious than the Cages of the Popehawk and Bishawk. There is a Catch in the Prologue to the Fourth Book, which is in a Manner a Key to this Chapter: 'Tis that which follows:

*Since Tools without their Hafts are useles Lumber,
And Hatchets without Helves are of that Number;
That one may go in t'other, and may match it,
Ill be the Helve, and thou shalt be the Hatchet.*

The Author says, that those Staves, or Plants, which grew up to fit themselves to Tools, seem'd terrestrial Animals, in no wise so different from Brute Beasts as not to have Flesh and Bone, but their Heads were down and their Feet upwards. At the End of the Chapter he says; I spy'd behind I don't know
what

what Bush, I don't know what Folks, doing I don't know what Business, in I don't know what Posture, scow'ring I don't know what Tools, in I don't know what Manner, and I don't know what Place. This Chapter requires a larger Comment; but, its Subject being none of the most modest, 'tis better to leave that to be done by those that love to dive to the Bottom of those Matters.

On C H A P. XI.

AFTER the Venereal Games, in the Island of Tools, we have those of Chance, in the Sharping Island. 'Tis said to be lean, sandy, barren, and unpleasant; because in the Main, seldom any Thing is to be got by Games of Hazard, honestly. What is got at one Time is generally lost at another, and goes as easily as it comes; for most Gamesters, often prodigal of what they have got, seldom consider, that should their Profits at the Year's End balance their Losses, they still will be found to have lost their Time, and squandered away Part of what should have made the Scales even between Profit and Loss; and so that though they have won much, they are poorer many Times than they would have been had they not play'd at all. 'Tis obvious that the two little white square Rocks, with eight equal Points, in the Shape of a Cube, are the Dice; the six different Stories are their six different Sides and Number, that ascend from 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, to 6. Of which twenty-one Points *Rabelais* makes so many Devils, because they tempt and bewitch Men so much; though, as he observes, the Land is barren and unpleasant; for, after all, Gaming is a tedious Repetition of the same Thing, and a continual gazing upon the Dice or Cards, without any pleasing Discourse. Not to speak of the Fear and Agony of Gamesters, their Toil, when they pass whole Nights at Play, and break their Rest and not their Fast; their Despair and Curses when they have lost, the mean Actions by which they debase themselves, to borrow or pawn, and the Quarrels, and their sad Consequences among

among the greatest Friends on the Account of Play. So that *Pantagruel's* Pilot was in the right, when he told him that more Wrecks had happened about those Square Rocks, than about all the others in the Universe.

After the Games of Hazard, comes another, that is as deceitful at least; I mean the Trick of Relicks. The Author places them in the Island of Sharping, because the Church of *Rome* sharps the superstitious Laity out of great Sums of Money by the doubtful Remains of as doubtful Saints, much more than by the real Relicks of the true. Accordingly our Travellers, with a World of Pother and Ado, Formalities and antick Tricks, were blest at last with a Sight of a Phial of *Sangreal*, that is, as I have observ'd on the Forty-third Chapter of the Fourth Book, what they imprudently pretend to be our Saviour's Blood; but, after all, 'twas only *the scurvy Face of a roasted Coney*. Mr. *Emiliene*, in his Book of the Frauds of the *Romish* Priests, tells us, that such a kind of a Relick is in *Italy* to this Day: That pretended Blood is shewn with great Ceremonies, and Store of Flambeaux, Torches, and sanctified Tapers, &c. Our Author says, that they saw nothing worth speaking of in that Island, but a good Face set upon an ill Game, which suits well with the Carriage of those who shew such sham Relicks; accordingly, he says they also saw the Shells of the two Eggs, formerly laid and hatch'd by *Leda*; which indeed are most worthy being placed among such Relicks.

The Hats and Caps of the Manufactory of the Place, (*Chapeaux de Cassade*) may be mention'd to banter some Prelates, who had a Mind to be Cardinals, and perhaps were fool'd out of the Money which they gave to the Pope's Favourites to that Intent. *Avoir des Cassades* is a burlesque Expression; such, as when we say, *to begull'd*, or *swallow a Gudgeon*. Yet, as *Rabelais* says, that some of the Company bought a Piece of *Leda's* Eggshells for a Morfel of Bread; and then immediately adds, that they bought those Hats and Caps, which, he fear'd, would turn to no very good Account; he may either mean that they were cheated there, or bought some sham *Agnus Dei's*, and such
holy

holy Trumpery. Whatever it be, we find that in the next Chapter they went through the Wicket; and, for offering to sell them again, were clapt into Lob's Pound, by Order of Gripe-men-all, Arch-duke of the Furr'd Law-cats.

On C H A P. XII.

PANTAGRUEL prudently past by *Condemnation* with his Fleet, but some of his Companions, more unfortunate or less wise, were stopt at the Wicket, and oblig'd to take their Trial. That Wicket is the Inquisition in general; and, in particular, the Court establish'd in 1548, at *Paris*, against the *Lutherans*; for we find that the Furr'd Law-Cats (which mean the Judges, *Presidents à Mortier*, i. e. *en Parlement*) have Mortar-like Caps and Furr'd Gowns. A Common Mumper gives an admirable Account of the Place. He speaks of it as a Hellish Court, where, without the least Regard to Right or Wrong, they imprison, behead, hang, and burn those who fall into their Clutches; where Vice passes for Virtue, Wickedness for Piety, Treason for Loyalty, and Robbery for Justice; yet whatever is acted by them, is approved by all Men, except the Hereticks; and he charges on its Members all the Woes that infest the World. One would almost think that *Rabelais* meant some of the Nobility in the *Netherlands* by his *Noble Gueux*, (Noble Beggar) for so he styles him, after he had call'd him *Gueux de l'hospitaliere*, *Ostiarius Mendicus*, a common Mumper; which he probably did to hide his Thought, or turn that of the Reader from the Subject, at the same Time that he speaks to him about it; a Method which he has followed almost throughout this Work. 'Tis known that the Protestant Nobility, and others in the *Netherlands*, got the Name of *Gueux*, i. e. Beggars, 'tis said, for opposing themselves to the setting up the Inquisition: And though some trace the Original of that Nickname no higher than the Time of *Margaret of Parma's* Government, others pretend it was given them long before by the *Spaniards* on that Account. If this be not meant

meant of those Noble Assertors of their Liberties in the *Netherlands*, as being written some Years before that Name of *Gueux* was universally spread, it must yet be owned that it refers to the persecuting Courts of Judicature in those Times, chiefly to the Inquisition, or at least to the *Tournelle*, that is, that Part of the Courts of Parliament in *France* that tries Criminals: for in *France* Men have not the Privilege of being tried by their Juries, or their Peers, which *Englishmen* enjoy. *Gripe-men-all* is the Head of the Inquisition, or perhaps the President of that Court, which used the Protestants so severely in *France* in 1548. The Picture over the Chief Seat is that of *Injustice*.

On C H A P. XIII.

PANURGE being brought to the Bar, *Gripe-men-all* propounds to him a Riddle, and tells him, That the Earth shall immediately open its Jaws, and swallow him to quick Damnation, if he don't solve it. This is exactly the Practice of the Inquisition; the Party that's accus'd, is obliged to guess his Crime, and the Name of his Accusers; and if he guesses amiss, he is certainly undone; but if he has the Wit or good Fortune to discover them, he generally comes off better; and a round Fine, with St. *Bennet's* Cap save him from being burned.

Panurge vainly insists on his Innocence; for *Gripe-men-all* replies, That if he hath nothing better to offer, he will let him know, that it had been better for him to have fallen into *Lucifer's* Clutches; that their Laws are like Cobwebs, in which little Flies are caught and destroyed, but which are too weak to stop great ones. This may have been spoke on the Account of *Pantagrue*, who would not pass through the Wicket, that is to say, who would not submit to the Inquisition.

Gripe-men-all says, When did you hear that for these three hundred Years last past, any Body ever got out of this *Wheel* without leaving something of his behind him? This is true enough, if spoken of the Inquisition;

quisition; and about three hundred Years before *Rabelais* wrote, a Court of Inquisition was set up at *Toulouse*, against the *Albigenses*, by *Lewis* the Ninth, call'd *The Saint*.

On CHAP. XVII.

THE Forward Nation is easily known to be those Boon Companions, who, as the Author says, love heartily to wind up their Bottom, bang the Pitcher, and lick the Dish; Men who have been fair Swallowers of Gravy Soup, notable Accountants in Matter of Hours, whose whole Lives are one continual Dinner, and who at last die of too much Fat, of Diseases got by eating or drinking to Excess. This also reflects upon those who prodigally spend their Estates, and at last crack their Credits, and are forced to abscond, and thus may in a Manner be said to be dead. This Chapter, which now ends with the pleasant Story of the Abbot of *Castillers*, who never used to be familiar with his Maids but when he was drest in *Pentificalibus*, is imperfect; or there is a Mistake in the Account of its Contents, which promise a Relation of the Danger which *Panurge* was in, though not one Word of it is mentioned in the whole Book.

On CHAP. XVIII.

TO attain to the Knowledge of Truth, 'tis necessary to take a Survey of every Thing; so our Travellers steering their Course to its Oracle, sail towards the Queendom of *Whims*; by which, ingeneral, may be understood all Sorts of strange whimsical Notions, and *Alchymy* in particular.

Accordingly, as they come near that Country, that is, imitate the fantastic wavering People that fill their Heads with all the strange Imaginations which we call *Whimsies*, some sudden Gusts or Scuds of Wind arise,
and

and the Wind shifting from Point to Point, is at no Certainty: They tack about, the Gusts increase, and by Fits blow at once from several Quarters. This very well represents an unfixed Mind, that unmethodically applies itself to many Things at once, then leaves them to think on others, which soon resign the working Brain to a Crowd of succeeding raw and undigested Notions.

The Master of the Ship orders the Sheets to be let fly, for fear of oversetting the Ship, and is for running adrift, or temporizing, as the Author calls it; those Gusts not being dangerous. This may mean, that 'tis not always proper to oppose altogether the Inclinations of some Men, even while it leads them to Studies and Attempts that seem insignificant; since Time soon weans them of their darling Follies, and thus they know the better how to distinguish between the Useful and the Unprofitable.

After all, this may refer to some of those doubtful Points about which the Learned were as idly busy in that Age, as now a-days many are about them and others, placing Religion more in Notions than in Actions, and neglecting the Practice to talk of the Theory: Such Questions are those of Free-will, Predestination, Justification, &c. by which the People reap as little Benefit as the Teachers gain Glory, when they display their learned Ignorance about them. *Pantagruel's* Ship that is stranded, or run aground, endeavouring to *weather-coil* and break through the Whirlwind, after it has been tost by it, is an Image of those who thinking to ease their fluctuating Minds, at last venture on some new Notion, which a first seems plausible to some, but they are soon *gravell'd*, and do not know how to get off. The empty Drums which were on board the Ship that came from Queen Whim's, which tow'd the *Pantagruelists* off Ground, put me in Mind of the Help which School-Divinity affords in such Doubts; an empty Noise, mere Wind, and that's all, just as harmonious as the Sound made by the Gravel and the Seamen's Cheers; even that fantastic Relief proves real to some who are whimsically drawn by it, and by that means are in

a fair Way to proceed, and being led by the Current, like our Travellers, arrive at the *Queendom of Whims*.

On CHAP. XIX.

THAT Place which is also call'd *Entelechy*, and its Ruler *Queen-Whims*, or *Quintessence*, is *Alchymy*, the pretended *Philosophical Stone*, as also *Quacks*, and those beggarly Projectors, who, if you will believe them, can make you rich, and promise Mountains of Gold, whereas they sometimes want Brass to buy Bread; and more generally this refers to all Addle-headed Students and Contrivers. All know how infatuated many of the *Chymists* are with the *Lapis*, *Aurum Potabile*, and a thousand Medicines, at whose very Sight they'll tell you, Diseases disappear. The *Leprosy*, the *Plague*, *Poisons*, tho' never so corrosive, the *Venereal Disease*, the *Gout*, *Palsies*; in short, all obstinate and dangerous Evils are cured by them in an unaccountable Manner, if you will believe them. Now *Rabelais*, who, as *Thuanus* says, was a most learned and experienced Physician, gives us freely to understand that all those Pretenders are so many Cheats, who sometimes deceive themselves, but generally others. For this Reason the first Port of that Island whereat he makes his Fleet touch, is *Mateotechny* *Ματατεχνία*, that is, the Study of foolish, unprofitable Arts: Yet he makes those who profess them, give their Country the Name of *Entelechy*, from *Ἐντελέχεια*, *Actus & Perfectio*, as it is rendered in *Aristotle's* second Book *de Anima*. *Tully Tuscul. Lib. i.* would have it to signify a perpetual Motion. Now, as several learned Men in former Ages have almost as largely descanted upon the Word, as some in this have lost Time about the Thing, *Rabelais* reflects upon them for it in this Chapter; and at the same Time those *Grammarians*, who dispute so hotly about Words and neglect Things, may be aim'd at,

as deserving to be placed among those who apply themselves to unprofitable Studies.

On CHAP. XX.

RABELAIS ridicules here those *Empirics* whose chief Talent is Impudence and Lies, while they pretend to the Cure of incurable Diseases; and also those who seek an universal Remedy, *Roscrucians*, Disciples of *Trismegistus*, *Raimond Lullius*, *Arnold of Villeneuve*, and such as are said to have understood the great Work, or *Arcanum Philosophicum*, and (if you will believe them) the only true Sons of Wisdom. This makes him say, that *Queen-Whims* cur'd all Manner of Diseases with a Song, full as effectually as some Kings rid men of the *Evil*, that takes its Name from their Dignity; by which he meant that all those pretended Cures are just as solid as a Song, and are nothing but vain Talk.

The Queen's affected, pedantic Speech, mimics the way of Talk of some of our *Demi Virtuosos*, who cannot think any one speaks well, unless he expresses himself with far fetch'd Metaphors, long Tropes, uncommon Words, *per Ambages*, tedious Circumlocutions, and such fulsome Stuff. Accordingly we find that *Panurge* could not tell how to answer her in the same Cant, neither did *Pantagruel* return a Word. However they din'd never the worse after it, while the Queen fed on nothing but *Categories*, *Abstractions*, *Second Intentions*, *Metempsychoses*, *Transcendant Prolepsies*, *Expressions*, *Deceptions*, *Dreams*, &c. in Greek and Hebrew.

On CHAP. XXI.

OUR Travellers see the Queen, and some of her Subjects, who sit, farse, bould, range, and pass away Time, and revive antient Sports. This reflects on those who wholly apply themselves to the Study of the

the Customs of the Antients, while many Times they are ignorant in those of the Moderns; a Sort of Book-worms, some of which, conversing with none but the Dead, are hardly qualified for the Company of the Living. Our Author, who seldom forgets the Monks, says, that one of the Queen's Officers cur'd the Consumptive by turning them into Monks, by which Means they grew fat and plump. What he says of the nine Gentlemen who were rid of their Poverty, having a Rope put about their Necks, at the End of which hung a Box with ten thousand Crowns in't, may refer to some in those Times who either had, or fancy'd they were to have, the Collar of the Order of St. Michael, or some other, bestow'd on them with a Pension.

On CHAP. XXII.

THIS Chapter ridicules those who attempt Impossibilities; accordingly our Author says they made Black-a-moors white, rubbing their Bellies with the Bottom of a Pannier, plow'd a sandy Shore with three Couples of Foxes in one Yoke, and did not lose their Seed; which Undertakings have given Occasion to several Proverbs among the Antients, to denote Labour in vain, as *Æthiopem dealbare*; *arenas arare*; *laterem lavare*; *pumice aridius*; *ex asino lanam*; and others, which our Author has purposely mentioned. Some *Mathematicians*, *Dialecticians*, *Naturalists*, and *Metaphysicians*, are ingeniously satyrized in this Chapter.

On CHAP. XXIII.

QUEEN-WHIMS, or *Quintessence's* Supper, is not more substantial than her Dinner; for she eats nothing but *Ambrosia*, drinks nothing but *Nectar*; and the Lords and Ladies that were there, far'd on such Dishes as *Apicius* dream'd of. All this is Dream and poetical Food, and consequently of easy Digestion.

An *Olla*, or Hodge-podge follows, which may represent a Mixture of confus'd Notions jumbled together. The *Cards, Dice, Chequers, and Bowls full of Gold* (for those who would play) the *Mules in stately Trappings, Velvet Litters and Coaches*, are the vain Hopes of those who are subject to *Whims*, and dream of finding the *Philosopher's Stone*.

The Queen tastes and chews nothing; her *Præ gustators* and *Masticators* (her Tasters and Chewers) do that for her; and she never visits a Close-stool but by Proxy. This signifies, that those who employ those Cheats who pretend to make Gold, swallow every thing that comes from them, without examining the Sense of it, or chewing the Cud upon the Matter; all goes down glibly with them, so greedy they are of possessing such a mighty Secret. But the *Alchymists* whom they trust, bestir their Grinders lustily in the mean Time, and do not feed altogether on Smoke, as do their Patrons, who are here said never to go to stool but by Proxy, because they are only fed with Words and Promises; all vanishes in Smoke. The Word *Spodizater* signifies one who fairly gets Soot from Brass, by trying and melting it down.

On CHAP. XXIV.

THE Ball in the Manner of a Tournament, which was perform'd before the Queen, is a most lively and ingenious Description of the Game of Chess. The Floor of the Hall, which is covered with a large Piece of velveted white and yellow chequered Tapestry, means the Chequer Board. The thirty-two young Persons, one half crest in Cloth of Gold, and the other in Cloth of Silver, are the thirty-two Chess Men; Kings, Queens, Bishops, Knights, Rooks, and Pawns. They play three Games, the two first are won by the Silver'd King, and the last by his Adversary.

Our Author, who cannot be too much admired for his Art in raising satirical Reflections of great Moment, most naturally out of Trifles, where they are least expected, in the midst of this admirable Allegory, seems
to

to have reflected upon his King *Francis's* Rashness, which made him be taken Prisoner at the Battle of *Pavia*: For, speaking of the Golden Queen, who in this *Latruncularian* War, (if I may use the Expression) skirmish'd too boldly, and was taken, he says, the rest were soon routed after the taking of their Queen; who, without doubt, from that Time resolv'd to be more wary, and not venture so far amidst her Enemies, unless with more Forces to defend her.

He also brought in very pleasantly Cardinal *Cusa's* Boyish Observation, in his *Simile* on a Top or Gig; and so he has done almost all over this Work.

He is not less artful in bringing off his *Pantagruelists*, that they may no longer be hinder'd by Whims, from arriving at the Oracle of Truth: For he says, that while they minded this pleasing Entertainment, and were charm'd with the Melody that play'd to the Dancers, *Queen-Whims* vanished; and they strait went on board their Ships, the Wind being fair; for had they not set sail immediately, they could hardly have got off in three Quarters of a Moon in the Wain: That is to say, by the Means of Music, ingenious Games, Dancing, and other innocent Recreations, many ease their Minds of perplexing Thoughts, and leave those crabbed, whimsical, unprofitable Studies, which wholly possess'd them before; for those idle busy Fancies vanish, like the evil Spirit of *Saul*, at the harmonious Sound of Instruments: But should not the Mind after this be immediately applied to some solid Inquiries that may ingross all its Faculties, it would be in danger of being taken up again with unnecessary and uncertain Business.

'Tis observable that *Rabelais* has made these Chapters very clear, and almost sufficient to teach a Man to play at Chefs; that his satirical Allegories throughout the Work, which are darker, might be thought of no greater Moment than this *Ball* and *Tournament*.

On CHAP. XXVI.

THE Island of *Odes*, where the Ways go up and down, is the Subject of this Chapter. The Author seems partly inclin'd to droll, by the Means of an *Hypallagical* Expression used by the *English* as well as by the *French*; while speaking of a Way or Road, we ask, Whither it goes? instead of asking, To what Place Men go by that Way? He takes thence an Opportunity to banter *Aristotle's* Saying, that all self-moving Things are Animals.

By-the-Bye, he gives a Touch to the School-men, when he says, That he saw one taken up with a Warrant, for having in spite of *Pallas*, (*invita Minerva*) taken the School-way, which is the longest. What he says of *Bourges* Highway, which went with the Deliberation of an Abbot, must be understood of that University, famous for the Study of the Civil Law.

He calls it the Island of *Odes* from *'Odde*, which signifies a Way or Road; a Conveniency to forward us in a Journey, as a Waggon, Boat; &c. a Way or Rule of Living; a Method; and finally, an Ambush on a Road by Robbers. Now in some of these Senses the Ways may properly enough be said to go up and down; and allowing to the Word *Way* the Latitude of the Greek Word *'Odde*, the Enigma will easily be solv'd. There may also have been some Persons named *Chemin*, or *du Chemin*, in the Castle and Village of *Odos* in *Bigorre*, where Queen *Margaret* of *Navarre* died, and the Author may perhaps allude to their Surname, as common in *France* as *Way* is in *England*.

On CHAP. XXVII.

THE Island of the *Sandals* is the next Place which our Travellers visit. *Rabelais* calls it *l'Isle des Esclots*. *Esclot* is a Patten, Sandal, or a Wooden Shoe, in some Parts of *France*, particularly towards *Tholouse*. So because it is the Dwelling of Friars, and many of them

them wear Sandals or Clogs, I call it the Island of *Sandals*. Yet as the Word *Efclop* was formerly us'd in France for *Efclove*, a Slave, I am persuaded that our Author gave that Name of *Efclop* to this Island, chiefly to disguise his Intent, which was to tell us that its Inhabitants are *Efclops*, Slaves: For such all Monks become to the Will of their Superiors, by the Vow of Obedience which they are obliged to make at their Admission into their respective Sodalities. All this Chapter is a most cutting Satire on Monachism in general, and seems to reflect particularly on the Jesuits; but the Author has affected to be mystical all along in what may be applied to them.

The Jesuits may well be called Slaves, considering their Rules; some of which are these, exhibited in *Exercitia Spiritualia Ign. Loyolæ*, printed at *Antwerp*.
 ' They must abandon all Judgment of their own, be always ready to obey the Church of *Rome*, and believe that Black is White, and White is Black, if she says it: They ought to regard the Command of their Superior as that of God himself, and submit to his Government, as though they were mere Machines, or an old Man's Staff, to be mov'd at his Pleasure.'

'Twas upon this Account that Pope *Paul III.* confirm'd the Establishment of their Society, which was not to exceed Sixty, in 1540, about ten Years before *Rabelais* wrote this Book. The Time of their Institution agrees very well with what *Rabelais* says, That *Benius III.* shew'd a spick and span-new Monastery to our Travellers, contriv'd by him for the Semiquaver Friars. What is added may refer to all Monks and Friars in general.

By the Statutes, Bulls, and Patents of *Queen-Whims*, they were all drest like so many *House-burners*: This reflects first on the Pope and his Bulls, as being whimsical, for setting up new Monasteries against the Hair, while many pull'd them down; and then implies that they burn the Houses where they come; wasting the Substance of Families, and blowing up the Fire of Division every where.

Their quilted Paunches shew that they love to stuff their Hides to the Purpose.

Their double Codpieces, one before and t'other behind, shew that many a Monk, and particularly a Jesuit, is *ad utrumque paratus*; à *parte post* & à *parte ante*; and may well say, *hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim*. This abominable Practice of theirs made the Author say, That some dreadful Mysteries were duly represented by this Duplicity of Codpieces; and as he speaks in the Plural, they may also imply, that a Monk does as much work as two others at the Venereal Exercise.

Their Shoes are round, that they may move forward, backward, or sideways, as their Interest guides them.

Their Chins are close shav'd; to shew there is no holding or fleecing a Monk; or, to speak more plainly, nothing to be got by them.

Their Feet are Iron shod; because there is no driving them out when once they get Footing; for they stick close, and firmly keep their hold.

They shave the hind Parts of their Poles, from the Crown to the Omoplata, or the Muscles of the Shoulder-blade; that none may take hold of them behind.

They wear sharp Razors at their Waist: this may mean a good Stomach, or that they cut to the Quick whatever lies in their Way.

They grind them twice a Day, and set them thrice a Night, by the Means of their Matins, Vigils, the Office of the Day, &c.

They have a round Ball on their Feet. This Ball is the World, which they would gladly bring under their Subjection; neither is it strange it should be said to be on their Feet, in Opposition to Fortune that has a Ball under her's: For, 'tis said by Friar John, at the End of the Chapter, Ay, aye, this is the World, and t'other is the Country; may I never piss, if this be not an *Antichthonian* Land, and our very *Antipodes*. So that, according to the vulgar Acceptation, supposing the Earth to be here under our Feet, it must be on or above our *Antipodes*.

The Flaps of their Cowls hide their Noses; so they laugh without Fear both at Fortune and the Fortunate: That is,

is, within their Monasteries, they laugh in their Sleeves at those whose good Fortune enables them, and whose Foolishness inclines them, to help to maintain them in their Idleness.

The hind-part of their Heads are always uncover'd, as are our Faces, and coarsely daws'd over with Eyes and a Mouth: Which denotes the Grimaces and antic Tricks with which they amuse the silly People, in a Manner only shewing their Backside to them, while, as we have said, they really laugh to one another at the gull'd Mob's Simplicity.

When their hind Face went forward, you would have sworn this had been their natural Gait: That is, By their Vow of Poverty they grow rich, rule by their Vow of Obedience, are the lewder for their Vow of Chastity, and get forward when they seem to lose Ground.

If they offer'd to waddle along with their Bellies forwards, you would have thought they were then playing at Blind-man's-Buff: Because they are not us'd to walk fairly, or act like other People, and are to seek when they must leave their crooked Ways, and go the right Way to work.

They are booted and spurr'd, as it were, to take a Journey to Heaven; but instead of hastening thither on Horseback, they sleep and snore as soon as 'tis Owl-light.

They are oblig'd to yawn, and that's their Breakfast; This implies their Laziness, and perhaps the singing or bawling at Matins.

They wash their Hands and Mouths; This may be the taking of Holy Water.

Then they sit down on a long Bench, and pick their Teeth, till the Provost gives the Signal; which heard, they stretch out their Jaws as wide as they can, and gape and yawn for about half an Hour, more or less, according to the Day. This may mean their sitting down, while the Office of the Day is read, and their singing and quavering.

After this, they went in Procession, going out at another Door than that through which they came into the Church; whence Pantagruel concludes, that they are

not such Fools as his Attendants take them to be, having more Holes than one to creep out at.

*Cogitatus pusillus quam sit sapiens bestia,
Ætatem qui uni cubili nunquam committit suam;
Quia si unum ostium obsideatur, aliud perfugium quærit.*
PLAUTUS, *Mus.* Act. 4.

At the Procession, the Idol of Fortune is carried in State, and the Image of Virtue follows it, carried by a Semiquaver, who all the while besprinkles the Idol with Holy Water; which shews that Fortune goes before Virtue among the Monks, and that they are lavish of their Incense to none but the Fortunate.

After the Procession, they went into the Fraternity-Room, and there kneel'd under the Tables; because 'tis the Heaven where reside the only Gods they adore, plac'd in the Dishes as on so many Thrones. This Way of explaining this dark Passage, appears the more justifiable considering what *Pantagruel* says, in the 34th Chapter, to the illustrious Lantern that guided him and his Company through an Arbor cover'd over with Leaves and Branches of Vines, and loaded with Clusters. "Jupiter's Priestesses, said he, would not, like us, have walk'd under this Arbor. There was a mystical Reason (answer'd the most conspicuous Lantern) that would have hindered her; For had she gone under it, the Wine, or the Grapes of which 'tis made, that's the same thing, had been over her Head, and then she would have seem'd over-topt and master'd by Wine; which signifies, &c."

They had each of them a Lantern below the Breast and Stomach, on which they lean'd. The Lantern should be an empty Belly; for after their Breakfast, which consisted only of Yawning, Chanting, and Quavering, they had not so fill'd themselves as not to want to stuff the Gut.

The huge Sandal, who, while they were in that Posture, us'd to come in with a Pitchfork in his Hand, and treated them after a Fashion, is the Friar, who always comes in with a Book, in which he reads while they are at Table.

They

They begin their Meal with Cheese, and end it with Mustard and Lettuce; This shews, like most of this Chapter, that these Semiquavers affect a Way of Living quite contrary to other Men's; and as Cheese is esteem'd heavy Food, and hard to be digested, when much of it is eaten, principally by itself, and before we are filled with other Things, whose Digestion it might help, so by Cheese may be meant the *Benedicite*, or Grace before Meat, which is as heavy, tedious, and irksom to the gluttonous hungry Fraternity, as a long-winded *Presbyterian* Grace to a half famish'd Libertine when Dinner is upon the Table.

The Mustard and Lettuce with which they end the Meal, is the *Agimus*, or Grace after Meat, almost as unpleasant to the Semiquavers, who think it unseasonable, because they are in haste to go about the Recreations mentioned in the next Chapter. Our Author, according to his Custom of hiding his Touches of the Satire in equivocal Expressions, may mean, that this Ceremony after Dinner *moult tarde, multum tardat*, is tedious, and *les tue*, is Death to them; thus punning upon *Moutarde* and *Laitue*.

After Dinner, they pass some Time in praising those Gods who blest them with so sweet a Life, and are taken up the rest of the Day with Acts of Charity, as Rubbers at Cuffs, Sniting and Fly-flapping, Worming and Pumping, Tickling, Jirking, and Firking one another, and such other pious Deeds as are contain'd in the twenty-eighth Chapter.

Then at Night they boot and spur each other, (by which something very odious seems meant) and clap their *Barnicles* on the Handles of their Faces, which may imply that they are obliged to look about them for fear of being discovered.

At Midnight they are called up by one of their Brother Sandals, and do as in the Day-time.

When they are on the Sea and Rivers, they are enjoin'd neither to touch nor eat any Manner of Fish; and to abstain from all manner of Flesh when they are at Land. That is, Monks use to seem kind to those who are near them, and who support them, and only bite the

Absent; yet even this is not always true; but 'tis more certain that as they are dainty, they long for Things that are not easily got, as for Example, fresh Meat at Sea, and fresh Fish at Land, chiefly in such inland Places as are very remote from Seas or Rivers.

On CHAP. XXVIII.

PANURGE asks a Semiquaver Friar many Questions concerning the private Customs of the Monastic Tribe, particularly their Chastity and Sobriety; to which the good Friar, in more than *Laconic* Terms, gives serious and most pertinent Answers; and though nothing but Monosyllables can be got from him, he speaks so fully, clearly, and to the Purpose, that all the twenty-eighth Chapter needs no Commentary. By this affected Brevity, *Rabelais* ridicules that of some of the hypocritical Monks when they come among the Laity, which makes Friar *John* say, The Dog yelps at another guess Rate when he is among his Bitches; there he is *Polysyllable* enough, my Life for yours.

On CHAP. XXIX.

THIS Chapter is full of Reflections upon the keeping of *Lent*, occasion'd by the Answers of the Semiquaver, who concludes in Monosyllables, that *Epistemon* ought to be burnt for a rank Heretic, because he inveighs against it and the Hypocrisy and Tricks of his Brother Cheats, during that Harvest of theirs.

On CHAP. XXX. and XXXI.

THE Island of *Satin* means more than one Thing; first it signifies such Tapestry Work as we call *Arras*; in which are represented several Histories, Fables, and as fabulous Animals and Vegetables, such as are many of those of which the Author speaks in these two Chapters. He displays a great Knowledge of Antiquity in the Account he gives us of those Matters, and an uncommon Wit and Judgment in his Remarks.

This Island means chiefly the Works of several ancient and modern Authors mention'd here, who having often spoke by *Hearsay*, are not to be believ'd in many Things, though their Style be as smooth and soft as *Satin*. We may also understand by that Land of *Satin*, the Romances of that Age, fill'd with Monsters, and monstrous Tales, and chiefly that of *Amadis de Gaul*, which was then very much read, the best Writers, as I have already said, having chosen to translate that Book, to display in it all the Beauties, Copiousness, and Graces, which the *French* Tongue could boast of in the Reign of *Henry II*.

What he says of *Hearsay*, who kept a School of *Vouching*, is easily understood; but every one here does not know that many Natives of *Perche*, *Maine*, and some adjacent Parts in France, are in ill Repute as to the Point of Veracity, in the other Provinces of that Kingdom, where they esteem those Countries the Nurseries of *Affidavit-Men* and *Pettifoggers*; which makes our Author say, that they lived so well by their Trade of Evidencing, that they treated Strangers, and made a great Figure in that Age, in which Thing they are perhaps outdone by some in this. They advised our Travellers to be as sparing of Truth as possible, if ever they had a Mind to get Court-Preferment; but our Author, who was of another Part of *France*, could not learn to follow their Directions.

On CHAP. XXXII. and XXXIII.

LANTERNLAND is the Land of Learning, frequented by Batchelors of Arts, Masters of Arts, Doctors, and Professors in various Studies, Bishops, &c. Thus in the preceding Chapter, *Aristotle* is seen in a blind Corner holding a Lantern, watching, prying, cudgelling his Brain, and setting every Thing down, with a Pack of Philosophasters about him, like so many Bums by a Head Bailiff, because he is Lantern of the *Peripatetics*. Here we have *Bartolus*, the Lantern of the Civilians; *Epicurus*, one of the Lanterns of the Stoicks.

The Lantern of *Rochel* on a high Tower, which stood his Fleet in good Stead, casting a great Light, seems to be *Geoffroy d'Estissac*, Bishop and Lord of *Maillezais*, one of *Rabelais's* best Patrons, and even for that never to be forgotten; he would not call him the Lantern of *Maillezais*, for this had been too plain and improper, because *Maillezais* is an inland Town; but as *Rochel* was then the chief Town in that Diocese, inso-much that the Episcopal See has been transferred to that seaport Town in 1648, he calls him the Lantern of *Rochel*, which he places on a high Tower, because that Prelate was eminent for his Quality, as well as for his Virtue and Learning. We may easily see by *Rabelais's* Letters to him, that he was neither a Papiist nor a Bigot; and had those which they wrote to each other in Cyphers been ever published, I do not doubt but he would have appeared as much a Friend to the Reformation, as some of the House of *Rochefoucault*, who were the Heirs of his Family. Thus the Lanterns of the Church are the Bishops, Doctors of Divinity, Deans, Preachers, and all those who can explain the Sacred Writ; at least 'tis certain, they apply those Words of the Gospel to themselves, *You are the Light of the World*.

He tells us, that the Lanterns held their Provincial Chapter; so this may be thought by some to refer to the Council of *Trent*; yet I had rather understand it of some Meeting of the Clergy in *France*, or more particularly

ticularly of the University of *Paris*, some of whose best Members may be the Lanterns which lighted our Travellers after they had made their Application to the Queen for one to conduct them to the Oracle of the Bottle, or rather to the Knowledge of Truth. Our Author concludes this Book with the Explanation of that Passage, making the Priestests commend the *Pantagruelists* for having *imitated the Philosophers in being guided by a good Lantern*; adding, that two Things are necessary to arrive safely and pleasantly at the Knowledge of God and true Wisdom; *first, God's gracious Guidance; then, Man's Assistance.*

The Lychnobians, who inhabit a little Hamlet near the Port of Lanternland, are Bookfellers: They live by Lanterns, that is, by the Learned, as the gully-gutted Friars live by Nuns; that is, they grow as fat by buying and selling their Works, as the hungry Friars do by managing the Concerns of Nuns, of which they are so greedy. They are studious People; that is, they often study how to get a good Copy for little or nothing, contrive a Taking Title, &c. and are as honest Men as ever sh— in a Trumpet. I believe this needs no Comment.

On CHAP. XXXIV.

B EING lighted and directed by the Lantern [*the Learned*] our Travellers at last arrive at the Island where was the Oracle of the Bottle, [Truth.] *Their Guide desires them not to be daunted whatever they see, because Fear disorders the Mind and renders us incapable of discovering Truth. They pass through a large Vineyard, in which are all Sorts of Vines, which yield Leaves, Flowers, and Fruits, all the Year round. There they eat three Grapes, put Vine-Leaves in their Shoes, and take Vine-Branches in their Hands.*

The Variety of Vines in this large Vineyard, implies the vast Field through which the Learned range in the Search after Truth: Some Matters, like the Leaves, are unprofitable; some, like the Flowers, pleasant; and others, like the Fruit, useful. But they must use even the
last

last moderately (which is implied by the three Grapes;) and at the first Entrance into the Regions of Truth, be *soberly wise*. The insignificant Leaves must be trod under Foot: For this Reason they put some in their Shoes; and also to shew they have master'd the Rudiments of Learning; unless some will say, that the Leaves at their Feet signify their Desire of stepping forward to come to the Oracle of Truth. *Vine-Branches* (which may well be supposed to have Flowers as well as Leaves) *are held by them in their Left-Hand*, in token of their Hopes to reap the Fruit of their Study.

On CHAP. XXXV.

THEY go down under Ground through a plaister'd Vault, on which is coarsely painted a Dance of Women and Satyrs, waiting on old *Silenus*, who was grinning o' Horseback on his Ass. This shews, that we must not dwell on the Surface or Outside of Things, but dive to their very Centre or Bottom, to come at Truth. This also may refer to this Work; the plaister'd Vault, on which is coarsely daub'd a Dance of Women and Satyrs, is its literal Sense, smutty, drunken, lewd, and satirical Expressions, and our Author is the *Silenus*, who grins and laughs at every one. He has ingeniously brought in a Discourse about the Antiquity of *Chinon*, his native Town, by which he seems at the same Time to ridicule the Fables that are reported in many Towns about their Founders, whom some make as ancient as the Patriarch of highest Pedigree in *Wales*.

On CHAP. XXXVI.

OUR Pilgrims going down the Tetradic Stairs, find a resting Place after the first Step, another resting Place after the third, another after the sixth, and a fourth resting Place after the tenth Step. This implies, that the Progress made at first in the Way to Truth is but small, but by Degrees a greater is made, the more we get forwards; so that on the second Day
we

we go twice as far as we did the first; three Times as far on the third; and four Times as far on the fourth; till at last we come to our Journey's End.

On CHAP. XXXVII. &c.

THE Description of the Temple, its Gates, Pavement, Walls, Lamps, and Fountains, is a Masterpiece of Architecture, by which the Author shew'd, that he knew as well all the Beauties of that Art, as he did those of every other that deserves the Application of a Man of Sense. If any have a Mind to look for Mysteries in all this, perhaps they may find many whose Discovery will reward their Search. As for me, as I have not had Leisure to say more in less Room, I will only say something of it that may give a general Idea of the Author's Design, and so conclude.

Bacbac, which is the Name of the Bottle, and also that of the Priests who ministers at the Oracle, is *Hebrew*, and, as we have said, signifies a Bottle.

Our mysterious Author may perhaps be thought to have had a Mind to hint, that the *Hebrew* Original, or Text of the Bible, is the first Spring of Truth, that flows out of it into the Versions, as Wine pour'd out of a Bottle into a Glass or Cup. Then, as on the Portal of the Temple, there was written in Characters of the finest Gold ΕΝ ΟΙΝΩ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ, some may think it implies, that the Wine of Truth is also to be found in the *Greek* Text of the *New Testament*, which gives the Name of Wine to Truth, *Buy Wine and Honey without Money*. The two folding Gates may be fancied to denote the *Old Testament* and the *New*, which must be opened to come to the Oracle of Truth. Every one will not like this Manner of explaining those Passages; but all, I hope, will approve the following Way of understanding the rest.

The *Perspicuous Lantern* which lighted and guided our Votaries opens those Gates; but desires them not to take it amiss, that she does not go into the Temple with them, leaving them wholly to the Conduct of the Priests *Bacbac*; for the Lantern was not allowed to

go in for certain Causes, rather to be conceal'd than reveal'd to Mortals. However, she advis'd them to be resolute and secure.

This mystical Reason is, that as Truth is hated in this World, most of the Learned, who know it, are afraid of conversing with it openly, lest this make many Men their Enemies, spoil their Preferment, ruin them, and perhaps cost them their Lives. For this Reason they come to the very Portal of Truth's Temple, and even open the Gates to others, yet do not enter within its Sanctuary.

The greatest Men both of the Clergy and Laity in *France*, acted thus in the Reign of *Francis I.* and *Henry II.*

But another Cause of the venerable Lantern's staying without the Temple, was the piercing Glory which flowed out of the inextinguishable Lamp, which fill'd the subterranean Temple with a Light infinitely quicker and clearer than that of the Sun. So that this extreme Brightness would have utterly dim'd and eclips'd that of the Lantern.

The Author could never have concluded better than by saying, that when our Sages shall wholly apply their Minds to a diligent and studious Search after Truth, beseeching the *Hidden God* to make himself known to them, that Almighty Being will do it, and impart to them also the Knowledge of his Creatures.

*Of the PANTAGRUELIAN Prognostication, and
other SHORT PIECES.*

OUR Author, who was a learned Astronomer, has chiefly ridiculed Astrologers in his Prognostication. He published an Almanac, printed at *Lyons* in 1553, and perhaps this was printed with it: However, we cannot be sure of this, for it is not to be procured, no more than some of his Letters; besides his *Sciomachy*, and Festivals at *Rome*, in Cardinal *Du Bellay's* Palace at the Duke of *Orleans's* Birth. I am told, that something of the Nature of these Predictions has been printed

ed here in *Poor Robin's Almanac*; I do not wonder at it; for as there is Wit and Satire in this Piece, even one of the most learned Men in *Germany* has not been ashamed to borrow a great deal of it; I mean *Joachim Fortius Rindelbergius*, who begins a small Piece of this Nature, with the very Beginning of the second Chapter of this.

Thus he has it in *Latin*, *Proximo anno cæci parum aut nihil videbunt, surdi malè audient, muti non loquentur. Ver erit calidum ac humidum, æstas calida & sicca, autumnus frigidus & siccus, hyems frigida & sicca. Æstate erunt quandoque pluvie, interdum fulmina & tonitrua. Bellum erit inter Aucupes & aves, inter piscatores & pisces, inter canes & lepores, inter feles & mures, inter lupos & oves, inter Monachos & ova. Multi interibunt pisces, boves, oves, porci, capræ, pulli, & capones; inter simias, canes & equos, mors non tantoperè seviet. Senectus eodem anno erit immedicabilis propter annos qui præcesserunt. Non pauci inopiâ laborabunt, &c. p. 556.*

There runs a Vein of *Protestantism* through most of this Work, which is undoubtedly *Rabelais's*, though 'tis said to be calculated by *Alcofribas Nasier*; for that Name is only an Anagram of the Author's, *Francois Rabelais*.

The Epistle said to be written by *Limosin*, partly in an affected Frenchified *Latin*, is to ridicule that Way of Writing, as appears by the Epigram after it.

The Cream of Encyclopedic Questions is a Trifle, which, like many other more insignificant of other great Men, has been kept from Oblivion merely for the Sake of its Author, and added to his Works, with the Epistles, after his Death, as appears by the Title Page of some old Editions of the fifth Book.

The Epistle to the old Hag seems to be a sharp Invective against the Church of *Rome*.

The Epistle to the wise Matron, seems to be an Encomium on the reform'd Church.

T H E
A U T H O R ' s
P R O L O G U E
T O T H E
F I F T H B O O K.

INDEFATIGABLE Topers, and you thrice precious Martyrs of the Smock, give me leave to put a serious Question to your Worships, while you are idly stroking your Codpieces, and I myself not much better employ'd: Pray, Why is it that People say, that Men are not such Sots now a-days, as they were in the Days of Yore? *Sot*, is an old Word, that signifies a Dunce, Dullard, Jolt-head, Gull, Wittal, or Noddy, one without Guts in his Brains, whose Cockloft is unfurnish'd, and, in short, a Fool. Now would I know, whether you would have us understand by this same Saying, as indeed you logically may, that formerly Men were Fools, and in this Generation are grown Wise? How many and what Dispositions made them Fools? How many and what Dispositions were wanting to make 'em Wise? Why were they Fools? How should they be Wise? Pray how came you to know that Men were formerly Fools? How did you find that they are now Wise? Who the Devil made 'em Fools? Who a God's Name made 'em Wise? Who d'ye think are most, those that lov'd Mankind Foolish,
or

or those that love it Wise? How long has it been Wise? How long otherwise? Whence proceeded the foregoing Folly? Whence the following Wisdom? Why did the old Folly end now, and no later? Why did the modern Wisdom begin now, and no sooner? What were we the worse for the former Folly? What the better for the succeeding Wisdom? How should the ancient Folly be come to Nothing? How should this same new Wisdom be started up and establish'd?

Now answer me, an't please you; I dare not adjure you in stronger Terms, reverend Sirs, lest I make your pious fatherly Worships in the least uneasy. Come, pluck up a good Heart, speak the Truth and shame the Devil, that Enemy to Paradise, that Enemy to Truth; be cheery, my Lads; and if you are for me, take me off three or five Bumpers to the Best, while I make an Halt at the first Part of the Sermon; then answer my Question. If you are not for me, avaunt! avoid Satan! For I swear by my (1) great Grandmother's Placket, that if you don't help me to solve that puzzling Problem, I will, nay, I already do repent, having propos'd it: For still I must remain nettled and gravell'd, and the Devil a Bit I know how to get off. Well, what say you? I' faith, I begin to smell you out. You are not yet dispos'd to give me an Answer; nor I neither, by these Whiskers. Yet to give some Light into the Business, I'll e'en tell you what had been anciently foretold in the Matter, by a venerable Doc, who being mov'd by the Spirit in a prophetic Vein, wrote a Book yclep'd *The Prelatical Bagpipe*. What d'ye think the old Fornicator saith? Harken, you old Noddies, harken now or never.

*The Jubilee's Year, when all, like Fools were shorn,
Is about thirty [Trente] supernumerary.*

(1) *Great Grandmother's Placket.*] The Original is *Mon grand Hurluburlu*. And lower, in Chap. 15. Friar John says, *Saint Hurluburlu*. The *Ebrlich, Warlich*, of the Germans, i. e. *Upon my Honour, in good Truth*, may have given Rabelais Occasion to forge this burlesque Oath out of the Corruption of those German Words, as he before had fram'd *St. Picaud* from the German *bi Ge*.

O want of Veneration! Fools they seem'd,
 But, persevering, with long Breves, at last
 No more they shall be gaping greedy Fools:
 For they shall shell the Shrub's delicious Fruit,
 Whose Flow'r they in the Spring so much had fear'd.

*L'an Jubilé que tout le monde raire
 Fadas, se fait, est supernuméraire
 Au dessus Trente, O peu de reverence!
 Fat il sembloit; mais, en perseverance
 De long Brevets, fat plus ne gloux sera;
 Car le doux fruit de l'herbe esgoussera
 Dont tant craignoit la fleur en prime vere.*

Now you have it, what do you make on't? The Seer is ancient, the Style Laconic, the Sentences dark, like those of *Scotus*, (2) though they treat of Matters dark enough in themselves. The best Commentators on that good Father take the Jubilee after the thirtieth, to be the Years that are included in this present Age till 1550, [*there being but one Jubilee every fifty Years.*] Men shall no longer be thought Fools next Green Pease Season.

The Fools, whose Number, as *Solomon* certifies, is infinite, shall go to pot like a Parcel of mad *Bedlamites* as they are; and all manner of Folly shall have an End, that being also numberless, according to *Avicenna*, *Maniæ infinitæ sunt species*. Folly having been driven back and hidden towards the Centre, during the Rigour of the Winter, 'tis now to be seen on the Surface, and buds out like the Trees. This is as plain as a Nose in a Man's Face; you know it by Experience; you see it. And it was formerly found out by that great good Man *Hippocrates*. *Aphorism. Veræ etenim maniæ, &c.* The

(2) The Original does not say *Sentences of Scotus*, but *les Sentences Scotines*, i. e. obscure Sentences from *σκούτινος*, *tenebrosus*. So in *Cotgrave's Dictionary* (my Edition, 1673.) *Scotin* is *Englisch'd* by *Obscure*, without naming *Scotus*; but Mr. *Motteux* might perhaps think the Author meant those of *Scotus*, by *Scotines*.

World therefore wififying itself, (3) shall no longer dread the Flower and Blossoms of Beans every coming Spring; that is, as you may piously believe, Bumper in Hand, and Tears in Eyes, in the woeful Time of Lent, which used to keep them Company.

Whole Cartloads of Books, that seem'd florid, flourishing and flow'ry, gay and gaudy as so many Butterflies; but in the main were tiresome, dull, soporiferous, irksome, mischievous, crabbed, knotty, puzzling, and dark as those of whining *Heracitus*, as unintelligible as the Numbers of *Pythagoras*, that King of the Bean, according to *L. 2. Sat. 6. Horace*: Those Books, I say, have seen their best Days, and shall soon come to nothing, being delivered to the executing Worms, and merciless petty Chandlers; such was their Destiny, and to this they were predestinated.

In their stead Beans in Cod are started up; that is, these merry and fructifying *Pantagruelian* Books, so much sought now a-days, in expectation of the following Jubilee's Period; to the Study of which Writings all People have given their Minds; and accordingly have gained the Name of Wise.

Now, I think, I have fairly solv'd and resolv'd your Problem; then reform and be the better for it. Hem once or twice like Hearts of Oak, stand to your Pan-Puddings, and take me off your Bumpers, nine Go-

(3) *Shall no longer dread, &c.*] *Ludovicus Nonius*, l. 1. c. 9. of his *De re cibaria*. Refert *Simeon Sethi* (in his Book *De facultate cibariorum*) illos qui diutius in locis verjantur, ubi copiosæ fabæ proveniunt, mentis perturbationem & ingenii hebetudinem percipere, quoniam mali vapores & fere pestilentes ex his reddantur, qui quaquavèrsum aerem inficiunt, qui continenter illatus cerebri temperaturam subvertit. Unde non omnino explodenda videtur vulgata opinio, aurum ex fabarum floribus expirantem, mente commotis perniciosam esse, quamquam etiam commodè dicemus non ideo mentem perturbari, quod fabæ flores noxii sint, sed quod verno tempore, quando scilicet fabæ florent, juxta *Hippocratem* III. *Apb. 20*. Furores & morbi melancholici potissimum regnent.

From whence the Proverb.

Quand les fèves sont en fleur, les fous sont en vigueur.

Beans in Flower, Madness (or Folly) in Power.

downs,

downs, and huzza! since we are like to have a good Vintage, and Misers hang themselves: Oh! they'll cost me an Estate in hempen Collars if fair Weather hold. For I hereby promise to furnish them with twice as much as will do their Business, on free Cost, as often as they will take the Pains to dance at a Rope's End, providently to save Charges, to the no small disappointment of the Finisher of the Law.

Now my Friends, that you may put in for a Share of this new Wisdom, and shake off the antiquated Folly this very Moment, scratch me out of your Scrolls, and quite discard the Symbol of the old Philosopher with the golden Thigh, by which he has forbidden you to eat Beans: For you may take it for a Truth granted among all Professors in the Science of good eating, that he enjoin'd you not to taste of them, only with the same kind Intent with the Fresh-water (4) Physician *Amer*, late Lord of *Camlotiere*, Kinsman to the Lawyer of that Name who forbad his Patients the Wing of the Partridge, the Rump of the Chicken and the Neck of the Pigeon, saying *Ala mala, Rumpum dubium, Collum bonum*, (5) *pelle remotâ*. For the dunfical Dog-leech was so selfish, as to reserve them for his own dainty Chaps, and allowed his poor Patients little more than the bare Bones to pick, lest they should overload their squeamish Stomachs.

To the Heathen Philosopher succeeded a Pack of *Capusians*, Monks, who forbid us the Use of Beans, that is, *Pantagruelian* Books. They seem to follow the Example of *Philoxenus* and *Gnatbo*, one of whom was a *Sicilian*, or fulsome Memory, the ancient Master Builders of their Monastic cram-gut Voluptuousness; who,

(4) *Fresh-water Physician.*] Young and unexperienced, as we say, a *Fresh-water Sailor*; or else, as *Du Chat* observes, a Physician whose Prescriptions do neither Good nor Harm, like Fresh-water.

(5) *Pelle remota.*] *John de la Bruiere Champier*, l. 15. c. 8. of his Treatise *De re cibaria: Vulgus jactat collum avium, sed presertim gallinacei generis, bonum, cute detracta. Alii claritati oculorum officere crediderunt.* It is therefore true, that many People think the Necks of Poultry uneatable till the Skin's taken off. But they don't consider that if your nice Eaters are sometimes averse to that Skin, 'tis because it was not well pickt by the Cook.

when

when some dainty Bit was serv'd up at a Feast, filthily used to spit on it, that none but their nasty selves might have the Stomach to eat of it, though their liquorish Chops water'd never so much after it.

So those hideous, snotty, pthificky, eves-dropping, musty, moving Forms of Mortification, (6) both in public and private, curse those dainty Books, and like Toads spit their Venom upon them.

Now, though we have in our Mother Tongue several excellent Works in Verse and Prose, and, Heaven be prais'd, but little left of the Trash and trumpery Stuff of those dunfical Mumbler's of *Ave Marias*, and the barbarous foregoing *Gothic* Age; I have made bold to chuse to chirrup and warble my plain Ditty, or, as they say, to whistle like a Goose among the Swans, rather than be thought deaf among so many pretty Poets and eloquent Orators. And thus I am prouder of acting the Clown, or any other under Part among the many ingenious Actors in this noble Play, than of herding among those Mutes, who like so many Shadows and Cyphers, only serve to fill up the House, and make up a Number, gaping and yawning at the Flies, and pricking up their Lugs, like so many *Arcadian* Asses at the striking up of the Music, thus silently giving to understand, that their Fopships are ticked in the right Place.

Having taken this Resolution, I thought it would not be amiss to move my *Diogenical* Tub, that you might not accuse me of living without Example. I see a Swarm of our modern Poets and Orators, your (7) *Colinets*,
Marots,

(6) *Both in public and private, curse, &c.*] Curse and detest 'em, not in their Hearts, nor when they're alone in their Cells, but only in the Pulpit, and in certain particular Company. An Hypocrisy, which was very common even in St. *Jerome's* Time, who having felt the Effects of it himself, exclaims against it in the Preface of his Book on the *Chronicles*: *Sæpe rodentes ore canino in publico detrahunt quod legunt in angulis.* See the last Chapter of *Somnium Viridarii*.

(7) See *Du Chat's* Account of these Authors at large in loc. I shall only acquaint the Reader, that Mr. *Motteux* by Mistake calls the Third of this List *Drouet* instead of *Hérouet*. *Anthony Hérouet*, says *Du Chat*, was a *Parisian*, an excellent Poet, and was raised to the Episcopal See of *Digne*, in *Provence*. *Paquier* l. 7. c. 7. of his *Recherches*, extols this Poet; and *Joachim de Bellay* had long before said of this deserving Author,

Marots, Herouets, Saint Gelais, Salels, Masuels, and many more; who having commenced Masters in *Apollo's* Academy on Mount *Parnassus*, and drunk Brimmers at the Caballin Fountain, among the nine merry Muses, have rais'd our vulgar Tongue, and made it a noble and everlasting Structure. Their Works are all *Parian* Marble, Alabaster, Porphyry, and Royal Cement: They treat of nothing but heroic Deeds, mighty Things, grave and difficult Matters, and this in a crimson, alamode, rhetorical Style. Their Writings are all divine Nectar, rich, racy, sparkling, delicate, and luscious Wine. Nor does our Sex wholly engross this Honour; Ladies have had their Share of the Glory: (8) One of them, of the Royal Blood of *France*, whom it were a Prophanation but to name here, surprises the Age at once by her transcendent and inventive Genius in her Writings, and the admirable Graces of her Style. Imitate those great Examples, if you can, for my Part I cannot. Every one, you know, cannot go to *Corinth*. When *Solomon* built the Temple, all could not give Gold by Handfuls; each offer'd (9) a Shekel of Gold.

Since then 'tis not in my Power to improve our Architecture as much as they, I am e'en resolv'd to do like (10) *Renault of Montauban*; I'll wait on the Masons, fet on the Pot for the Masons, cook for the Stone-cutters; and, since it was not my good Luck to be cut out

*Seu canis HEROAS, seu condis 'Eρωτινα, verum
Nomen ERGETI, fata dedere tibi.*

(8) *One of them of the Royal Blood of France.*] *Margaret of Valois*, Queen of Navarre, Sister to Francis the First: Born at the Castle of Engouleme, 10 Apr. 1492, and died in that of Andos in Bern, the 21st Dec. 1549. See the Elogium of this Princess in *Brantome*, and in l. 3. of the Additions to *Castlenau's* Memoirs. Of all her Writings, whether in Prose or Verse, nothing did more Honour to her Pen than her *Heptameron*, which, after several Editions in the Old French, was some Years ago publish'd in the *Modern*.

(9) *A Shekel of Gold.*] In Chap. xxx. of *Exodus*, every Person, poor or rich, is tax'd at half a Shekel.

(10) *Renault de Montauban.*] In the last Chapter of the Romance of *Aimon's* four Sons we find *Renaud*, as the first Act of Penance for his past Life, carrying Hods of Mortar for the building St. Peter's Church at Cologne.

for

for one of them, I will live and die the Admirer of their Divine Writings.

As for you, little envious Prigs, snarling Bastards, puny *Zoilus's*, you'll soon have rail'd your last: (11) Go hang yourselves, and chuse you out some well-spread Oak, under whose Shade you may swing in State, to the Admiration of the gaping Mob; you shall never want Rope enough. While I here solemnly protest before my *Helicon*, in the Presence of my nine Mistresses, the Muses, that if I live yet the Age of a Dog, eked out with that of (12) three Crows, sound Wind and Limbs, like the old Hebrew Captain *Moses*, (13) *Xenophilus* the Musician, and (14) *Demonax* the Philosopher, by Arguments no Ways impertinent, and Reasons not to be disputed, I will prove in the Teeth of a Parcel of Brokers and Retailers of ancient Rhapsodies, and such mouldy Trash, that our vulgar Tongue is not so mean, silly, inept, poor, barren, and contemptible, as they pretend. Nor ought I to be afraid of I know not what Botchers of old thread-bare Stuff a hundred and a hundred Times clouted up, and piec'd together; wretched Bunglers, that can do nothing but new-vamp old rusty Saws; beggarly Scavengers, that rake even the muddiest Canals of Antiquity for Scraps and Bits of *Latin*, as insignificant as they are often uncertain. Beseeching our Grandees of *Witland*, that, as when formerly *Apollo* had distributed all the Treasures of his poetical Exchequer to his Favourites, little hulch-back'd (15) *Æsop* got for himself the Office of Apologue-monger: In the same Manner, since I do not aspire higher, they would

(11) *Go hang yourselves.*] As did *Zoilus*, that implacable Enemy to *Homer's* Reputation. *Pendentem volo Zoilum videre*, says *Martial*.

(12) *Three Crows.*] According to *Hesiod*, as reported by *Pliny*, l. 7. c. 48. the Crow or Raven lives nine Times the Age of a Man. So *Rabelais* took no short Term.

(13) *Xenophilus.*] *Pliny*, l. 7. c. 70. says, after *Aristoxenus*, that the Musician *Xenophilus* liv'd 105 Years. See *Lucian* in his Discourse on *Long-livers*.

(14) *Demonax.*] He liv'd near 100 Years, without ailing any Thing in Body or Mind. See *Lucian's* Discourse entitled *Demonax*.

(15) *Æsop* got, &c.] This is taken out of *Philostratus*, l. 5. c. 5. of *Apollonius's* Life.

not deny me that of (16) puny *Rhyparographer*, or rifferaff Follower of *Pyreicus*.

I dare swear they will grant me this ; for they are all so kind, so good-natur'd, and so generous, that they'll never boggle at so small a Request. Therefore both dry and hungry Souls, Pot and Trenchermen, fully enjoying those Books, perusing, quoting them in their merry Conventicles, and observing the great Mysteries of which they treat, shall gain a singular Profit and Fame ; as in the like Case was done by *Alexander* the Great, with the Books of prime Philosophy compos'd by *Aristotle*.

O rare ! Belly on Belly ! what Swillers, what Twist-ers will there be !

Then besure, all you that take care not to die of the Pip, be sure, I say, you take my Advice, and stock yourselves with good Store of such Books, as soon as you meet with them at the Booksellers, and do not only shell those Beans, but e'en swallow them down like an opiate Cordial, and let them be *in you*, I say, let them be *within you* : Then shall you find, *my Beloved*, what Good they do to all clever Shellers of Beans.

Here is a good handsome Basketful of them, which I here lay before your Worships ; they were gathered in the very individual Garden whence the former came. So I beseech you, reverend Sirs, with as much Respect as e'er was paid by the dedicating Author, to accept of the Gift, in hopes of somewhat better against next Visit the Swallows give us.

f (16) *Puny Rhyparographer*, &c.] *Rhyparographer*, Gr. *ῥυπαρός*, *ordidus*. *Pyreicus* the Painter is so surnamed by *Pliny*, because he confin'd himself only to drawing ridiculous and grotesque Pictures ; in which he however excell'd in his Time, as *Rabelais* did in his, who by his Romance, for all it seems at first Sight so impertinent to many People, hath acquir'd him the Title of a refin'd Wit, a good Poet, and one of the best *French* Writers that has ever appear'd.

T H E
F I F T H B O O K
O F
R A B E L A I S,
T R E A T I N G O F T H E
H e r o i c D E E D S a n d S A Y I N G S
O F T H E G O O D
P A N T A G R U E L.

C H A P. I.

*How Pantagruel arriv'd at the Ringing Island,
and of the Noise that we heard.*

PURSUING our Voyage, we sail'd three Days, without discovering any Thing; on the fourth, we made Land. Our Pilot told us, that it was the (1) *Ringing Island*, and indeed we heard a Kind of a confus'd and often-repeated Noise, that seem'd to

(1) *The Ringing Island.*] He that made the Key to *Rabelais* asserts, *England* to be meant by the *Ringing Island*; but he's mistaken.

to us at a great Distance not unlike the Sound of great, middle-siz'd, and little Bells, rung all at once, as 'tis customary at *Paris*, *Tours*, *Gergeau*, *Nantes*, and elsewhere, on high Holidays; and the nearer we came to the Land, the louder we heard that Jangling.

Some of us doubted that it was the *Dodonian Kettle*, or the *Portico* call'd *Heptaphone*, in *Olympia*, or the eternal Humming of the *Colossus* rais'd on *Memnon's Tomb* in *Thebes* of *Egypt*, or the horrid Din that us'd formerly to be heard about a Tomb at *Lipara*, one of the (2) *Eolian Islands*. But this did not square with Choro-graphy.

I do't know, said *Pantagruel*, but that some Swarms of Bees hereabouts may be taking a Ramble in the Air, and so the Neighbourhood make this dingle dangle with Pans, Kettles, and Basons, the Corybantin Cymbals of *Cybele*, Grandmother of the Gods, to call them back. Let's hearken. When we were nearer, among the everlasting Ringing of these indefatigable Bells, we heard the Singing (as we thought) of some Men. For this Reason, before we offered to land on the *Ringing Island*, *Pantagruel* was of Opinion that we should go in the Pinnacle to a small Rock, near which we discovered an Hermitage, and a little Garden. There we found a diminutive old Hermit, whose Name was *Braguibus*, born at (3) *Glenay*. He gave us a full Account of all the Jangling, and regaled us after a strange Sort of a Fashion; four live-long Days did he make us fast, assuring us, that we should not be admitted into the *Ringing Island* otherwise, because it was then one of the four *Fasting*, or *Ember Weeks*. As I love my Belly, quoth *Panurge*, I by no Means understand this Riddle; methinks this should rather be one of the four windy Weeks, for while we fast, we are only puffed up with Wind. Pray now, good Father Hermit, have not you here some other Pastime besides Fasting? Me-

taken, since, besides several other Reasons, that Island had already withdrawn itself from the Pope's Authority, under *Edward VI.* when this Book was writ.

(2) *Eolian.*] See *Pliny* for all these Particulars.

(3) *Glenay.*] In *Poitou*.

thinks

thinks 'tis some what of the leanest ; we might well enough be without so many *Palace Holidays*, and those fasting *Times* of yours. In my *Donatus*, quoth Friar *John*, I could find yet but three *Times* or *Tenses*, the Preterit, the Present, and the Future, and therefore I make a *Donative* of the *Fourth* (*i. e.* the Fast of the *Quatre-tems*) to be kept by my Footman. That *Time* or *Tense*, said *Epistemon*, is *Aorist*, derived from the Preterimperfect Tense of the *Greeks*, admitted in variable and uncertain Times : (4) *Patience per Force*, is a *Remedy for a mad Dog*. Saith the Hermit, 'tis as I told you, *fatal* to go against this ; whoever does it is a rank Heretic, and wants nothing but Fire and Faggot, that's certain. To deal plainly with you, my dear *Pater*, cried *Panurge*, being at Sea, I much more fear being wet, than being warm, and being drown'd than being burnt.

Well, however, let us fast in God's Name ; yet I have fasted so long, that it has quite undermin'd my *Flesh*, and I fear, that at last, the *Bastions* of this bodily Fort of mine will fall to Ruin. Besides, I am much more afraid of vexing you in this same Trade of Fasting ; for the Devil a Bit I understand any Thing in it ; (5) and it becomes me very scurvily, as several People have told me, and I am to believe them. For my Part, I don't much mind fasting ; for, alas ! 'tis as easy as pissing a Bed, and a Trade of which any Body may set up ; there needs no Tools. I am much more inclin'd not to fast for the future ; for to do so, there's some Stock requir'd, and some Tools are set a Work. No Matter, since you are so stedfast, and have us fast, let us fast as fast as we can, and then breakfast in the Name of *Famine* ; now we are come to the *esurial* idle Days. I vow, I had quite put them out of my Head long ago. If we must fast, said *Pantagruel*, I see no other Remedy but

(4) *Patience, &c.*] The Proverb in the Original, is, *Patience, say the Lepers*. Alluding to the Herb *Patience* (*Lapathum*) which those afflicted with the Leprosy seek after with great Eagerness to relieve them.

(5) *And it becomes me very scurvily.*] *Ridiculus æque nullus est, quam quando esurit.* Plaut. in *Sticho*, Act. 2. Sc. 1.

to get rid of it as soon as we can, as we would out of a bad Way. I'll in that Space of Time somewhat look over my Papers, and examine whether the Marine Study be as good as ours at Land. For *Plato*, to describe a silly, raw, ignorant Fellow, compares him to those who are bred on Ship-board, as we would do one bred up in a Barrel, who never saw any thing but through the Bung-hole.

To tell you the Short and Long of the Matter, our fasting was most hideous and terrible; for, the first Day we fasted at (6) Fisticuffs, the second at Cudgels, the third at Sharps, and the fourth at Blood and Wounds; such was the Order of the (7) Fairies.

C H A P. II.

How the Ringing Island had been inhabited by the Siticines, who were become Birds.

HAVING fasted as aforesaid, the Hermit gave us a Letter from one whom he call'd (1) *Albian Camar*, Master *Aedituus* of the *Ringing Island*; but *Panurge*, greeting him, called him Master *Antitius*. He was a little queer old Fellow, bald pated, with a Snout whereat you might easily have lighted a card Match, and a Phiz as red as a Cardinal's Cap. He made us all very welcome, upon the Hermit's Recommendation, hearing that we had fasted, as I have told you.

(6) *Fisticuffs*, &c.] The Meaning of all this is, that one or two Days fasting mayn't do a Man much Harm, but three or four Days may prejudice his Health, nay, be as much as his Life's worth.

(7) *Fairies*.] Who had ordain'd the *fatal* (as said before) Fast of the Ember Weeks.

(1) *Albian Camar*.] This must have been some *Jacobin*, or at least some Ecclesiastic with a black Cassock under a white Surplice. *Albian* from *Albus*, *White*; and the Priests of *Baal* were called in *Hebrew*, *Cemarin*, only because of their wearing black Gowns. See the Second of *Kings*, ch. xxiii, verse 5. See *Stukius de Gentilium Sacris*.

When

When we had well stuffed our Puddings, he gave us an Account of what was remarkable in the Island; affirming, that it had been at first inhabited by the *Siticines*, but that according to the Course of Nature, as all Things, you know, are subject to change, they were become Birds.

There I had a full Account of all that *Atteius*, *Capito*, *Pollux*, *Marcellus*, *A. Gellius*, *Athenæus*, *Suidas*, *Ammonius* and others had writ of the *Siticines*, and then we thought we might as easily believe the Transmutations of *Nectymene*, *Progne*, *Itys*, *Alcyone*, *Antigone*, *Tereus*, and other Birds. Nor did we think it more reasonable to doubt of the Transmogrification of the *Macrobian* Children into Swans, or that of the Men of (2) *Pallene* in *Thrace*, into Birds, as soon as they had bathed themselves in the *Tritonic* Lake. After this the Devil a Word could we get out of him but of Birds and Cages.

The Cages were spacious, costly, magnificent, and of an admirable Architecture. The Birds were large, fine, and neat accordingly; looking as like the Men in my Country, as one Pea does like another; for they eat and drank like Men, muted like Men, digested like Men, but stunk like Devils, slept, bill'd, and trod their Females like Men, but somewhat oftener; in short, had you seen and examined 'em from Top to Toe, you would have laid your Head to a Turnip, that they had been mere Men. However, they were nothing less, as Master *Ædituus* told us; assuring us at the same Time, that they were neither Secular nor Laick; and 'Truth is, the Diversity of their Feathers and Plumes, did not a little puzzle us.

Some of them were all over as white as Swans, others as black as Crows, many as grey as Owls, others black and white like Magpies, some all red like Redbirds, and others purple and white like some Pigeons. He called the Males Clerghawks, Monkhawks, Priesthawks, Abbothawks, Bishhawks, Cardinhawks, and one Popehawk, who is a Species by himself. He call'd the Females, Clergkites, Nunkites, Priestkites, Abbeskites, Bishkites, Cardinkites, and Popekites.

(2) *Pallene*, in *Thrace*, &c.] *Pliny*, l. 4. ch. 10. places *Pallene* in *Macedonia*.

However, said he, as Hornets and Drones will get among the Bees, and there do nothing but buz, eat and spoil every Thing; so, for these last three hundred Years, a vast Swarm of Bigotello's flock'd I don't know how, among these goodly Birds every fifth full Moon, and have bemuted, bewray'd, and conskited the whole Island. They are so hard favor'd and monstrous, that none can abide them. For their wry Necks make a Figure like a crooked Billet; their (3) Paws are hairy, like those of rough-footed Pigeons; their Claws and Pounces, Belly and Breech, like those of the (4) *Stymphalid Harpies*. Nor is it possible to root them out; for if you get rid of one, strait four-and-twenty new ones fly thither.

There had been need of another Monster-hunter, such as was *Hercules*, for Friar *John* had like to have run distracted about it, so much he was nettled and puzzled in the Matter. As for the good *Pantagrue*, he was e'en serv'd as was (5) *Messer Priapus*, contemplating the Sacrifices of *Ceres*, for want of Skin.

(3) *Paws are hairy.*] Dangerous Hypocrites: With *Jacob's* Voice, but the Hands of *Esau*.

(4) *Stymphalid.*] See *Diodorus Siculus*.

(5) *Messer Priapus.*] The Gods having been invited by their good Mother to a Feast, repair'd to it, one and all, even the Nymphs and Satyrs, not excepting *Silenus* himself. Their Godships, after spending Part of the Night in drinking pretty liberally, some fell asleep, others went to dancing and other little Sports. *Priapus* running after the Nymphs, spied *Vesta* asleep. Whether or no he knew her, or took her for somebody else, he resolv'd not to miss the Opportunity. As ill Luck would have it, the Moment he was going to work, *Silenus's* Ass fell a braying, and awaked *Vesta*, who getting up in a sad Fright, and the celestial Gentry running in upon the Noise she made, poor *Priapus* was discover'd, nor could he with the Skirt of his Robe, had it been four Times as large, conceal the Condition he was in. It's an idle frivolous Story. *Ovid* in the 6th. of his *Fasti*, tells it agreeably, as he does every Thing else, and *Lactantius* after him, l. 1. of his *Divine Institutions*, n. 21. I have added a little to the Thing, the better to explain our Author's Text, who has darken'd the Fact exceedingly, by saying *Ceres* instead of *Cybele*, and *Skin* instead of *Covering* or *Lappet*. I'm not to be inform'd that *Cybele* and *Ceres* have pass'd for one and the same Deity; but People should not thus jumble and confound Names in a Piece of History occasionally reported. As the Effect which the Sight of so many lovely Females produced on *Pantagrue*, cou'd not but be very extraordinary, perhaps *Rabelais* did it on purpose to wrap it up the better.

CHAP. III.

How there is but one Popehawk in the Ringing Island.

WE then ask'd Master *Ædituus* why there was but one *Popehawk* among such Numbers of venerable Birds multiplied in all their Species? He answered, that such was the first Institution, and fatal Destiny of the Stars. That the *Clerghawks* begot the *Priesthawks* and *Monkhawks*, without carnal Copulation, as some (1) Bees are born of a young Bull. The *Priesthawks* begat the *Bisshawks*, the *Bisshawks* the stately *Cardinhawks*, and the stately *Cardinhawks*, if they live long enough, at last come to be *Popehawk*.

Of this last Kind, there never is more than one at a Time, as in a Beehive there is but one King, and in the World but one Sun.

When the *Popehawk* dies, another rises in his Stead, out of the whole Brood of *Cardinhawks*, that is, as you must understand it all along, (2) without carnal Copulation. So that there is in that Species an individual Unity, with a Perpetuity of Succession, neither more or less than in the *Arabian Phoenix*.

'Tis true, that about (3) two thousand seven hundred and sixty Moons ago, two *Popehawks* were seen upon the Face of the Earth; but then you never saw in your Lives such a woful Rout and Hurly-burly as was all over this Island. For all these same Birds did so peck, clapperclaw, and maul one another all that Time, that there was the Devil and all to do, and the Island

(1) *Bees.*] See 4th Book of *Virgil's Georgics*.

(2) *Without carnal, &c.*] *Gens æterna, in qua nemo nascitur*, said *Pliny* formerly, l. 5. c. 17. of certain Hermits call'd *Essenes*, dwelling in the Deserts of *Palestine*.

(3) *Two thousand, &c.*] At twelve Moons a Year, (*Rabelais*, as he insinuates in the Preface of this Book, composing it about the Year 1550,) the 2760 Moons he speaks of, i. e. 230 Years, point out the Year 1380, the Time of the great Schism, which was caus'd on one Hand by *Urban VI.* sitting at *Rome*, and on the other Hand, the pretended *Clement VII.* sitting at *Avignon*.

was in a fair Way of being left without Inhabitants. Some stood up for this *Popehawk*, some for t'other. Some, struck with a Dumbness, were as mute as so many Fishes; the Devil a Note was to be got out of them, Part of the merry Bells here were as silent as if they had lost their Tongues, I mean their Clappers.

During these troublesome Times, they call'd to their Assistance the Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Earls, Barons, and Commonwealths of the World that live on t'other Side the Water; nor was this Schism and Sedition at an End, till one of them died, and the Plurality was reduced to a (4) Unity.

We then asked, what mov'd those Birds to be thus continually chanting and singing? He answer'd, that it was the Bells that hang on the Tops of their Cages. Then he said to us, Will you have me make these *Monkhawks*, whom you see (5) bardocucculated with a Bag, such as you use to strain *Hippocras* Wine through, sing like any Wood-larks? Pray do, said we. He then gave half a dozen Pulls to a little Rope, which caused a diminutive Bell to give so many Ting-tangs, and presently a Parcel of *Monkhawks* ran to him as if the Devil had drove 'em, and fell a singing like mad.

Pray, Master, cry'd *Panurge*, if I also rang this Bell, could I make those other Birds yonder, with Red-her-ring colour'd Feathers, sing? Ay, marry, would you, returned *Ædituus*. With this *Panurge* hang'd himself (by the Hands, I mean) at the Bell-rope's End, and no sooner made it speak, but those smoak'd Birds hied them thither, and began to lift up their Voices, and make a Sort of untowardly hoarse Noise, which I grudge to call Singing. *Ædituus*, indeed, told us, that they fed on nothing but Fish, like the Herons and

(4) *Unity*.] At the Council of *Constance*, where Cardinal *Otho*, of the Family of *Colonna*, was made Pope by the Name of *Martin V*.

(5) *Bardocucculated*.] The *Benedictines*, or rather *Bernardines*, whose *Cowl* looks like the *Bardocucculus* (or Hood) of the antient Inhabitants of *Saintonge*, *Langres*, and some other *Gauls*. See *Faucher Ant. Gaul. l. I. ch. 5*.

Cormorants of the World, and that they were a (6) fifth Kind of *Cucullati* newly stamp'd.

He added that he had been told by *Robert Valbrigue*, (7) who lately pass'd that Way in his Return from *Africa*, that a sixth Kind was to fly hither out of Hand, which he call'd Capushawks, more grum, vinegar-fac'd, brainfick, froward and loathsome, than any Kind whatsoever in the whole Island. *Africa*, said *Pantagruel*, still uses to produce some new and monstrous Thing.

CHAP. IV.

How the Birds of the Ringing Island were all Passengers.

SINCE you have told us, said *Pantagruel*, how the Popehawk is begot by the Cardinhawks, the Cardinhawks by the Bishawks, and the Bishawks by the Priesthawks, and the Priesthawks by the Clerghawks, I would gladly know whence you have these same Clerghawks? They are all Passengers (or travelling Birds) return'd *Ædituus*, and come hither from (1) t'other World; part out of a vast Country call'd *Want-o-Bread*, the Rest out of another toward the *West*, which they stile, *Too-many-of-'em*. From these two Countries flock hither every Year, whole Legions of these Clerghawks, leaving their Fathers, Mothers, Friends and Relations.

This happens when there are too many Children, whether Male or Female, in some good Family of the latter Country; insomuch that the House would come to nothing, if the paternal Estate were shar'd among them all; (*as Reason requires, Nature directs, and*

(6) *Fifth Kind.*] The Minims, instituted by *Francis de Paula*, about the Middle of the 15th Century, long after the Establishment of the four Orders of Mendicants.

(7) A Gentleman of *Picardy*; in 1540, he made a Voyage to *Canada*, &c.

(1) Monks are said to be civilly dead, to this World.

God commands.) For this Cause Parents used to rid themselves of that Inconveniency by packing off the younger Fry, and forcing them to seek their Fortune in this *Isle Bossart*, (or Humpy Island) I suppose he means *l' Isle Bouchart*, near *Chinon*, cry'd *Panurge*. No, reply'd t'other, I mean *Bossart* (crooked); for there is not one in ten among them, but is either crooked, crippled, blinking, limping, ill-favour'd, deform'd, or an unprofitable Load to the Earth.

'Twas quite otherwise among the Heathens, said *Pantagruel*, when they us'd to receive a Maiden among the Number of Vestals; for *Leo Antistius* affirms, that it was absolutely forbidden to admit a Virgin into that Order, if she had any Vice in her Soul, or Defect in her Body, tho' it were but the smallest Spot on any Part of it. I can hardly believe, continued *Ædituus*, that their *Dams* on t'other Side the Water go nine Months with them; for they cannot endure them nine Years, nay, scarce seven, sometimes in the House: but by putting only a Shirt over the other Clothes of the young Urchins, and lopping off I don't well know how many Hairs from their Crowns, mumbling certain apostrophis'd and expiatory Words, they visibly, openly, and plainly, by a Pythagorical *Metempsychosis*, without the least Hurt, transmogrify them into such Birds as you now see; much after the Fashion of the *Egyptian* Heathens, who us'd to constitute their *Isiacs*, by shaving them, and making them put on certain *Linestoles*, or Surplices. However, I don't know, my good Friends, but that these She-things, whether Clergkites, Monkites, and Abbesskites, instead of singing pleasant Motets and (2) *Charisteres*, such as used to be sung to

(2) *Charisteres*; χαριστήριαι ὕμνοι, hymni quibus gratiæ aguntur. *Arimanian*, a little lower is inexcusably wrong as an Adjective. It is in *Plutarch* a Substantive, viz. Ἀρριμανίος, meaning the Dæmon *Arimanius*. To translate it *Arimanian*, is as if one translated Ἀντιπρίος *Demetrian*. As for *Catarates* and *Scythropes*, the Author doubtless meant to oppose *Scythropes* to pleasant, and *Catarates* to *Charisteres*. He's in the right as to σκυθρωπος, which means *sad melancholy*. As for *Catarates* and *Caresteres*, the former are *Motets* to curse our Ill-wishers, the latter to bless our Benefactors: only, by the Way, καταράτες signifies *curfed*, not *curfing*.

Oromasis by *Zoroaster's* Institution, may be bellowing out such *Catarates* and *Scythropys*, (curs'd, lamentable, and wretched Imprecations) as were usually offer'd to the *Arimanian* Dæmon; being thus in continual (3) Devotion for their kind Friends and Relations, that transform'd them into Birds, whether when they were Maids or Thornbacks, in their Prime, or at their last Prayers.

But the greatest Number of our Birds, came out of *Want-o-Bread*, which, though a barren Country, where the Days are of a most tedious ling'ring Length, overstocks this whole Island with the lower Class of Birds. For hither fly the (4) *Assapheis* that inhabit that Land, either when they are in Danger of passing their Time scurvily for want of Belly-timber, being unable, or what's more likely, unwilling, to take Heart of Grace, and follow some honest lawful Calling, or too proud-hearted and lazy to go to Service in some sober Family.

The same is done by your frantic *Inamorados*, who, when cross'd in their wild Desires, grow stark staring Mad, and chuse this Life suggested to them by their (5) Despair [too cowardly to make them swing, like their Brother *Iphis*, of doleful Memory.] There is another Sort, that is, your Goal-birds, who having done some Rogues Trick, or other heinous Villany, and being fought up and down to be truss'd up, and made to ride the two or three-legg'd Mare that groans for them, wa-

(3) Mr. *Motteux* is vastly mistaken here to say, *in continual Devotion FOR their Friends*; *Rabelais* means just the Contrary, *font continuelle devotions DE leurs parens & amis*, i. e. they (the cloister'd People) are continually devoting or cursing their Friends, who put them there. What says *Merlin Cocaie*? *Est Monachæ, quando moritur, maladiare parentes.*

(4) It should be spelt *Asapheis*; it means *obscure, little known*. Such are the *Utopians*, *Amaurotes*, &c. *Rabelais* pronounced, like the modern *Greeks*, the *Ei* as an *i* simple.

(5) The Words between the Crotchets are not in *Du Chat*. He only quotes at the Word *Despair* these Verses of *Jovian Pontanus*, taking Leave of his Mistress *Fannia*:

A valeant veneres, valeant mala gaudia amoris!
Casti placent, luxus desidiose vale!
Jam mihi Francisci tunicam chordamque parate,
Jam teneant nudos linea vincla pedes.

rily

fly scour off and come here to save their Bacon : Because all these Sorts of Birds are here provided for, and grow in an Instant as fat as Hogs, though they came as lean as Rakes : for having the Benefit of the *Clergy*, they are as safe as Thieves in a Mill within this Sanctuary.

But, ask'd *Pantagruel*, Do these Birds never return to the World where they were hatch'd ? Some do, answered *Aedituus* ; formerly some few, but very late and very unwillingly. However, since some certain Eclipses, by the Virtue of the Celestial Constellations, a great Crowd of them fled back to the World. Nor do we fret or vex ourselves a Jot about it ; for those that stay, wisely sing, *The fewer, the better Cheer* ; and all those that fly away first, cast off their Feathers here among these (6) Nettles and Briars.

Accordingly we found some thrown by there ; and as we look'd up and down, we chanc'd to light on what some People will hardly thank us for having discovered ; and thereby hangs a Tale.

C H A P. V.

Of the dumb Kighthawks of the Ringing Island.

THESE Words were scarce out of his Mouth, when some five-and-twenty or thirty Birds flew towards us : They were of a Hue and Feather like which we had not yet seen any Thing in the whole Island. Their Plumes were as changeable as the Skin of the Camoleon, and the Flower of *Tripolion*, or (1) *Teucrion*.

(6) How many Monks at that Time did not cast away their Habit ?

(1) Read *Teucrion*, according to *Dioscorides*, l. 3. c. 95. *Pliny*, l. 21. c. 7. speaking of the *Polium*, which some, says he, call *Teuthrion*, among other wonderful Things which he relates of this Herb, affirms the Flower of it to be white in the Morning, red at Noon, and blueish in the Evening.

They

They had all under the Left-wing a Mark like two Diameters dividing a Circle into equal Parts, or (if you had rather have it so) like a perpendicular Line falling on a Right Line. The Marks which each of them bore, were much of the same Shape, but of different Colours; for some were white, others (2) green, some red, others purple, and some blue. Who are those, ask'd *Panurge*, and how do you call them? They are Mongrels, quoth *Ædituus*.

We call them Knighthawks, and they have a great number of rich (3) *Commanderies*, (fat Livings) in your World. Good your Worship, said I, make them give us a Song, an't please you, that we may know how they sing. They scorn your Words, cry'd *Ædituus*, they are none of your singing Birds; but, to make amends, they feed as much as the best two of them all. Pray, where are their Hens? where are their Females, said I? They have none, answer'd *Ædituus*. How comes it to pass then, ask'd *Panurge*, that they are thus bescabb'd, bescurf'd, all embroider'd o'er the Phiz with Carbuncles, Pusshes, and Pockroyals; some of which undermine the Handles of their Faces. This same fashionable and illustrious Disease, quoth *Ædituus*, is common among that Kind of Birds, because they are pretty apt to be tost on the salt Deep.

He then acquainted us with the Occasion of their coming. This next to us, said he, looks so wistfully upon you, to see whether he may not find among your Company a stately gaudy Kind of huge dreadful Birds of Prey, which yet are so untoward, that they never could be brought to the *Lure*, nor to perch on the (4) Glove. They tell us that there are such in your World, and that some of them have goodly Garters below the Knee with an Inscription about them, which condemns him (*qui mal y pense*) who shall think ill of it, to be bewray'd and conskitted. Others are said to wear the (5) Devil in a String before their Paunches; and others

(2) The Knights of St. *Lazare*, who wore a green Cross.

(3) *Rabelais* banteringly calls 'em *Gourmanderies*.

(4) *The Glove*.] Of the great Faulconer the Pope.

(5) *The Devil, &c.*] Order of St. *Michael*.

(6) a Ram's Skin. All that's true enough, good Master *Ædituus*, quoth *Panurge*, but we have not the Honour to be acquainted with their Knightships.

Come on, cry'd *Ædituus* in a merry Mood, we have had Chat enough o' Conscience ! let's e'en godrink.— and eat, quoth *Panurge* : Eat, reply'd *Ædituus*, and drink bravely, old Boy ; twist like Plough jobbers, and swill like Tinkers ; pull away and save Tide ; for nothing is so dear or precious as Time, therefore we'll be sure to put it to a good Use.

He would fain have carried us first to bathe in the *Bagnio's* of the Cardinhawks, which are goodly delicious Places, and have us lick'd over with precious Ointments by the *Alyptes*, *alias* Rubbers, as soon as we should come out of the Bath. But *Pantagruel* told him, that he could drink but too much without that : He then led us into a spacious delicate Refectuary, or Fratrie-Room, and told us *Braguibus* the Hermit, made you fast four Days together ; now, contrariwise, I'll make you eat and drink of the best (7) four Days through stitch before you budge from this Place. But hark-ye-me, cry'd *Panurge*, mayn't we take a Nap in the mean Time ? Ay, ay, answered *Ædituus*, that's as you shall think good, for he that sleeps drinks. Good Lord ! how we liv'd ! what good Bub ! what dainty Cheer ! O what an honest Cod was this same *Ædituus* !

C H A P. VI.

How the Birds are cramm'd in the Ringing Island.

Pantagruel look'd I don't know howish, and seem'd not very well pleas'd with the Four Days Junket.

(6) *Ram's Skin.*] Order of the *Golden Fleece*.

(7) *Four Days.*] The Author seems here to have an Eye to what's practis'd even now in the Trinity Hospital at Rome. Such Pilgrims as come thither from any Place in *Italy*, are lodged and fed for three Days : But the *Ultramontains* are entertain'd a Day more.

ting which *Ædituus* enjoin'd us. *Ædituus*, who soon found it out, said to him, you know, Sir, that seven Days before Winter, and (1) seven Days after, there is no Storm at Sea: for then the Elements are still, out of respect for the Halcions, or Kingfishers, Birds sacred to *Thetis*, which then lay their Eggs and hatch their Young near the Shore. Now here the Sea makes itself amends for this long Calm; and whenever any Foreigners come hither, it grows boisterous and stormy for four Days together. We can give no other Reason for it, but that it is a Piece of its Civility, that those who come among us may stay whether they will or no, and be copiously feasted all the while with the Incomes of the Ringing. Therefore pray don't think your Time lost, for, willing, nilling, you'll be forc'd to stay; unless you are resolved to encounter *Juno*, *Nep-tune*, *Doris*, *Æolus*, and his Fluster-blusters; and in short, all the Pack of ill-natur'd left-handed Godlings, and *Vejoves*. Do but resolve to be cheery, and fall-to briskly.

After we had pretty well staid our Stomachs with some tight Snatches, Friar *John* said to *Ædituus*, For aught I see, you have none but a Parcel of Birds and Cages in this Island of yours, and the Devil-a-bit of one of them all that sets his Hand to the Plough, or tills the Land whose Fat he devours: Their whole Business is to be frolick, to chirp it, to whistle it, to warble it; tossing it, and roaring it merrily Night and Day; pray then, if I may be so bold, whence comes this Plenty and Overflowing of all dainty Bits and good Things, which we see among you? From all the other World, returned *Ædituus*, if you except some Part of the Northern Regions, who of late Years have stirred up the (2) *Jakes*. Mum! they may chance e're long to rue the Day they did so; their Cows shall have Porrage, and their Dogs Oats; there will be Work made among them, that there will: Come, a Fig for't, let's drink.—But pray what Countrymen are you? *Tourain* is our Country, answer'd *Panurge*; Cod-so, cry'd *Ædi-*

(1) *Seven Days after.*] See *Pliny*, l. 10. ch. 12. and *Plutarch*, in the Treatise, where he examines who is wisest.

(2) *Jakes.*] *Movere Camerinam.* See *Cambridge Dictionary*.

tuus, you are not then hatch'd of an ill Bird, I'll say that for you, since the blessed *Tourain* is your Mother: For from thence there comes hither every Year such a vast Store of good Things, that we were told by some Folks of the Place that happen'd to touch at this Island, that your Duke of *Tourain's* Income will not afford him to eat his Belly-full of Beans and Bacon, [*a good Dish spoil'd between Moses and Pythagoras*] because his Predecessors have been more than liberal to these most holy Birds of ours, that we might here munch it, twist it, cram it, gorge it, crawl it, riot it, junket it, and tickled it off, stuffing our Puddings with dainty Pheasants, Partridges, Pullets with Eggs, fat Capons of *Loudunois*, and all Sorts of Venison and wild Fowl. Come, box it about, tope on, my Friends: Pray do but see yon jolly Birds that are perched together, how fat, how plump, and in good Case, they look with the Income that *Tourain* yields us! And in faith they sing rarely for their good Founders, that's the Truth on't. You never saw any *Arcadian* Birds mumble more fairly than they do over a Dish, when they see these two gilt (3) Batoons, or when I ring for them these great Bells that you see above their Cages, Drink on, Sirs, whip it away, verily Friends, 'tis very fine drinking to-day, and so 'tis every Day o' the Week; then drink on, tofs it about, here's to you with all my Soul, you are most heartily welcome; Never spare it, I pray you; fear not we should ever want good Bub, and Belly-timber; for, look here, though the Sky were of Brass, and the Earth of Iron, we should not want where-withall to stuff the Gut, though they were to continue so seven or eight Years longer than the Famine in *Egypt*. Let us then, with brotherly Love and Charity, refresh ourselves here with the Creature.

Woons, Man, cry'd *Panurge*, what a rare Time you have on't in this World! Pshaw, return'd *Ædituus*, this is nothing to what we shall have in t'other: The *Elysian* Fields will be the least that can fall to our Lot. Come, in the mean Time let's drink here, come, here's to thee, old Fuddlecap.

(3) *Batoons*.] *Fests a bastons*, a solemn Festival.

Your first *Siticipes*, said I, were superlatively wise, in devising thus a Means for you to compass whatever all Men naturally covet so much; and so few, or (to speak more properly) none can enjoy together; I mean a Paradise in this Life, and another in the next; sure you were born wrapt in your Mother's Smickits. O happy Creatures! O more than Men! Would I had the Luck to fare like you.

C H A P. VII.

How Panurge related to Master Ædituus the Fable of the Horse and the Ass.

W H E N we had cramm'd and cramm'd again, *Ædituus* took us into a Chamber that was well furnish'd, hung with Tapestry, and finely gilt. Thither he caused to be brought Store of Mirabolans, Casshou, green Ginger preserv'd, with Plenty of Hypocras, and delicious Wine. With those Antidotes, that were like a sweeter *Lethe*, he invited us to forget the Hardships of our Voyage; and at the same Time he sent Plenty of Provisions on board our Ship that rid in the Harbour. After this, we e'en jogg'd to Bed for that Night, but the Devil a Bit poor Pilgarlick could sleep one Wink; the everlasting Jingle Jangle of the Bells kept me awake whether I would or no.

About Midnight *Ædituus* came to wake us, that we might drink. He himself shew'd us the Way, saying, You Men of t'other World say that Ignorance is the Mother of all Evil, and so far you are right; yet for all that, you don't take the least Care to get rid of it, but still plod on, and live in it, with it, and by it; for which Cause a plaguy Deal of Mischief lights on you every Day, and you are right enough serv'd; you are perpetually ailing somewhat, making a Moan, and never right. 'Tis what I was ruminating upon just now, And, indeed Ignorance keeps you here fastened in Bed, just as that Bully-rock *Mars* was detain'd by *Vulcan's* Art;

Art; for all the while you don't mind that you ought to spare some of your Rest, and be as lavish as you can of the Goods of this famous Island. Come, come, you should have eaten three Breakfasts already, and take this from me for a certain Truth, That if you would consume the Mouth-Ammunition of this Island, you must rise betimes; eat them, they multiply; spare them, they diminish.

For example, mow a Field in due Season, and the Grass will grow thicker and better! don't mow it, and in a short Time 'twill be floor'd with Moss. Let's drink, and drink again, my Friends; come, let's all carouse it. (1) The leanest of our Birds are now singing to us all, we'll drink to them if you please. Let's take off (2) one, two, three, nine, Bumpers, *Non Zelus, sed Charitas*.

When Day peeping in the East made the Sky turn from black to red, (3) like a boiling Lobster, he wak'd us again to take a Dish of (4) Monastical Brewes. From that Time, we made but one Meal, that only lasted the whole Day; so that I cannot well tell how I may call it, whether Dinner, Supper, Nunchion, or after Supper; only to get a Stomach, we took a Turn or two in the Island, to see and hear the blessed singing Birds.

At Night *Panurge* said to *Aedituus*, give me leave, sweet Sir, to tell you a merry Story of something that hap-

(1) *The leanest, &c.*] The Mendicant Friars, who sing their Matins at Midnight.

(2) *One, two, &c.*] Referring to the Number of the Graces and Muses. *Aut ter bibendum aut novies*: A Proverb of the Ancients, who, in point of drinking, were nothing to compare with this *Aedituus*, who here unites all the *Lessons* of the different Sorts of Claustral Matins.

(3) *Like a Lobster.*] This is not in the Original. 'Tis, I believe, wholly of *English* Growth. See *Hud*.

(4) *Monastical Brewes.*] *Soupe de prime*. So call'd from it's being eaten at the Hour of *Prime*, which is the first of the Canonical Hours: *Rabelais* boasts much of these Soups, and almost always calls 'em *Fat Soupes de Prime*, because it is the first boiling, and very Top of the Porridge Pot. The others call'd by him Greyhound Soups, *l. 3. c. 4.* are less strong and succulent, by having more Water pour'd in.

pened some three and twenty Moons ago, in the Country of *Castelleraud*.

(5) One Day in *April*, a certain Gentleman's Groom, *Roger* by Name, was walking his Master's Horses in some fallow Ground ; there 'twas his good Fortune to find a pretty Shepherdess, feeding her bleating Sheep, and harmless Lambkins, on the Brow of a neighbouring Mountain, in the Shade of an adjacent Grove : Near her, some frisking Kids tripp'd it o'er a green Carpet of Nature's own spreading, and to complete the Landkip, there stood an Afs. *Roger*, who was a Wag, had a Dish of Chat with her, and after some If's, And's, and But's, Hems, and Heigh's on her Side, got her in the Mind to get up behind him, to go and see his Stable, and there take a Bit by the Bye in a civil Way. While they were holding a Parley, the Horse directing his Discourse to the Afs, (for all brute Beasts spoke that Year in divers Places,) whisper'd these Words in his Ear : poor Afs, how I pity thee ! Thou slavest like any Hack, I read it on thy Crupper ; thou dost well, however, since God has created thee to serve Mankind ; thou art a very honest Afs : But not to be better rubb'd down, curricomb'd, trap'd, and fed, than thou art, seems to me indeed to be too hard a Lot. Alas ! thou art all (6) rough-coated, in ill Plight ; jaded, foundred, crest-fallen, and drooping, like a Mooting Duck, and feedest here on nothing but coarse Grass, or Briars and Thistles : Therefore do but pace it along with me, and thou shalt see how we noble Steeds, made by Nature for War, are treated ; come, thou'lt lose nothing by coming, I'll get thee a Taste of my Fare. I' troth Sir, I can but love you and thank you, return'd the Afs ; I'll wait on you, good Mr. Steed. Methinks, Gaffer Afs, you might as well have said, Sir *Grandparw* Steed : O ! Cry Mercy, good Sir *Grandparw*, return'd the Afs : we Country Clowns are somewhat gross, and apt to

(5) *One Day in April.*] *April* is an amorous Month. And the Country of *Chatteleraud* abounds with these *Arcadian* Nightingales (Asses.)

(6) *Rough-coated.*] It is *lanterné* in *Rabelais*, and means, Thy whole Body is transparent as a Lantern, and the Skin of thy Sides depilated, i. e. as free from Hair as the smoothest Parchment.

knock

knock Words out of Joint. However, an't please you, I'll come after your Worship at some Distance, lest for taking this Run, my Side should chance to be fir'd and curried with a Vengeance, as 'tis but too often, the more's my Sorrow.

The Shepherdes being got behind *Roger*, the Ase follow'd, fully resolved to bait like a Prince with *Roger's* Steed; But when they got to the Stable, the Groom, who spy'd the grave Animal, ordered one of his Underlings to welcome him with a Pitchfork, and curricomb him with a Cudgel. The Ase, who heard this, recommended himself *mentally* to the God (7) *Neptune*, and was packing off, thinking and syllogising within himself thus: Had not I been an Ase, I had not come here among great Lords, when I must needs be sensible that I was only made for the Use of the small Vulgar; *Aesop* had given me a fair Warning of this in one of his Fables. Well, I must e'en scamper, (8) or take what follows. With this he fell a trotting and wincing, and yerking, and calcitrating, *alias* kicking, and farting, and funking, and curvetting, and bounding, and springing, and galloping full drive, as if the Devil had been come for him in *propria persona*.

The Shepherdes, who saw her Ase scour off, told *Roger* that 'twas her Cattle, and desir'd he might be kindly us'd, or else she would not stir her Foot over the Threshold. Friend *Roger* no sooner knew this, but he ordered him to be fetched in, and that my Master's Horses should rather chop Straw for a Week together, than my Mistress's Beast should want his Belly full of Corn.

The most difficult Point was to get him back; for in vain the Youngsters complimented and coax'd him to come; I dare not, said the Ase, I am bashful; and the more they strove by fair Means to bring him with

(7) *Neptune.*] The Ase saw the Pitchfork held up to him. In this Danger he addresses his Prayer to *Neptune*, whose Trident is a Kind of Fork.

(8) *Or take, &c.*] It is in the Original, I must e'en scamper as quick as a Bundle of Sparagus is in boiling: A Proverbial Expression often used by the Emperor *Augustus*. See it both in *Latin* and *Greek* among the *Adagia* in most School Books.

them,

them, the more the stubborn Thing was untoward, and flew out at Heels; insomuch that they might have been there to this Hour, had not his Mistress advis'd them, to toss Oats in a Sieve, or in a Blanket, and call him, which was done, and made him wheel about, and say Oats by Mackins! Oats shall go to pot. (9) *Adveniat*; Oats will do, there's Evidence in the Case; but none of the rubbing down, none of the firking. Thus melodiously singing, for, as you know that *Arcadian* Bird's Note is very harmonious, he came to the young Gentleman of the Horse, *alias* Black-garb, who brought him into the Stable.

When he was there, they plac'd him next to the great Horse, his Friend, rubbed him down, curricomb'd him, laid clean Straw under him up to the Chin, and there he lay at Rack and Manger; the first stuffed with sweet Hay, the latter with Oats; which when the Horses *Valet-de-Chambre* sifted, he clapp'd down his Lugs, to tell them by Signs that he could eat it but too well without sifting, and that he did not deserve so great an Honour.

When they had well fed, quoth the Horse to the Asfs, Well, poor Asfs, how is it with thee now? How dost thou like this Fare? Thou wert so nice at first, a Body had much Ado to get thee hither. By the Fig, answered the Asfs, which one of our Ancestors eating, *Philemon* died laughing, this is all sheer Ambrosia, good Sir *Grandpaw*: But what would you have an Asf say? Methinks all this is yet but half Cheer; don't your Worships here use now and then to take a Leap? What leaping dost thou mean, asked the Horse, the Devil leap thee; dost thou take me for an Asf? I'troth, Sir *Grandpaw*, quoth the Asfs, I am somewhat a Block-head, you know, and can't for the Heart's Blood of me learn so fast the Court Way of speaking of you Gentlemen Horses; I mean, don't you *Stallionize* it sometimes here among your mettled Fillies? Tush, whisper'd the Horse, speak lower; for by *Bucephalus*, if the Grooms but hear thee, they'll maul and be-lamb thee thrice and

(9) *Adveniat*.] The Pun is upon the Word *Avance*, Oats, and *Adveniat*, let 'em come.

threefold ; so that thou'lt have but little Stomach to a Leaping Bout. Cod-so, Man, we dare not so much as grow stiff at the Tip of the lowermost Snout, though 'twere but to leak or so, for fear of being jirk'd and paid out of our Lechery. As for any thing else we are as happy as our Master, and perhaps more. By this Packsaddle, my old Acquaintance, quoth the As, I have done with you ; a Fart for thy Litter and Hay, and a Fart for thy Oats ; give me the Thistles of our Fields, since there we leap when we list : Eat less, and leap more, I say ; 'tis Meat, Drink, and Cloth to us. Ah ! Friend *Grandparw*, it would do thy Heart good to see us at a Fair, when we hold our Provincial Chapter ! Oh ! how we leap it, while our Mistresses are selling their Goslings and other Poultry ! With this they parted : *Dixi* : I have done.

Panurge then held his Peace ; *Pantagruel* would have had him to have gone on to the End of the Chapter ; but *Ædituus* said, a Word to the Wise is enough ; I can pick out the Meaning of that Fable, and know who is that As and who the Horse ; but you are a bashful Youth, I perceive : Well, know that there's nothing for you here, scatter no Words. Yet, return'd *Panurge*, I saw but e'en now a pretty Kind of a cooing Abbeyskite as white as a Dove, and her I had rather ride than lead. May I never stir, if she is not a dainty Bit, and very well worth a Sin or two. Heav'n forgive me ! I meant no more Harm in it than you ; may the Harm I meant in it befall me presently.

C H A P. VIII.

How with much Ado we got a Sight of the Popehawk.

OUR junketing and banqueting held on at the same Rate the third Day, as the two former. *Pantagruel* then earnestly desired to see the *Popehawk* ; but *Ædituus* told him, it was not such an easy Matter to get

a Sight of him. How, ask'd *Pantagruel*, has he (1) *Plato's Helmet* on his Crown, *Gyges's Ring* on his Pounces, or a *Cameleon* on his Breast, to make him invisible when he pleases? No, Sir, returned *Aedituus*, but he is naturally of pretty difficult Access; however, I'll see and take Care that you may see him, if possible. With this he left us piddling; then within a quarter of an Hour came back and told us the *Popehawk* is now to be seen; so he led us, without the least Noise, directly to the Cage wherein he sat, drooping with his Feathers staring about him, attended by a Brace of little *Cardinhawks*, and six lusty fusty *Bishbawks*.

Panurge stared at him like a dead Pig, examin'g exactly his Figure, Size, and Motions. Then with a loud Voice he said, a Curse light on the Hatcher of the ill Bird; o'my Word this is a filthy *Whoophooper*. Hush, speak softly, said *Aedituus*, By G—— he has a Pair of Ears, as formerly *Michael de Matiscorne* remarked. What then? returned *Panurge*, so hath a Whoopcat. Whist, said *Aedituus*, if he but hear you speak such another blasphemous Word, you had as good be damn'd; Do you see that (2) *Bason* yonder in his Cage? Out of it shall fall Thunderbolts and Lightnings, Storms, Bulls, and the Devil and all, that will sink you down to Peg Trantum's, an hundred Fathom under Ground. 'Twere better to drink and be merry, quoth Friar *John*.

Panurge was still feeding his Eyes with the Sight of the *Popehawk*, and his Attendants, when somewhere under his Cage he perceived a *Madgebowllet*; with this he cried out, by (3) the Devil's-Maker's Master, there's Roguery in the Case? they put Tricks upon Travellers here more than any where else, and would make us believe that a T——d's a Sugar-loaf. What damn'd Cozening, Gulling, and Cony-catching have we here!

(1) *Plato's Helmet.*] *Plato*; l. x. of his Republic, uses indeed this Proverb. But it should be *Pluto's Helmet*. See *Erasmus's* Adages at the Words *Orci galea*.

(2) *Bason.*] A Bell which is rung when any one is excommunicated.

(3) *By the Devil's, &c.*] I suppose it should be by the Devil's Maker, Master, there's Roguery, &c.

Do you see this *Madgebowllet*? by *Minerva* we are all beshit. Odsoons, said *Ædituus*, speak softly, I tell you 'tis no *Madgebowllet*, no She-thing, on my honest Word, but a Male and a noble Bird.

May we not hear the *Popehawk* sing, asked *Pantagruel*? I dare not promise that, return'd *Ædituus*, for he only sings and eats at his own (4) Hours: So don't I, quoth *Panurge*; poor Pilgarlic is fain to make every Body's Time his own: Come then, let us go drink if you will. Now this is something like a Tansy, said *Ædituus*; you begin to talk somewhat like; still (5) speak in that Fashion, and I'll secure you from being thought an Heretic. Come on, I am of your Mind.

As we went back to have 'tother Fuddling-Bout, we spied an old (6) green-headed *Bisphawk*, who sat moping with his Mate and three jolly *Bittorn* Attendants, all snoring under an Arbour. Near the old Cuff stood a buxom *Abbeskite*, that sung like any Linnet; and we were so mightily tickled with her Singing, that I vow and swear we could have wished all our Members but one turn'd into Ears, to have had more of the Melody. Quoth *Panurge*, this pretty Cherubin of Cherubins is here breaking her Head with chanting to this huge, fat, ugly Face, who lies grunting all the While like a Hog as he is: I'll make him change his Note presently, in the Devil's Name. With this he rang a Bell that hung over the *Bisphawk*'s Head; but though he rang and rang again, the Devil a-bit *Bisphawk* would hear; the louder the Sound, the louder his Snoring. There was no making him sing. By G—, quoth *Panurge*, you old Buzzard, if you won't sing by fair Means, you shall by foul. Having said this, he took up one of St. Stephen's Loaves, *alias* a Stone, and was

(4) *Hours.*] On the most solemn Days in the Year.

(5) *Still speak, &c.*] That is, speak of Drinking and Guttling as much as you will, and practise both to the full in a Country where there's the Inquisition, but speak not a Word of Religion, or the Pope's Authority.

(6) *Green-headed Bisphawk.*] Their Arms are surmounted with a Green Hat, as a Token of their being in Hopes to be one Day made Cardinals.

going to hit him with it about the Middle. But *Ædituus* cried to him, Hold, hold, honest Friend, strike, wound, poison, kill, and murder all the Kings and Princes in the World, by Treachery, or how thou wilt, and as soon as thou would'st, unneſtle the Angels from their Cockloſt, *Popehawk* will pardon thee all this; but never be ſo mad as to meddle with theſe (7) ſacred Birds as much as thou loveſt the Profit, Welfare, and Life, not only of thyſelf, and thy Friends and Relations alive or dead, but alſo of thoſe that may be born hereafter to the thouſandth Generation; for ſo long thou wouldſt entail Miſery upon them. Do but look upon that Baſon. Cat-ſo! let us rather drink then, quoth *Panurge*. He that ſpoke laſt ſpoke well, Mr. *Antitus*, quoth Friar *John*; while we are looking on theſe devilish Birds, we do nothing but blaſpheme; and while we are taking a Cup we do nothing but praife God. Come on then, let's go drink, how well that Word ſounds!

The third Day (after we had drank, as you muſt underſtand) (8) *Ædituus* diſmiſs'd us. We made him a Preſent of a pretty little *Perguoiſ* Knife, which he took more kindly than *Artaxerxes* did the Cup of cold Water that was given him by a Clown. He moſt courteouſ-

(7) *Theſe ſacred Birds.*] *Claude de Seiffel*, fol. III. of his Translation of that Part of *Diodorus Siculus*, which touches upon *Alexander's* Succeſſors, relates of the *Pitbecuſæ*, three Towns ſo call'd in *Upper Lybia*, that the Inhabitants of thoſe three Towns held *Parrots* in the higheſt Veneration, accounting 'em Gods, and puniſhing with Death any that were ſo inhuman and ſacrilegious as to kill one of thoſe Creatures. But poor *Seiffel* was miſerably miſtaken, doubtleſs by following the old *Latin* Translator, who took *πίθνοι* for *πίθνοι*, this laſt, indeed, ſignifying *Parrots* or *Jays*; but not the firſt, which means an *Ape* or *Monkey*. Thus *Pitbecuſæ* ſignifies *Ape-Town*, or *Monkey-Town*, not *Parrot-Town* or *Jay-Town*. Now, *Rabelais*, 'tis more than probable, had read this Paſſage of *Diodorus Siculus*, either in *Seiffel's* Translation, printed in 1530, or elſe in the old *Latin* Translation, and perhaps not caring to give himſelf the Trouble to conſult the *Greek* Original, he might here allude to this pretended Piece of Hiſtory, the Truth whereof appears quite otherwiſe in the *Greek* of *Diodorus Siculus*, l. 20. p. 763. of *Wechel's* Edition.

(8) *Ædituus diſmiſs'd us.*] The Cuſtom is to treat and entertain Pilgrims in the Hospitals of *Italy*, for three Days, but no longer; they muſt then depart.

ly thank'd us, and sent all Sorts of Provisions aboard our Ships, wish'd us a prosperous Voyage and Success in our Undertakings, and made us promise and swear by (9) *Jupiter* of Stone, to come back by his Territories. Finally, he said to us, Friends, pray note, that there are many more (10) Stones in the World than Men; take care you don't forget it.

C H A P. IX.

How we arriv'd at the Island of Tools.

HAVING well ballasted the Holds of our Human Vessels, we weigh'd Anchor, hois'd up Sail, stow'd the Boats, set the Land, and stood for the Offing with a fair loom Gale, and for more Haste unparrel'd the Misen-yard, and launch'd it and the Sail over the Lee-quarter, and fitted Gyves to keep it steady, and boom'd it out; so in three Days we made the Island of *Tools*, that is altogether uninhabited. We saw there a great Number of Trees which bore Mattocks, Pick-axes, Crows, Weeding-Hooks, Scythes, Sickles, Spades, Trowels, Hatchets, Hedging-Bills, Saws, Adzes, Bills, Axes, Sheers, Pincers, Bolts, Piercers, Augers, and Wimbles.

Others bore Dags, Daggers, (1) *Poniards*, Bayonets, Square-bladed Tucks, Stilettoe's, Poinadoes, Skenes, Penknives, Puncheons, Bodkins, Swords, Rapiers, Backwords, Cutlasses, Scymetars, Hangers, Falchions, Glaives, *Raillons*, Whittles and Whinyards.

Whoever would have any of these, needed but to shake the Tree, and immediately they dropp'd down

(9) *Jupiter of Stone.*] The Pope; inasmuch as by his Thunder he makes himself to be fear'd by the present *Romans*, as much as *Jupiter Lapis* was by the old ones.

(10) *More Stones, &c.*] *Mens Stones*: Here we have a Priest advancing, that it is to be less than Men to endure for so long a Time together the Tyranny and Vices of the Monks and Clergy.

(1) *Poniards.*] *Sungadedæ* in the Original. A short Sword, which at *Venice*, where the Nobles wear it, is call'd in the *Venetian* Language (or rather Dialect) *Cinque dea*, by way of Joke, as if it was but of the Length of five Fingers.

as thick as Hops, like so many ripe Plumbs ; nay, what's more, they fell on a kind of Grass call'd Scab-bard, and sheath'd themselves in it cleverly. But when they came down, there was need of taking care lest they happened to touch the Head, Feet, or other Parts of the Body. For they fell with the Point downwards, and in they stuck, or slit the *Continuum* of some Member, or lopt it off like a Twig ; either of which generally was enough to have kill'd a Man, though he were an hundred Years old, and worth as many thousand Spankers, Spur-royals, and Rose-nobles.

Under some other Trees, whose Names I can't justly tell you, I saw some certain Sorts of Weeds that grew and sprouted like Pikes, Lances, Javelins, Javelots, Darts, Dartlets, Halberts, Boar-spears, Eel-spears, Partisans, Tridentes, Prongs, Troutstaves, Spears, Halfpikes and Hunting Staffs. As they sprouted up and chanc'd to touch the Tree, strait they met with their Heads, Points, and Blades, each suitable to its Kind, made ready for them by the Trees over them, as soon as every individual Weed was grown up, fit for its Steel: Even like the Childrens Coats that are made for them as soon as they can wear them, and you wean them of their Swaddling Clothes: Nor do you mutter, I pray you, at what *Plato*, *Anaxagoras*, and *Democritus* have said ; Od's Fish ! they were none of your Lower-form Gimcracks ; were they ?

Those Trees seem'd to us terrestrial Animals, in no wise so different from Brute Beasts, as not to have Skin, Fat, Flesh, Veins, Arteries, Ligaments, Nerves, Cartilages, Kernels, Bones, Marrow, Humours, *Matrices*, Brains, and Articulations ; for they certainly have some, since *Theophrastus* will have it so ; but in this Point they differ'd from other Animals, that their Heads, that is, the Part of their Trunks next to the Root are downwards ; their Hair, that is, their Roots, in the Earth ; and their Feet, that is, their Branches, upside down ; as if a Man should stand on his Head with out-stretch'd Legs. And as you batter'd Sinners, on whom *Venus* has bestow'd something to remember her, feel the Approach of Rains, Winds, Cold, and every Change of Weather, at your *Ischiatic* Legs, and your *Omoplates*,

by means of the perpetual Almanack which she has fix'd there; so these Trees have Notice given them, by certain Sensations which they have at their Roots, Stocks, Gums, Paps, or Marrow, of the Growth of the Staffs under them; and accordingly they prepare suitable Points and Blades for them beforehand. Yet as all Things, except God, are sometimes subject to Error, Nature itself not free from it, when it produceth monstrous Things; likewise I observ'd something amiss in these Trees. For a Halfpike that grew up high enough to reach the Branches of one of these Instrumentiferous Trees, happen'd no sooner to touch them, but instead of being join'd to an Iron-Head, it impal'd a stubb'd Broom at the Fundament. Well, no matter, 'twill serve to sweep the Chimney. Thus a Pertusan met with a Pair of Garden-sheers: Come, all's good for something, 'twill serve to nip off little Twigs, and destroy Caterpillars. The Staff of a Halbert got the Blade of a Scythe, which made it look like an Hermaphrodite: Happy-be-lucky, 'tis all a Case, 'twill serve for some Mower. Oh 'tis a great Blessing to put our Trust in the Lord! As we went back to our Ships, I spy'd behind I don't know what Bush, I don't know what Folks, doing I don't know what Business, in I don't know what Posture, scowring I don't know what Tools, in I don't know what Manner, and I don't know what Place.

C H A P. X.

*How Pantagruel arrived at the Island of Sharping
(or Gaming.)*

WE left the Island of Tools to pursue our Voyage, and the next Day stood in for the Island of Sharping, the true Image of *Fontainbleau*; for the Land is so very lean, that the Bones, that is the Rocks, shoot through its Skin. Besides, 'tis (1) sandy, barren,

(1) A Description of the Inconveniences and Vexations that attend Gaming.

unhealthy and unpleasant. Our Pilot shew'd us there two little square Rocks, which had eight equal Points in the shape of a Cube; they were so white that I might have mistaken them for Alabaster or Snow, had he not assur'd us they were made of Bone.

He told us that twenty-one chance Devils, very much fear'd in our Country, dwelt there in six different Stories, and that the biggest Twins or Braces of them were call'd Sixes, and the smallest Amb's-Ace; the rest Cinqes, Quaters, Treys, and Duces. When they were conjur'd up, otherwise coupled, they were call'd either, Sice cinque, Sice quater, Sice trey, Sice duce, and Sice ace; or Cinque quater, Cinque trey, and so forth. I made there a shrewd Observation: Would you know what 'tis, Gamesters? 'Tis that there are very few of you in the World but what call upon and invoke the Devils. For the Dice are no sooner thrown on the Board, and the greedy gazing Sparks have hardly said, *two sixes, Frank*, but *six Devils, damn it*, cry as many of them: If Amb's Ace, then *A brace of Devils broil me*, will they say. *Quater Duce, Tom*; *The Duce take it*, cries another; and so on to the End of the Chapter. Nay, they don't forget sometimes to call the black cloven-footed Gentlemen by their Christian Names and Surnames; and what's stranger yet, they use them as the greatest Cronies, and make them so often the Executors of their Wills, not only giving themselves, but every Body, and every Thing to the Devil, that there's no Doubt but he takes care to seize, soon or late, what's so zealously bequeath'd him. Indeed 'tis true, *Lucifer* does not always immediately appear by his lawful Attornies; but, alas! 'tis not for want of good will; he is really to be excus'd for his Delay; for what the Devil would you have a Devil do? He and his Black-guards are then at some other Places, according to the Priority of the Persons that call on them: Therefore, pray let none be so venturesome as to think, that the Devils are deaf and blind.

He then told us, that more Wrecks had happen'd about those Square-Rocks, and a greater Loss of Body and Goods, than about all the *Syrtes, Scylla's* and *Chubribdes, Sirens, Scrophades*, and *Gulphs* in the Universe.

I had not much Ado to believe it, remembring that formerly among the wise *Egyptians*, *Neptune* was describ'd in Hieroglyphics for the first Cube, (2) *Apollo* by an Ace, *Diana* by a Duce, (3) *Minerva* by Seven, and so forth.

He also told us that there was a Phial of (4) *Sang-greal*, a most divine Thing, and known to a few. *Panurge* did so sweeten up the Syndics of the Place, that they blest us with the Sight of it: But it was with three Times more Pother and Ado, with more Formalities and antic Tricks, than they shew (5) the Pandects of *Justinian* at *Florence*, or the holy *Veronica* at *Rome*. I never saw such a Sight of Flambeaux, Torches, and (6) *Hagios*, and sanctified Tapers, in my whole Life. After all, that which was shewn us, was only the ill-fac'd Countenance of a roasted Coney.

All that we saw there worth speaking of, was a good Face set upon an ill Game, and the Shells of the two Eggs formerly laid up and hatch'd by *Leda*, out of which came *Castor* and *Pollux*, fair *Helen's* Brothers. These same Syndics fold us a Piece of 'em for a Song, I mean, for a Morfel of Bread. Before we went, we

(2) *Apollo* by an Ace.] See *Plutarch*, in his Treatise of *Iſis* and *Osiris*.

(3) *Minerva* by Seven.] See *Macrobius* on *Scipio's* Dream, l. 1. ch. 6.

(4) *Sang-greal*.] The same as *Sang-real*, i. e. Royal Blood, is a pretended Relick of *Christ's* Blood preserved by *Joseph* of *Arimathea*, when he wash'd our Saviour's Body before he embalm'd it. The *Saint Graal*, another Relick, is the precious Dish in which the Paschal Lamb was serv'd up which our Saviour ate with his Disciples the Eve of his Death. *Graal* is properly a Bowl or Mazer of Potter's Clay. See *Borel*, at the Word *Graal*.

(5) *The Pandects*.] *Menage*, and before him *Politian*, observe they never shew this Manuscript but by Torch-light. *In ipsa Curia Florentina*, says *Politian*, *à summo Magistratu publicè adservatur magnæque veneratione, quanquam raro idetiamque ad funalia ostenditur, &c.* There is not such a Pother made about it now, because of its being printed since 1553, in a most beautiful and grand Manner.

(6) *Hagios*.] A *Greek* Word: It means Holy. Here it means superstitious Ceremonies: It comes from the *Hagios* or *Theos* of *Good Friday*. Words which are then pronounc'd at the Lifting up the Cross with that Air of Admiration and Astonishment as strikes a religious Awe into the Beholders.

bought.

bought a Parcel of (7) Hats and Caps of the Manufacture of (8) the Place, which, I fear, will turn to no very good Account : Nor are those who shall take 'em off our Hands more likely to commend their Wearing.

C H A P. XI.

How we pass through the Wicket, inhabited by Gripe-men-all, Arch-Duke of the Furr'd Law-cats.

FROM thence *Condemnation* was pass'd by us : 'Tis another damn'd barren Island, whereat none for the World car'd to touch. Then we went through the *Wicket* ; but *Pantagruel* had no Mind to bear us Company, and 'twas well he did not, for we were nabb'd there, and clapp'd into *Lob's-Pound* by Order of *Gripe-men-all*, Arch-Duke of the *Furr'd Law-cats*, because one of our Company wou'd ha' put upon a Serjeant some Hats of the *Sharping Island*.

The *Furr'd Law-cats* are most terrible and dreadful Monsters, that devour little Children; and (1) trample over Marble-Stones. Pray tell me, noble Topers, do they not deserve to have their Snouts slit ? The Hair of their Hides does not lie outwards ; and every Mother's Son of 'em for his Devise wears a gaping Pouch, but not all in the same Manner ; for some wear it ty'd to their Neck Scarf-wise, others upon the Breech, some on the Paunch, others on the Side, and all for a Cause, with Reason and Mystry : They have Claws so very strong,

(7) *Hats.*] He alludes to the Promise of a Cardinal's Hat : A Promise often paid very dear for, and never perform'd.

(8) *The Place.*] The Sharping, Tricking Island.

(1) *Trample over, &c.*] The new Editions of *Rabelais* have indeed *passent sur*, &c. but the true Reading is *paissent*. They feed, they guttle, in a Room pav'd with Marble ; such as is, and always was, that call'd *la Grand Chambre*, belonging to the Courts of Judicature at *Paris* ; where the Lawyers play as good a Knife as any Inns of Court Gentlemen here with us.

long, and sharp, that nothing can get from them what is once fast between their Clutches. Sometimes they cover their Heads with Morter-like Caps, at other Times with (3) *mortify'd* Caparisons.

As we enter'd their Den, said a common Mumper, to whom we had given half a *Teston*, *Worshipful Culprits, God send you a good Deliverance*. Examine well, said he, the Countenance of these stout Props and Pillars of this Catch-coin Law and *Iniquity*; and pray observe, that if you still live but six Olympiads, and the Age of (4) two Dogs more, you'll see these *Furr'd Law-cats* Lords of all *Europe*, and in peaceful Possession of all the Estates and Dominions belonging to it; unless by Divine Providence, what's got over the Devil's Back, is spent under his Belly; or the Goods which they unjustly get, perish with their prodigal Heirs: Take this from an honest Beggar.

Among 'em reigns the *Sixth Essence*; by the Means of which they gripe all, devour all, conskate all, burn all, draw all, hang all, quarter all, behead all, murder all, imprison all, waste all, and ruin all, without the least Notice of Right or Wrong: For among *them* Vice is call'd Virtue; Wickedness Piety; Treason Loyalty; Robbery Justice. *Plunder* is their Motto, and when acted by them, is approved by all Men, except the (5) Hereticks; and all this they do because they dare; their Authority is Sovereign and Irrefragable. For a Sign of the Truth of what I tell you, you'll find, that there the Mangers are above the Racks. Remember hereafter, that a Fool told you this; and if ever Plague, Famine, War, Fire, Earthquake, Inundations, or other Judgments befall the World, do not attribute them to the Aspects and Conjunctions of the Malevolent Planets, to the Abuses of the Court of *Romania*, or the Tyranny of Secular Kings and Princes, to the Impof-

(3) *Mortify'd.*] He puns upon the Word *Mortier*: a sort of Cap (with Brims turn'd up,) worn in *France* by the Lord Chancellor, and Presidents of sovereign Courts on high Days.

(4) *The Age of two Dogs.*] Twenty Years, more or less.

(5) *Hereticks.*] At that Time the Parliament caus'd 'em to be burnt.

tures of the false Zealots of the Cowl, Heretical Bigots, false Prophets and Broachers of Sects, to the Villainy of griping Usurers, Clippers, and Coiners; nor to the Ignorance, Impudence, and Imprudence of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, nor to the Lewdness of Adulteresses and Destroyers of By-blows; but charge 'em all wholly and solely to the inexpressible, incredible, and inestimable Wickedness and Ruin, which is continually hatch'd, brew'd and practis'd in the Den or Shop of those *Furr'd Law-cats*. Yet 'tis no more known in the World than the *Cabala* of the *Jews*, the more's the Pity; and therefore 'tis not detested, chastis'd, and punish'd, as 'tis fit it should be. But should all their Villainy be once display'd in its true Colours, and expos'd to the People, there never was, is, nor will be any Spokesman so sweet-mouth'd, whose fine colloquing Tongue could save 'em; nor any Law so rigorous and Draconic, that could punish them as they deserve; nor yet any Magistrate so powerful, as to hinder their being burnt alive in their Cony-burrows without Mercy. Ev'n their own *furr'd Kitlings*, Friends, and Relations would abominate 'em.

For this Reason, as *Hannibal* was solemnly sworn by his Father *Amilcar* to pursue the *Romans* with the utmost Hatred, as long as ever he liv'd; so, my late Father has enjoin'd me to remain here *without*, till God Almighty's Thunder reduce them there *within* to Ashes, like other presumptuous *Titans*, prophane Wretches, and Opposers of God; since Mankind is so inur'd to their Oppressions, that they either do not remember, foresee, or have a Sense of the Woes and Miseries which they have caus'd; or if they have, either will, dare, or cannot root 'em out.

How, said *Panurge*, say you so! Catch me there and hang me! Damme, Let's march off! This noble Beggar has scar'd me worse than Thunder in *Autumn*. Upon this we were filing off; but alas! we found ourselves trapp'd: The Door was double lock'd and barricado'd. Some Messengers of ill News told us, 'twas full as easy to get in there as to get into Hell, and no less hard to get out. Ay, there indeed, lay the Difficulty: For there is no getting loose without a Pass and Discharge

charge in due Course from the Bench. This for no other Reason than (6) because Folks go easier out of a Church than out of a Spunging-House, (7) and because they could not have our Company when they would. The worst on't was when we got through the Wicket; for we were carry'd to get out our Pais or Discharge, before a more dreadful Monster than ever was read of in the Legends of Knight-Errantry: They call'd him *Gripe-men-all*. I can't tell what to compare it to, better than to a *Chimæra*, a *Sphinx*, a *Cerberus*; or to the

(6) *Because Folks go easier out of Church than out of a Spunging-House.*] It is in the Original, *Because Folks go easier out of a Market than out of a Fair*; a French Proverb, the Ground whereof is, that your Pedlars and petty Chapmen are forc'd to pay ready Money in a Fair, whereas in a Market they may and often do goupon Tick. In this Place, by the Word *Fair* (*Foire*) the Author means the Courts of Judicature, *Forum*, and what he intends by it is this: that, different from what is practis'd at the *Chatelet* (or ordinary Sessions-House) here the Fees of Parliament (*i. e.* supreme Judges) are deposited before-hand, lest the Country People should make up Matters before the Decree is taken out.

(7) *And because they cou'd not have our Company, &c.*] The Original has it, because we were *pié-poudreux*, or dusty-footed, *i. e.* Foreign Dealers; who in Fairs have their particular Jurisdiction, which holds no longer than the Fair. *Du Cange*, in his Latin barbarous Glossary, at the Word, *Pedepulverosi*: *Habent Pedepulverosi*, (*Pié-poudreux*) *sive Extranæi* (Strangers, for our English Word Strangers comes from *Extraneus*) *Curiam peculiarem in publicis nundinis, quam Pedispulverizati vocant* *Cowellus* & *Spelmanus*; *sic dictam, quod in ea Pedepulverosorum, seu Extraneorum, mercatorum præsertim negotia & causæ de plano & summarie dirimantur*. *Christophorus de S. Germano de Consuet. Regni Ang. l. 5. In omnibus nundinis & feriis habetur quædam Curia iisdem feriis incidens, quæ vocatur Curia Pedispulverizati, quæ solum tenebiter tempore feriarum illarum*. Such were *Pantagruel* and his People, in the Furr'd Cats Opinion; and they were resolv'd not to part with such Pigeons without plucking.

It will not be thought amiss by some who may not have *Miege's* Dictionary by them, if I add hereunto what he says under the Word *Pie-powder-court*, and the rather, because there is such a Court at *Bartbolamew-Fair* in *Smithfield*, and other Fairs too. *Cour qui se tient dans les Foires, pour faire prompte Justice*. "This Court is held in Fairs, to yield Justice to Buyers and Sellers, and for Redress of all Disorders committed in them, it is so call'd from the French *Pié*, a Foot, and *Poudreux*, dusty. Either, because Fairs are held most usually in Summer, and the Suitors com-

"monly

the Image of (8) *Osiris*, as the *Egyptians* represented him, with three Heads, one of a Roaring Lion, t'other of a Fawning Cur, and the last of a Howling, Prowling Wolf, twisted about with a Dragon biting his Tail, surrounded with fiery Rays. His Hands were full of Gore, his Talons like those of the Harpies, his Snout like a Hawk's Bill, his Fangs or Tusks like those of an overgrown brindled wild Boar; his Eyes were flaming like the Jaws of Hell, all cover'd with Mortars interlac'd with Pestles, and nothing of his Arms was to be seen but his Clutches. His Hutch, and that of the *Warren-Cats* his Collaterals, was a long, spick-and-span new Rack, a Top of which (as the Mumper told us) some large, stately (9) *Mangers* were fix'd in the Reverse. Over the chief Seat was the Picture of an Old Woman holding the (10) *Case* or Scabbard of a Sickle in her Right-hand, a Pair of Scales in her Left, with Spectacles on her Nose: The Cups or Scales of the Balance were a Pair of Velvet-pouches; the one full of *Bullion*, which over-pois'd t'other, empty and long, hoisted higher than the Middle of the Beam: I'm of Opinion it was the true Effigies of Justice *Gripe-men-all*; far different from the Institution of the antient *Thebans*, who set up the Statues of their (11) *Dicaestes* without Hands, in Marble, Silver, or Gold, according to their Merit, even after their Death.

When we made our personal Appearance before him, a Sort of I don't-know-what Men, all cloth'd with I don't-know-what Bags and Pouches, with long Scrowls

" monly are Country People with dusty Feet; or from the Expedition intended in the hearing of Causes proper thereunto, before the Dust goes off the Plaintiff's or Defendant's Feet. The same is held *de bora in boram*."

(8) *Osiris*.] See *Macrob. Saturn. l. i. c. 20*.

(9) *Mangers*.] Here we find the *Mangers* above the Rack, and indeed it could not possibly be otherwise; for the Forms or Benches on which the Furr'd Cats sate are the Rack, and the *Mangers* were the Furr'd Cats themselves; or rather resided in them: The Word *Mangerie*, from the French Verb *Manger* (to Eat) signifying both a *Manger* and Extortion.

(10) *The Case*, &c.] The Picture of Injustice.

(11) *Dicaestes*.] Judges. See *Plutarch* in his *Isis* and *Osiris*.

in their Clutches, made us sit down upon a Cricket:
[Such as Criminals sit on when try'd in France.] Quoth
Panurge to 'em, Good my Lords, I'm very well as I
 am; I'd as lieve stand, a'nt please you. Besides, this
 same Stool is somewhat of the lowest for a Man that
 has (12) new Breeches and a short Doublet. Sit you
 down, said *Gripe-men-all* again, and look that you don't
 make the Court bid you twice. Now, continued he, the
 Earth shall immediately open its Jaws, and swallow
 you up to quick Damnation, if you don't answer as you
 should.

C H A P. XII.

How Gripe-men-all propounded a Riddle to us.

WHEN we were fate, *Gripe-men-all* in the
 Middle of his Furr'd Cats, call'd to us in a
 hoarse dreadful Voice; Well, come on, give me
 presently—an Answer. Well, come on, mutter'd
Panurge between his Teeth, give, give me presently
 —a comforting Dram. Harken to the Court,
 continu'd *Gripe-men-all*.

A N E N I G M A.

A young tight Thing, as Fair as may be,
 Without a Dad conceiv'd a Baby;
 And brought him forth without the Pother
 In Labour made by teeming Mother.
 Yet the curs'd Brat fear'd not to *Gripe* her,
 But gnaw'd for haste, her Sides like Viper.
 Then the black Upstart boldly sallies,
 And walks and flies o'er Hills and Valleys.

(12) *New Breeches and a short Doublet.*] New Breeches are ge-
 nerally not very supple, which, together with a short Doublet,
 might make the Judges laugh at the Expence of a poor Wretch
 sitting upon a Stool so low as a Cricket.

Many

Many fantastick Sons of Wisdom,
 Amaz'd, foresaw their own in his Doom;
 And thought, like an old Grecian Noddy,
 A Human Spirit mov'd his Body.

E N I G M E.

*Une bien jeune et toute blondelette
 Conceut un fils Ethiopien sans pere;
 Puis l'enfanta sans douleur la tendrette,
 Quoy qu'il sortit come fait la vipere,
 L'ayant rongé, en moult grand vitupere,
 Tout l'un des Flancs pour son impatience;
 Depuis, passa monts & vaus en fiancé,
 Par l'Air volant, en terre cheminante;
 Tant qu'estonna l'amy de sapience,
 Qui l'estimoit estre humain animante.*

Give, me out of Hand——an Answer to this Riddle, quoth *Gripe-men-all*. Give, give me——leave to tell you, good, good, my Lord, answer'd *Panurge*, that (1) if I had but a *Sphynx* at Home, as *Verres*, one of your Precursors had, I might then solve your *Enigma* presently; but verily, good my Lord, I was not there; and, as I hope to be saved, am as *innocent* in the Matter as the Child unborn. Foh, give me——a better Answer, cry'd *Gripe-men-all*, or, by Gold, this shall not serve your Turn; I'll not be paid in such Coin: If you have nothing better to offer, I'll let your Rascalskip know, that it had been better for you to have fallen into *Lucifer's* own Clutches, than into ours. Dost thou see 'em here, Sirrah? ha? and dost thou prate here of thy being innocent, as if thou could'st be deliver'd from our Racks and Tortures for being so! Give me—Patience! thou Widgeon. Our Laws are like Cobwebs; your silly little Flies are stopt, caught, and de-

(1) *If I had but a Sphynx at Home.*] Alluding to the Fable of the *Sphynx*, inasmuch as that Fable gave *Tully* an Occasion to say a very good Thing by Way of Repartee to the Orator *Hortensius*, to whom *Verres* had made a Present of a large and rich Figure of that Monster, to engage him to undertake his Defence against *Tully*. See *Plutarch's Apophthegms*.

stroy'd therein, but your stronger ones break them, and force and carry them which Way they please. Likewise don't think we are so mad as to set up our Nets to snap up your great Robbers and Tyrants: No, they are somewhat too hard for us, there's no meddling with them; for they would make no more of us, than we make of the little ones: But you poultry, silly, innocent Wretches, must make us Amends; and, by Gold, we will (2) *innocentise* your Fopship with a Wannion, you never were so *innocentis'd* in your Days; (3) *the Devil shall sing Mass among ye.*

Friar

(2) *Innocentise.*] Allusion to a Custom with *Cotgrave* says the *Papists* have in *France* on *Childermas*, or *Innocents'-Day*, to jerk or flap with the Palm of the Hand the Backsides of all such young Persons as they can find in Bed, or others, whose Breech they may otherwise easily come at; nor is that Whipping, always, the *ne plus ultra* of this merry Custom, adds *M. Du Chat*, (who does not confine it to the *Papists* alone, as *Cotgrave* does.) *Marot*, in his Epigram on *Innocents'-Day*,

*Tres chere sœur, si je scavois où couche
Votre personne au jour des Innocents;
De bon matin je yrois à votre Couche
Voir ce gent Corps, que j'ayme entre cinq cens.
Adonc ma main (veu l'ardeur que je sens),
Ne se pourroit bonnement contenter
Sans vous toucher, tenir, taster, tenter.
Et si quelqu'ung survenoit d'aventure,
Semblant feroys de vous innocenter:
Seroit ce pas honnestre couverture?*

Which may run thus in *English*.

Knew I but where my Charmer meant to lay
Her pretty Person on th' approaching Day
Of *Innocents*, O how exceeding early
Wou'd I go visit Her I love so dearly!
Yes, gentle Conqueror of my Heart, I'd fly
With Wings of Love—not at your Feet to sigh,
But to touch, handle, feel thy Velvet-Skin:
And shou'd some Spoil-sport chance to enter in
To interrupt our Bliss, why let it be,
I wou'd make shew of *INNOCENTING* thee:
Who cou'd disprove so plausible a Plea?

}

(3) *The Devil shall sing Mass, &c.*] This Sentence is omitted in the former Translation, as also Multitudes of others, up and down,
for

Friar *John* hearing him run on at that mad Rate, had no longer the Power to remain silent, but cry'd to him, High dey ! Pr'y-thee, Mr. Devil in a Coif, wouldst thou have a Man tell thee more than he knows ? hasn't the Fellow told you he does not know a Word of the Business ? his Name's *Twyford*. A Plague rot you, won't Truth serve your Turns ? Why, how now, Mr. *Prate-a-pace*, (cry'd *Gripe-men-all*, taking him short) marry come up, who made You so sawcy as to open your Lips before you were spoken to ? Give me——Patience ! By Gold ! this is the first Time since I've reign'd, that any one has had the Impudence to speak before he was bidden. How came this mad Fellow to break loose ? (Villain, thou liest, said Friar *John*, without stirring his Lips.) Sirrah, Sirrah, continued *Gripe-men-all*, I doubt thou'lt have Business enough on thy Hands, when it comes to thy Turn to answer. (Damme, thou liest, said Friar *John*, silently.) Dost thou think, continu'd my Lord, thou'rt in the Wilderness of your foolish University, wrangling and bawling among the idle, wandering Searchers and Hunters after Truth ? By Gold we have here other Fish to fry, we go another-gat's Way to Work, that we do : By Gold, People here must give categorical Answers to what they don't know. By Gold, they must confess they have done those Things which they have not, nor ought to have done. By Gold they must protest that they know what they never knew in their Lives : And, after all, *Patience per Force* must be their only Remedy, as well as a Mad Dog's. Here silly Geese are pluck'd, yet cackle not. Sirrah, give me—an Account, whether you had a Letter of Attorney, or whether you were fee'd, or no, that you offer'd to bawl in another Man's Cause ? I see you had no Authority to speak, and I may chance to have you wed to something you won't like. Oh you

for want of being understood. *M. du Chat* says that *Grippeminaud* (*Gripe-men-all*), by Way of Opposition to what is customary at Mass, where no-body is forced to act the Part of a *Responder*, (i. e. make Responses) here calls by the Name of the *Devil's Mass* the Interrogatory which one that's accused is obliged to answer to, whether he is willing or no.

Devils.

Devils, cry'd Friar *John*, Proto-Devils, Panto-Devils, you would wed a Monk, would you? Ho, hu! ho, hu! A Heretick, a Heretick, I'll give thee out for a rank Heretick.

C H A P. XIII.

How Panurge solv'd Gripe-men-all's Riddle.

G*Ripe-men-all*, as if he had not heard what Friar *John* said, directed his Discourse to *Panurge*, saying to him, Well, what have you to say for yourself, Mr. *Rogue-enough*, hah? Give, give me out of Hand an Answer. Say! quoth *Panurge*, why what would you have me say? I say, that we are damnably beset, since you give no Heed at all to the Equity of the Plea, and the Devil sings among you; let this Answer serve for all, I beseech you, and let us go about our Business; I am no longer able to hold out, as God shall judge me.

Go to, go to, cry'd *Gripe-men-all*, When did you ever hear that for these 300 Years last past any Body ever got out of this Weal without leaving something of his behind him? No, no, get out of the Trap if you can, without losing Leather, Life, or at least some Hair, and you'll have done more than ever was done yet. For why, this would bring the Wisdom of the Court into Question, as if we had took you up for nothing, and dealt wrongfully by you. Well, by Hook or by Crook we must have something out of you. Look ye, 'tis a Folly to make a Rout for a Fart and Ado; one Word's as good as twenty; I have no more to say to thee, but that as thou likest thy former Entertainment, thou'lt tell me more of the next; for 'twill go ten times worse with thee, unless, by Gold, you give me—a Solution to the Riddle I propounded. Give, give,—give it, without any more Ado.

By Gold, quoth *Panurge*, 'tis a black Mite or Weevil, which is born of a white Bean, and sallies out at the Hole which he makes, gnawing it: the Mite being

ing turn'd into a Kind of Fly, sometimes walks and sometimes flies over Hills and Dales. Now *Pythagoras* the Greek Sage and his Sect, besides many others, wondering at his Birth in such a Place; (which makes some argue for equivocal Generation) thought that by a *Metempsychosis* the Body of that Insect was the Lodging of an Human Soul. Now were you *Men* here, after your welcome Death, according to his Opinion, your Souls would most certainly enter into the Body of Mites or Weevils; for as in your present State of Life you are good for nothing in the World, but to gnaw, bite, eat, and devour all Things; so in the next you'll e'en gnaw and devour your Mother's very Sides, as the Vipers do. Now, by Gold, I think I have fairly solv'd and resolv'd your Riddle.

May my Bauble be turned into a Nut-cracker, quoth Friar *John*, if I could not almost find in my Heart to wish that what comes out at my Bunghole were Beans, that these evil Weevils might feed as they deserve.

Panurge then without any more Ado, threw a large leathern Purse stuffed with Gold Crowns [*Escus au Soleil*] among them: The Furr'd Law-Cats no sooner heard the Jingling of the Chink, but they all began to bestir their Claws, like a Parcel of Fiddlers running a Division; and then fell to't, squimble squamble, catch that catch can. They all said aloud, These are the Fees, these are the Gloves; now this is somewhat like a Tansey: Oh, 'twas a pretty Trial, a sweet Trial, a dainty Trial. O' my Word they did not starve the Cause; these are none of your sniveling *Forma Pauperis's*: No, they are noble Clients, Gentlemen every Inch of them. By Gold, 'tis Gold, quoth *Panurge*, good old Gold, I'll assure you.

Saith *Gripe-men-all*, The Court upon a full Hearing, (of the Gold, quoth *Panurge*) and weighty Reasons given, finds the Prisoners *Not Guilty*; and accordingly orders 'em to be discharg'd out of Custody, paying their Fees. Now, Gentlemen, proceed, go forwards, said he to us; we have not so much of the Devil in us, as we have of his Hue; though we are Stout, we are Merciful.

As we came out at the *Wicket*, we were conducted to the Port by a Detachment of certain Highland Grifins, *scribere cum dasboes*, who advised us, before we came to our Ships, not to offer to leave the Place, till we had made the usual Presents, first to the Lady *Gripe-men-all*, then to all the Furr'd Law-Pusses; otherwise *we must return to the Place from whence we came*. Well, well, saith Friar *John*, we'll fumble in our Fobs, examine every one of us his Concern, and e'en give the Women their Due; we'll ne'er boggle or stick out on that Account; as we tickled the Men in the Palm, we'll tickle the Women in the right Place. Pray Gentlemen, added they, dont forget to leave somewhat behind you for us poor Devils to drink your Healths. O Lawd! never fear, answered Friar *John*, I don't remember that I ever went any where yet, where the poor Devils are not remembered and encouraged.

C H A P. XIV.

How the Furr'd Law-Cats live on Corruption.

FRIAR *John* had hardly said those Words, ere he perceived seventy-eight Gallies and Frigates just arriving at the Port. So he hied him thither to learn some News; and as he ask'd what Goods they had o'board, he soon found that their whole Cargo was Venison, Hares, Capons, Turkeys, Pigs, Swine, Bacon, Kids, Calves, Hens, Ducks, Teal, Geese, and other Poultry and Wild Fowl.

He also spy'd among these some Pieces of Velvet, Satin, and Damask. This made him ask the New-Comers, Whither, and to whom they were going to carry those dainty Goods? They answer'd that they were for *Gripe-men-all*, and the Furr'd Law-Cats.

Pray, ask'd he, what's the true Name of all these Things, in your Country Language? *Corruption*, they reply'd. If they live on Corruption, said the Friar, they'll

they'll perish with their Generation ; May the Devil be damn'd, I have it now : Their Fathers devour'd the good Gentlemen, who according to their State of Life, us'd to go much a Hunting and Hawking to be the better inur'd to Toil in Time of War ; for Hunting is an Image of a martial Life ; and *Xenophon* was much in the right on't, when he affirm'd that Hunting had yielded a great Number of excellent Warriors, as well as the *Trojan Horse*. For my Part, I am no Scholar, I have it but by Hearsay. Yet I believe it. Now the Souls of those brave Fellows, according to *Gripe-men-all's* Riddle, after their Decease, enter into Wild Boars, Stags, Roe-Bucks, Herons, and such other Creatures, which they lov'd, and in Quest of which they went while they were Men ; and these Furr'd Law-cats having first destroy'd and devour'd their Castles, Lands, Demesnes, Possessions, Rents, and Revenues, are still seeking to have their Blood and Soul in another Life. What an honest Fellow was that same Mumper who had forwarned us of all these Things, and bid us take notice of the *Mangers* above the *Racks* !

But, said *Panurge*, to the new Comers, How do you come by all this Venison ? Methinks the Great King has issued out a Proclamation strictly inhibiting the destroying of Stags, Does, Wild Boars, Roe-Bucks, or other Royal-Game, on Pain of Death. All this is true enough, answer'd one for the rest : But the Great King is so good and gracious, you must know, and these Furr'd Law-cats so curst and cruel, so mad and thirsting after Christian Blood, that we have less Cause to fear in trespassing against that Mighty Sovereign's Commands, than Reason to hope to live, if we do not continually stop the Mouths of these Furr'd Law-cats with such Bribes and Corruption. Besides, added he, to-morrow *Gripe-men-all* marries a Furr'd Law-Puss of his to a high and mighty Double-furr'd Law-Tibert. Formerly we us'd to call them *Chop Hay* ; but alas, they are not such clean Creatures now as to eat any, or chew the Cud. We call them Chop-Hares, Chop-Partridges, Chop-Woodcocks, Chop-Pheasants, Chop-Pullets, Chop-Venison, Chop-Conies, Chop-Pigs ; for they scorn to feed on coarser Meat. A T——d for their
Chops,

Chops, cry'd Friar *John*, next Year we'll have 'em call'd Chop-Dung, Chop-Stront, Chop-Filth.

Would you take my Advice, added he to the Company? What is it, answer'd we? Let's do two Things, return'd he: First, let's secure all this Venison and Wild Fowl, (I mean paying well for them:) For my Part, I am but too much tired already, with our Salt-meat, it heats my Flanks so horribly; in the next Place, let's go back to the Wicket, and destroy all these devilish Furr'd Law-Cats. For my Part, quoth *Panurge*, I know better Things; catch me there, and hang me; No, I am somewhat more inclin'd to be Fearful than Bold, I love to sleep in a whole Skin.

CHAP. XV.

How Friar John talks of rooting out the Furr'd Law-cats.

VERTUE of the Frock, quoth Friar *John*, what kind of Voyage are we making? A shitten one, o' my Word; the Devil of any Thing *we do*, but fizzling, farting, funking, squattering, dozing, raving, and *doing nothing*. Odds Belly, 'tis not in my Nature to lie idle, I mortally hate it; unless I am doing some Heroic Deed every Foot, I can't sleep one Wink o' Nights. Damn it, did you then take me along with you for your Chaplain, to sing Mass and thrive you? By *Maundy-Thursd*ay, the first of ye all that comes to me on such an Account shall be fitted; for the only Penance I'll enjoin shall be, that he immediately throw himself headlong overboard into the Sea, like a base cow-hearted Son of ten Fathers; this in Deduction of the Pains of Purgatory.

What made *Hercules* such a famous Fellow, d'ye think? Nothing, but that while he travell'd, he still made it his Business to rid the World of Tyrannies, Errors, Dangers, and Drudgeries; he still put to Death all Robbers, all Monsters, all venomous Serpents, and hurtful Creatures. Why then do we not follow his Ex-
amp'le,

ample, doing as he did in the Countries through which we pass? He destroy'd the *Stymphalides*, the *Lernaean Hydra*, *Cacus*, *Antheus*, the *Centraurs*, and what not; I am no *Clericus*; those that are such tell me so.

In imitation of that noble By-blow, let's destroy and root out these wicked Furr'd Law-cats, that are a Kind of ravenous Devils; thus we shall remove all Manner of Tyranny out of the Land. *Mawmet's* Tutor swallow me Body and Soul, Tripes and Guts, if I would stay to ask your Help or Advice in the Matter, were I but as strong as he was. Come, he that would be thought a Gentlemen, let him storm a Town: Well then, shall we go? I dare swear we'll do their Business for them with a wet Finger; they'll bear it, never fear; since they could swallow down more foul Language that came from us, that ten Sows and their Babies could swill Hogwash. Damn 'em, they don't value all the ill Words, or Dishonour in the World, at a Rush, so they but get the Coin into their Purses, though they were to have it in a shitten Clout. Come, we may chance to kill 'em all, as *Hercules* would have done, had they liv'd in his Time. We only want to be set to work by another *Eurystheus*, and nothing else for the present; unless it be what I heartily wish them, That *Jupiter* may give them a short Visit, only some two or three Hours long, and walk among their Lordships in the (1) same Equipage that attended him when he came last to his Miss *Semele*, jolly *Bacchus's* Mother.

'Tis a very great Mercy, quoth *Panurge*, that you have got out of their Clutches; for my Part, I have no Stomach to go there again; I'm hardly come to myself yet, so fear'd and appall'd I was; my Hair still stands up an End when I think on't; and most damnably troubled I was there, for three very weighty Reasons. First, because I was troubled. Secondly, because I was troubled. Thirdly and lastly, because I was troubled. Harken to me a little on the right Side, Friar *John*; my left Cod, since thou'lt not hear at the other: Whenever the Maggot bites thee, to take a Journey down to Hell, and visit the Tribunal of

(1) Same Equipage.] Arm'd with Thunder and Lightning,

Minos, Æacus, Rbadamanthus, and Dis, do but tell me, and I'll be sure to bear thee Company, and never leave thee, as long as my Name's *Panurge*, but will wade over *Acheron, Styx*, and *Cocytus*, drink whole Bumpers of *Lethe's* Water, (though I mortally hate that Element) and even pay thy Passage to that bawling, cross-grain'd Ferryman *Charon*. But as for the damn'd *Wicket*, if thou art so weary of thy Life as to go thither again, thou may'st e'en look for somebody else to bear thee Company; for I'll not move one Step that Way; e'en rest satisfied with this positive Answer. By my Good Will, I'll not stir a Foot to go thither as long as I live, any more than *Calpe* will come over to *Abyla*. [*Calpe is a Mountain in Spain, that faces another call'd Abyla, in Mauritania, both said to have been sever'd by Hercules.*] Was *Ulysses* so mad as to go back into the *Cyclops's* Cave to fetch his Sword? No, marry was 'he not. Now, I have left nothing behind me at the *Wicket* through Forgetfulness, why then should I think of going thither?

Well, quoth Friar *John*, as good sit still as rise up and fall; what can't be cur'd, must be endur'd. But pr'ythee, let's hear one another speak in Turn. Come, wert thou not a wise Doctor, to fling away a whole Purse of Gold on those mangy Scoundrels? Ha? A Squinzy choak thee, we were too rich, were we? Had it not been enough to have thrown the Hell-hounds a few cropt Pieces of white Cash?

How could I help it, return'd *Panurge*? Did you not see how *Gripe-men-all* held his gaping Velvet Pouch, and every Moment roar'd and bellow'd, *By Gold, give me out of Hand; By Gold, give, give, give me presently*. Now, thought I to myself, we shall never come off scotfree; I'll e'en stop their Mouths with Gold, that the *Wicket* may be open'd, and we may get out: the sooner the better. And I judg'd that lousy Silver would not do the Business; for, d'ye see, Velvet Pouches don't use to gape for little paltry clipt Silver and small Cash: No, they are made for Gold, my Friend *John*, that they are, my dainty Cod. Ah! when thou hast been larded, basted, and roasted, as I was, thou'lt hardly talk at this Rate, I doubt. But now what's to be done?—We are enjoin'd by them to go for-Wards.

The

The scabby Slabberdegulions still waited for us at the Port, expecting to be greas'd in the Fists as well as their Masters. Now, when they perceived that we were ready to put to Sea, they came to Friar *John*, and begg'd that we would not forget to gratify the Apparitors before we went off, according to the Assessment for the Fees at our Discharge. Hell and Damnation, cry'd Friar *John*, are you here still, ye Blood-hounds, ye citing, scribbling Imps of Satan? Rot you, am I not vexed enough already, but you must have the Impudence to come and plague me, ye scurvy Fly-catchers you? By Cob's Body I'll gratify your Russianships, as you deserve; I'll *apparitorize* you presently, with a Wannon, that I will. With this he lugg'd out his flashing Cutlafs, and, in a mighty Heat, came out of the Ship, to cut the coufining Varlets into Steaks; but they scamper'd away, and got out of Sight in a Trice.

However, there was somewhat more to do; for some of our Sailors, having got leave of *Pantagruel* to go ashore, while we were had before *Gripe-men-all*, had been at a Tavern near the Haven to make much of themselves, and roar it, as Seamen will do when they come into some Port. Now I don't know whether they had paid their Reckoning to the full, or no; but, however it was, an old fat Hostess meeting Friar *John* on the Quay, was making a woeful Complaint, before a Serjeant, Son-in-Law to one of the Furr'd Law-cats, and a Brace of Bums, his Assistants.

The Friar, who did not much care to be tir'd with their impertinent prating, said to them, Harkee me, ye lubberly Gnat-snappers, Do you presume to say that our Seamen are not honest Men? I'll maintain they are, ye Dotterels, and will prove it to your brazen Faces, by *Justice*; I mean this trusty Piece of cold Iron by my Side; with this he lugg'd it out, and flourish'd with it. The forlorn Lobcocks soon shew'd him their Backs, betaking themselves to their Heels: But the old fusty Landlady kept her Ground, swearing like any Butter-whore, that the Tarpaw-lins were very honest Cods; but that they only forgot to pay for the Bed on which they had lain after Dinner; and she ask'd Five-pence *French Money*

for the said Bed. May I never sup, said the Friar, if it be not dog-cheap; they are sorry Guests, and unkind Customers, that they are; they don't know when they have a Pennyworth, and will not always meet with such Bargains: Come, I myself will pay you the Money, but I would willingly see it first.

The Hostess immediately took him home with her, and shew'd him the Bed; and having prais'd it for its good *Qualifications*, said, that she thought, as Times went, she was not out of the Way, in asking Five-pence for't. Friar John then gave her the Five-pence, and she no sooner turn'd her Back, but he presently began to rip up the Ticking of the Feather-Bed and Bolster, and throw'd all the Feathers out at the Window. In the mean Time the old Hag came down, and roar'd out for Help, crying out Murder, to set all the Neighbourhood in an Uproar. Yet she also fell to gathering the Feathers that flew up and down in the Air, being scatter'd by the Wind. Friar John let her bawl on, and without any further Ado marched off with the Blanket, Quilt, and both the Sheets, which he brought aboard undiscovered; for the Air was darken'd with the Feathers, as it uses sometimes to be with Snow. He gave them away to the Sailors, then said to *Pantagruel*, that Beds were much cheaper at that Place than in *Chinnois*, though we have there the famous Geese of *Pautilé*; for the old Beldam had ask'd him but Five-pence for a Bed, which in *Chinnois* had been worth above twelve *Francs*. As soon as Friar John and the rest of the Company were embark'd, *Pantagruel* set sail. But there arose a South-east Wind, which blew so vehemently they lost their Way, and in a Manner going back to the Country of the Furr'd Law-Cuts, they entered into a huge Gulph, where the Sea ran so high and terrible, that the Ship-boy on the Top of the Mast cry'd out, he again saw the Habitation of Gripe-men-all; upon which Panurge, frighten'd almost out of his Wits, roar'd out, Dear Master, in spite of the Winds and Waves, change your Course, and turn the Ship's Head about: O my Friend, let's come no more into that cursed Country where I left my Purse. So the Wind carry'd them near an Island, where, how-
ever,

ever, they did not dare at first to land, but entered about a Mile off.

CHAP. XVI. (1)

How Pantagruel came to the Island of the (2) Apedefts or Ignoramus's, with long Claws and crooked Paws, and of terrible Adventures and Monsters there.

AS soon as we had cast Anchor, and had moor'd the Ship, the Pinnace was put over the Ship's Side, and mann'd by the Coxswain's Crew. When the good *Pantagruel* had pray'd publicly, and given Thanks to the Lord that had delivered him from so great a Danger, he stept into the Pinnace with his whole Company, to go on Shore, which was no Ways difficult to do; for as the Sea was calm and the Winds laid, they soon got to the Cliffs. When they were set on Shore, *Epistemon*, who was admiring the Situation of the Place, and the strange Shape of the Rocks, discover'd some of the Natives. The first he met, had on a short Purple Gown, a Doublet cut in Panes, like a *Spanish*-Leather Jerkin; Half-sleeves of Satin, and the upper Part of them Leather; a

(1) It is in this Place, immediately after the 15th Chapter, that this of the Apedefts should come in, and not after Chap. VI. as it used to be put by Mistake, in all the Editions in *French*, (as well as in the former *English* Translation of *Rabelais*.) See this demonstrated in the Notes of *M. Du C.* who likewise hath added to the preceding Chapter about twenty Lines of his own, which you see above in *Italic*, to join it with this by a rational Connection, and so pave the Way for this Chapter of the Apedefts.

(2) *Apedefts.*] ἀπαιδευτοι, unlettered. The Gentlemen of one Branch of the Exchequer, (*Chambre des Comptes*) are call'd *Apedefts*, by the Author, because, as he says lower, there was no Occasion to be graduated (any great Scholars) to exercise those Offices.

Coif like a black Pot tipp'd with Tin ; he was a good likely Sort of a Body, and his Name, as we heard afterwards, was *Double-fee*. *Epistemon* ask'd him, How they call'd those strange craggy Rocks and deep Vallies ? He told them it was a Colony, brought out of *Attorney-Land*, and call'd *Process* ; and that if we forded the River somewhat further beyond the Rocks, we should come into the Island of the *Apedests*. By the sacred Memory of the *Decretals*, said Friar *John*, tell us, I pray you, what you honest Men here live on ? Could not a Man take a chirping Bottle with you, to taste your Wine ? I can see nothing among you, but Parchment, Inkhorns, and Pens. We live on nothing else, return'd *Double-fee* ; and all who live in this Place must come through my Hands. How, quoth *Panurge*, are you a Shaver then ? do you fleece 'em ? Ay, ay, their Purse, answer'd *Double-fee*, nothing else. By the Foot of *Pharoah*, cry'd *Panurge*, the De'el a Sous you'll get of me. However, sweet Sir, be so kind as to show an honest Man the Way to those *Apedests*, or ignorant People, for I come from the Land of the Learned, where I did not learn over much.

Still talking on, they got to the Island of the *Apedests*, for they were soon got over the Ford. *Pantagruel* was not a little taken up with admiring the Structure and Habitation of the People of the Place. For they live in a swinging Wine-Press, fifty Steps up to it ; you must know there are some of all Sorts, little, great, private, middle-siz'd, and so forth. You go through a large *Peristyle*, alias a long Entry set about with Pillars, in which you see, in a Kind of Landskip, the Ruins of almost the whole World ; besides so many (3) Gibbets for great Robbers, so many Gallows and Racks, that 'tis enough to fright you out of your seven Senses.

(3) *Gibbets for great Rogues or Robbers.* *Potences de grands Larçons.* The Author distinguishes between Gallows and Gibbets : These last he calls *Potences*, to hang the *Potentes*, the Great Robbers upon. It is a good Pun enough upon the Word *Potence*, the common Word for a Gallows, deriv'd, I suppose, from *Poteau*, a Post, tho' *Rabelais* ludicrously derives it a *Potentibus*.

Double-

Double-fee perceiving that *Pantagruel* was taken up with contemplating those Things, Let us go further, Sir, said he to him, all this is nothing yet. Nothing, quotha! cry'd Friar *John*; By the Soul of my overheated Cod-piece, Friend *Panurge* and I here shake and quiver for mere Hunger. I had rather be drinking, than staring on these Ruins. Pray come along, Sir, said *Double-fee*. He then led us into a little Wine-Prefs that lay backwards in a blind Corner, and was call'd *Pithies* in the Language of the Country. You need not ask whether Master *John* and *Panurge* made much of their sweet selves there; 'tis enough that I tell you, there was no want of (4) *Bolonia* Sausages, Turkey Poots, Capons, Bustards, Malmesy-Wine, and all other Sorts of good Belly-timber, very well drest.

A pimping Son of ten Fathers, who, for want of a better, did the Office of a Butler, seeing that Friar *John* had cast a Sheep's-eye at a choice Bottle that stood near a Cup-board by itself, at some Distance from the rest of the *Bottellic* Magazine, like a Jack-in-an-Office, said to *Pantagruel*, Sir, I perceive that one of your Men here is making Love to this Bottle; he ogles it, and would fain carefs it; but I beg that none offer to meddle with it; for 'tis reserv'd for their Worships. How, cry'd *Panurge*, there are some Grandees here then, I see: 'Tis Vintage Time with you, I perceive.

Then *Double-fee* led up to a private Stair-case, and shew'd us into a Room, whence, without being seen, out at a Loop-hole, we could see their Worships in the great Wine-Prefs, where none could be admitted without their Leave. Their Worships, as he call'd them, were about a Score of fusty Crack-ropes and Gallow-clappers, or rather more, (5) all posted before a Bar, and staring

(4) *Bolonia Sausages.*] *Milan Sausages*, in the Original.

(5) *All posted before a Bar.*] It should be round a great green-cover'd Table (not a Bar.) Bureau, not Barreau: Rabelais, in his merry way, spells Bureau, Bourreau, which signifies the Common Hangman, alluding to what he call'd them just before, Crack-ropes, &c.

at each other, like so many dead Pigs: Their Paws (Hands) were as long as a Crane's Leg, and their Claws (Nails) four and twenty Inches long at least; for you must know, they are injoin'd never to pare off the least Chip of them, so that they grow as crooked as a *Welch* Hook, or (6) a Hedging-bill.

We saw a swinging Bunch of Grapes that are gather'd and squeez'd in that Country, brought in by them. As soon as it was laid down, they clapp'd it into the Press, and there was not a Bit of it out of which each of them did not squeeze some Oil of Gold. Infomuch that the poor Grape was tried with a Witness, and brought off so drain'd and pick'd, and so dry, that there was not the least Moisture, Juice, or Substance left in it; for they had prest out its very Quintessence.

Double-fee told us, they had not often such huge Bunches, but, let the worst come to the worst, they were sure never to be without others in their Press. But hark you me, Master of mine, ask'd *Panurge*, Have they not some of different Growth? Ay marry have they, quoth *Double-fee*; do you see here this little Bunch, to which they are going to give t'other Wrench; 'tis of Tythe-growth, you must know! they crush'd, wrung, squeez'd and strain'd out the very Heart's Blood of it but t'other Day, but it did not bleed freely; the Oil came hard, and smelt of the (7) Priest's Chest; so that they found there was not much Good to be got out of it. Why then, said *Pantagruel*, do they put it again into the Press? Only, answer'd *Double-fee*, for fear there should still lurk some Juice among the Husks, and Hullings, in the Mother of the Grape. The Devil be damn'd, cry'd Friar *John*, do you call these same Folks illiterate Lobcocks, and Dunfical Doddipoles? May I be broil'd like a Red Herring if I dont think they are

(6) *A Hedging-Bill.*] In the Original, *Rivereau*, a Boat-Fork; not a Hedging-Bill. It is call'd *Rivereau*, from its being us'd by the Watermen on the River (*Loire*.) It's a Pole, *Cotgrave* says, with a Fork of Iron at the End, wherewith Watermen set forward their Boats when they don't row.

(7) *Priest's Chest.*] Musty, because a Priest keeps Things as long as ever he can, and gives away as little as possible.

wise enough to skin a Flint, and draw Oil out of a Brick-wall. So they are, said *Double-fee*, for they sometimes put Castles, Parks, and Forests into the Press, and out of them all extract *Aurum Potabile*. You mean *Portabile*, I suppose, cry'd *Epistemon*, such as may be borne. I mean as I said, replied *Double-fee*, *Potabile*, such as may be drunk ; for it makes them drink many a good Bottle more than otherwise they should.

But I cannot better satisfy you as to the Growths of the Vine Tree Syrup that is here squeezed out of Grapes, than in desiring you to look yourself yonder in that Back-yard, where you'll see above a thousand different Growths, that lie waiting to be squeezed every Moment. Here are some of the public, and some of the private Growths ; some of the Fortifications, Loans, Gifts and Gratuities, Escheats, Forfeitures, Fines and Recoveries, Penal Statutes, Crown Lands and Demesne, Privy-Purse, Post-Offices, Offerings, Lordships of Manors, and a World of other Growths, for which we want Names. Pray, quoth *Epistemon*, tell me of what Growth is that great one, with all these little *Grapelings* about it. Oh, oh ! returned *Double-fee*, that plump one is of the Treasury, the very best Growth in the whole Country ; whenever any one of that Growth is squeez'd, there is not one of their Worships but gets Juice enough out of it to soak his Nose six Months together. When their Worships were up, *Pantagruel* desired *Double-fee* to take us into that great Wine-Press, which he readily did. As soon as we were in, *Epistemon*, who understood all Sorts of Tongues, began to shew us many Devices on the Press, which was large and fine, and made of the (8) Wood of the Cross (at least *Double-fee* told us so.) On each Part of it were Names of every Thing in the Language of the Country. The Spindle of the Press was call'd *Receipt* ; the Trough, *Costs and Damages* ; the Hole for the Vice Pin, *State* ; the Side-boards, *Money paid into the Office* ; the great Beam, *Respite of Homage* ; the Branches,

(1) *Wood of the Cross.*] The Effects of such as had been hang'd ; *Crux* signifying a *Gallows* as well as a *Cross*.

Radietur; the Side-beams, (9) *Recuperetur*; (10) the Fats, *Ignoramus*; the two handled Baskets, the *Rolls*; the Trading Place, *Acquittance*; the Doffers, *Validation*; the Panniers *Authentic Decrees*; the Pails, *Potentials* the Funnel, *Quietus est*.

(11) By the Queen of the Chitterlings, quoth *Panurge*, all the Hieroglyphics of *Egypt* are mine A—— to this *Jargon*. Why! here's a Parcel of Words full as analogous as Chalk and Cheese, or a Cat and a Cartwheel; but why, pr'ythee, dear *Double-fee*, do they call these Worshipful Dons of yours ignorant Fellows? Only, said *Double-fee*, because they neither are, or ought to be Clerks, and all must be ignorant as to what they transact here; nor is there to be any other Reason given, but, *The Court hath said it; the Court will have it so; the Court has decreed it*. Cop's Body, quoth *Pantagruel*, they might full as well have called 'em *Necessity*; for *Necessity has no Law*.

From thence, as he was leading us to see a thousand little puny Presses, we spied another paltry Bar, about which sat four or five ignorant waspish Churls, of so testy, fuming a Temper, like an Ass with Squibs and Crackers tied to its Tail, and so ready to take Pepper in the Nose for Yea and Nay, that a Dog would not have liv'd with 'em. They were hard at it, with the Lees and Dregs of the Grapes, which they griped over and over again, Might and Main, with their clinch'd Fists. They were called *Contractors*, in the Language of the Country. These are the ugliest, mishapen, grim-look'd.

(9) *Recuperetur*.] In the Chamber of Accompts this is a Term for annulling any Gift the King shou'd make of an excessive Sum, without just Cause, or having been first examin'd into by the Chamber. See *Bodin. Repub. & Jur. des Ursins, Hist. Gba. VI.* on the Year 1389.

(10) *The Fats, or rather Vats, Ignoramus*.] So Mr. *M.* wittily translates it; for he professes he knew not what the Original *Plus-valeur* meant. Nor indeed, can I find out by any Books, what it shou'd mean.

(11) *By the Queen of Chitterlings*.] The Idol *Niphselth*, by whose Name the Author calls the Queen of Chitterlings, was herself an Hieroglyphic.

Scrubs,

Scrubs, said Friar *John*, that ever were beheld with or without Spectacles. Then we pass'd by an infinite Number of little pimping Wine-presses, all full of Vintage Mongers, who were pecking, examining, and raking the Grapes with some Instruments, call'd *Bills of Charge*.

Finally, We came into a Hall down Stairs, where we saw an overgrown curst mangy Cur, with a Pair of Heads, a Wolf's Belly, and Claws like the Devil of Hell. The Son of a Bitch was fed with *Costs*; for he lived on a *Multiplicity of fine* (12) *Amonds*, and Amerciaments, by Order of their Worships, to each of whom the Monster was worth more than the best Farm in the Land. In their Tongue of Ignorance they call'd him *Twofold*. His Dam lay by him, and her Hair and Shape was like her Whelp's; only she had four Heads, two Male and two Female, and her Name was *Fourfold*. She was certainly the most curs'd and dangerous Creature of the Place, except her Grandam, which we saw, and had been kept lock'd up in a Dungeon, Time out of Mind, and her Name was *Refusing of Fees*.

Friar *John*, who had always twenty Yards of Gut ready empty, to swallow a Gallimaufry of Lawyers, began to be somewhat out of Humour, and desired *Pantagruel* to remember he had not din'd, and bring *Double-fee* along with him. So away we went, and as we march'd out at the Back-gate, whom should we meet but an old Piece of Mortality in Chains; he was half Ignorant, and half Learned, like an (13) *Hermaphrodite of Satan*. The Fellow was all (14) *caparison'd* with Spectacles, as a Tortoise is with Shells, and liv'd on nothing but a Sort of Food, which, in their Gibberish, was call'd *Appeals*. *Pantagruel* ask'd *Double-fee*, of what Breed was that Prothonotary, and what Name

(12) *Amonds*, &c.] A Quibble upon the Word *Amende*, (*A Mulet* or *Fine*, in French) and *Amonds* to eat.

(13) *An Hermaphrodite of Satan.*] In Matter of Law-Suits a very Devil; in other Things a very Dunce in Name and Nature.

(14) *Caparison'd with Spectacles.*] The Functions of his Office consisted entirely in revising the Process.

they gave him? *Double-fee* told us, that Time out of Mind, he had been kept there in Chains, (15) to the great Grief of their Worships, who starv'd him, and his Name was *Review*. By the Pope's sanctified two-pounders, cry'd Friar *John*, I don't much wonder at the meagre Cheer which this old Chuff finds among their Worships. Do but look a little on the weather-beaten Scratch-toby, Friend *Panurge*; by the sacred Tip of my Cowl, I'll lay five Pounds to a Hazle Nut, the foul Thief has the very Looks of *Gripe-men-all*. These same Fellows, here, ignorant as they be, are as sharp and knowing as other Folk. But were it my Case, I'd send him packing with a Squib in his Breech, like a Rogue as he is. By my (16) Oriental *Barnicles*, quoth *Panurge*, honest Friar, thou art in the Right; for if we but examine that treacherous *Review*'s ill favour'd Phiz, we find that the filthy Snudge is yet more mischievous and ignorant, than these *Ignorant* Wretches here; since they (honest Dunces) grapple and gleam with as little Harm and Pother as they can, without any long Fiddle-come-farts, or tantalizing in the Case; nor to they dally and demur in your Suit, but in two or three Words, whip stitch in a Trice, they finish the Vintage of the Close, bating you all these damn'd tedious Interlocutories, Examinations and Appointments, which frets to the Heart's Blood your *Furr'd Law-Cats*.

(15) *To the great Grief of their Worships.*] It should be to HIS great Grief BY their Worships, who had taken from him great Part of the Fines, which he claim'd as his Dues, to subsist on.

(16) *Oriental Barnicles.*] *Oriental Spectacles*, *Lunettes* is French for a Pair of Spectacles. The Turks, who are Orientals to us, have the Moon (*Lune*) for the Symbol of their Empire. *Rabelais* quibbles on the Words *Lune* and *Lunettes*, *Moon* and *Spectacles*; a Pun not capable of being preserv'd in *English*, perhaps not worthy of it.

C H A P. XVII.

*How we went forwards, and how Panurge had like
to have been kill'd.*

WE put to Sea that very Moment, steering our Course forwards, and gave *Pantagruel* a full Account of our Adventures; which so deeply struck him with Compassion, that he wrote some Elegies on that Subject, to divert himself during the Voyage. When we were safe in the Port, we took some Refreshment, and took in fresh Water and Wood. The People of the Place, who had the Countenance of jolly Fellows, and boon Companions, were all of them Forward Folks, bloated and puffed up with Fat; and we saw some who flasht and pinkt their Skins, to open a Passage to the Fat, that it might swell out at the Slits and Gashes which they made: Neither more or less than the Shit-breech Fellows in our Country bepinkt and cut open their Breeches, that the Taffety on the Inside may stand out and be puffed up. They said, that what they did was not out of Pride or Ostentation, but because otherwise their Skins would not hold them without much Pain. Having thus flasht their Skin, they used to grow much bigger, like the young Trees, on whose Barks the Gardeners make Incisions, that they may grow the better.

Near the Haven there was a Tavern, which *forwards* seem'd very fine and stately: We repair'd thither, and found it fill'd with People of the forward Nation, of all Ages, Sexes, and Conditions; so that we thought some notable Feast or other was getting ready: But we were told that all the Throng were invited to the Bursting of mine Host, which caus'd all his Friends and Relations to hasten thither.

We did not understand that Jargon, and therefore thought that in that Country, by that Bursting they
meant

meant some Merry-meeting or other, as we do in ours, by Betrothing, Wedding, Groaning, Christening, Churching [*of Women*] Shearing [*of Sheep*] Reaping [*of Corn*, or Harvest-Home] and many other Junketing Bouts that end in *ing*. But we soon heard that there was no such Matter in Hand.

The Master of the House, you must know, had been a Good-Fellow in his Time, lov'd heartily to wind up his Bottom, to bang the Pitcher, and lick his Dish; he us'd to be a very fair Swallower of Gravy-Soup, (1) a notable Accountant in Matter of Hours; and his whole Life was one continual Dinner, like mine Host at *Rouillac*, [*in Perigord*.] But now having farted out much Fat for ten Years together, according to the Custom of the Country, he was drawing towards the bursting Hour; for neither the Inner thin Kell (Cawl) wherewith the Intrails are covered, nor his Skin that hath been jagg'd and mangled so many Years, were able to hold and enclose his Guts any longer, or hinder them from forcing their Way out. Pray, quoth *Panurge*, is there no Remedy, no Help, for the poor Man, good People? Why don't you swaddle him round with good tight Girts, or secure his natural Tub with a strong Sorb-apple-tree Hoop? Nay, Why don't you Iron-bind him, if needs be? This would keep the Man from flying out and bursting. The Word was not yet out of his Mouth, when we heard something give a loud Report, as if a huge sturdy Oak had been split in two; then some of the Neighbours told us, that the Bursting was over, and that the Clap, or Crack, which we heard, was the last Fart: And so there was an End of mine Host.

(1) *A notable Accountant in Matter of Hours.*] So they call in *Poitou* any great Talker, who, when he has no more Tales to tell, will count the Hours, when the Clock strikes, and that aloud, though others hear the Clock as well as he: But in this Place it also means a Smell-feast, a gormandizing Hanger-on, a guttling Spunger, who, that he may'nt slip the critical Minute when People use to dine, counts the Hours, nay, the Quarters of every Clock that strikes, and that with the utmost Exactness.

This

This made me call to mind a Saying of the venerable (2) Abbot of *Castilliers*, the very same, who never cared to hump his Chamber-maids, but when he was (3) in *Pontificalibus*. That pious Person, being much dunn'd, teiz'd and importuned by his Relations to resign his Abbey in his old Age, said and professed, That he would not strip till he was ready to go to Bed: And that the *last Fart* which his Reverend Paternity was to utter, should be the *Fart of an Abbot*.

C H A P. XVIII.

How our Ships were stranded, and we were reliev'd by some People that were Subject to Queen Whims [qui tenoient de la Quinte.]

WE weighed and set sail with a merry westerly Gale, when about seven Leagues off [twenty two Miles] some Gusts, or Scuds of Wind, suddenly arose, and the Wind veering and shifting from Point to Point, was, as they say, like an old Woman's Breech, at no Certainty; so we first got our Starboard Tacks aboard, and haul'd off our Lee-Sheets. Then the Gusts encreased, and by Fits blowed all at once from several Quarters; yet we neither settled nor braded up close

our

(2) *Abbot of Castilliers.*] See for this *Vigneul-Mauxille*, his *Miscellanies*, Vol. 3. p. 247. Rotterdam Edition.

(3) *But when he was in Pontificalibus.*] Gravity might have some Share in this proud Prelate's Scrupulousness; but that which doubtless contributed most to it was, that if in any of these lewd Actions he should be caught in a short Habit, the secular Judge might proceed against him. *Ant. Rubensfadius to M. Ort. Gratius*, Part I. of the Epistles. *Obsc. viror. Qualem te invenio, talem te judico... Et quando Presbyter reperitur in aliquo indecenti opere, & non est vestitus sicut*

our Sails, but only let fly the Sheets, not to go against the Master of the Ship's Direction; and thus having let go amain, lest we should spend our Topfails, or the Ship's Quick-side should lie in the Water, and she be overfet, we lay by and run adrift, that is, in a Land-loper's Phrase, we temporis'd it. For he assured us, that, as these Gusts and Whirlwinds would not do us much Good, so they could not do us much Harm, considering their Easiness and pleasant Strife, as also the Clearness of the Sky, and Calmness of the Current. So that we were to observe the Philosopher's Rule, *Bear and Forbear*: That is, Trim, or go according to the Time.

However, these Whirlwinds and Gusts lasted so long, that we persuaded the Master to let us go and lie at Trewith our main Course; that is, to haul the Tack aboard, the Sheet close-aft, the Bowline set up, and the Helm tied close aboard; so after a stormy Gale of Wind we broke through the Whirlwind, but 'twas like falling into *Scylla* to avoid *Charybdis*, [out of the Frying-pan into the Fire.] For we had not sail'd a League, ere our Ships were stranded upon some Sands, such as are the Flats of St. *Maixant*.

All our Company seem'd mightily disturbed, except Friar *John*, who was not a Jot daunted, and with sweet Sugar-plum Words comforted now one, and then another, giving them Hopes of speedy Assistance from Above, and telling them that he had seen *Castor* at the Main-yard-arm. Oh! that I were but now ashore, cry'd *Panurge*, that's all I wish for myself (at present) and that you, who like the Sea so well, had each Man

sicut Sacerdos esse debet, sed habitu seculari, tunc Judex secularis potest eum habere & tractare pro homine seculari, & afficere eum poena corporali, non obstantibus Privilegiis Clericorum.

N. B. Rabelais assigns none but Chamber-maids to the Abbot, because, as is observ'd by *Verville*, in Ch. 10. of his *Moyen de Parvenir*, *Servant-maids* is the Appellative of such as serve plain honest Lay-men; but *Chamber-maids* live with Priests or Canons, to minister to all their Wants.

of

of you two hundred thousand Crowns! (1) I would fairly let you set up Shop on these Sands, and would get a fat Calf dress'd, and a hundred of Faggots, [*i. e. Bottles of Wine*, says Mr. M.] cool'd for you against you come ashore. I freely consent never to mount a Wife, so you but set me ashore, and mount me on a Horse that I may go Home; no Matter for a Servant, I'll be content to serve myself; I am never better treated than when I'm without a Man. Faith old *Plautus* was in the Right on't when he said, the more Servants the more Crosses; for such they are, even supposing they could want what they all have but too much of, a Tongue, that most busy, dangerous and (2) pernicious Member of Servants; accordingly 'twas for their Sakes alone, that the Racks and Tortures for Confession were invented; though some Foreign Civilians in our Time have drawn alogical and unreasonable Consequences from it.

That very Moment was spy'd a Sail that made towards us; when it was close by us, we soon knew what was the Lading of the Ship, and who was aboard of her. She was full freighted with Drums: I was acquainted with many of the Passengers that came in her, who were most of 'em of good Families; among the rest *Harry Cottiral*, the Chymist, an old Toast, who had got a swinging Ass's Touchtripe (*Penis*) fasten'd to his Waist, as the Good Women's Beads are to their Girdle. In his Left-Hand he held an old overgrown greasy foul Cap, such as your scald-pated Fellows wear, and in the Right a huge Cabbage-Stump.

(1) *I would fairly, &c.*] *Rabelais's* Words will by no Means bear this Construction: *Je vous mettrois un veau en meüz, & rafraicherois un cent de fagots pour votre retour.* On which *M. D. G.* observes that tho' *Panurge* seems to say, I would prepare a fat Calf for you, it was not by any Means his Intention so to do; for as People don't use to put up Calves to fat in a Hen-coop (*meüz*); any more than they cool or throw Water on Faggots they would have burn easily; so instead of engaging himself here to any Thing, he only laughs at those who, together with himself, had too easily committed their Persons to the Dangers of the Sea.

(2) *Pernicious Member of Servants.*] *Lingua mali pars pessima servi*, says *Juvenal*, Sat. 9,

As soon as he saw me he was overjoyed, and bawled out to me, What Cheer ho? How dost like me now? Behold the true *Algamana* (this, he said, shewing me the As's Ticklegizzard. This Doctor's Cap is my true *Elixo*; and this (continued he, shaking the Cabbage-Stump in his Fist) his (*) *Lunaria Major*: I have it, old Boy, I have it; we'll blow the Coal when thou'rt come back. But, pray Father, said I, *Whence come you? Whither go you? What's your Lading? Have you smelt the salt Deep?* To these four Questions he answer'd *From Queen Whims; for Touraine; Alchymy; (3) to the very Bottom.*

Whom have ye got on Board, said I? Said he, Astrologers, Fortune-tellers, Alchymists, Rhymers, Poets, Painters, Projectors, Mathematicians, Watch-makers, Sing-Songs, Musicians, and the Devil and all

(*) *Lunaria Major.*] Because the Leaves of it are like those of the *Sea-Cabbage*, which bears a great Reputation, and is in mighty Vogue with the Alchymists.

(3) *To the very Bottom.*] This pleasant Answer to four Questions at a Time, is like that of the famous *Dante*, as we meet with it in *Domeniche's Facetie*, and other old Italian Books: *Dante Alighieri poeta famosissimo, tornando un giorno di fuora fu sopraggiunto da tre gentilhuomini Fiorentini suoi conoscenti; i quali sapendo quanto ci fusse pronto nelle risposte, tutti à tre in prova gli fecero tre continuate domande in cotal guisa, dicendo gli il primo, Buon di Messer Dante? E il secundo, Donde venite Messer Dante? E il terzo, E egli grosso il fiume Messer Dante? Ai quali senza punto fermare il cavallo, e senza far pansa alcuna al dire, egli così rispose. Buon di e buon anno. Dalla fiera. Sino al culo.*

The same in *English*, if I may not displease the Reader in thinking him so unpolite as not to understand *Italian* in this Age of Operas.

“ The famous Poet, *Dante Alighieri*, returning Home one Day
 “ out of the Country, was overtook by three Gentlemen of *Flo-*
 “ *rence*, his Acquaintance; who knowing how ready he was in his
 “ Answers, they all three resolv'd, by Way of Proof, to make three
 “ successive Attacks upon him in the following Manner: The first
 “ said to him, *Good-Day, Master Dante*: The second, *Whence*
 “ *come ye, Master Dante?* The third, *Are the Waters deep, Mas-*
 “ *ter Dante?* To all which, without once stopping his Horse, or
 “ making the least Pause, he answered thus: *Good-Day, and Good-*
 “ *Year. From the Fair. To the very Bottom.*”

all of others that are subject to Queen (4) *Whims*. They have very fair *legible Patents* to shew for't, as any Body may see. *Panurge* had no sooner heard this, but he was upon the High-rope, and began to rail at them like mad. What o' Devil d'ye mean? cry'd he, to sit idly here, like a Pack of loitering Sneaksbies, and see us stranded, while you may help us, and tow us off into the Current! A plague o' your *Whims*, you can make all Things whatsoever, they say, so much as good Weather and little Children, yet won't make haste to fasten some Hawfers and Cables, and get us off. I was just coming to set you afloat, quoth *Harry Cottiral*; by *Trismegistus*, I'll clear you in a Trice. With this he caused 7532810 huge Drums to be un-headed on one Side, and set that open Side so that it faced the End of the Streamers and Pendants; and having fastened them to good Tacklings, and our Ship's Head to the Stern of theirs, with Cables fastened to the Bits abaft the Manger in the Ship's Loof, they towed us off Ground at one Pull; so easily and pleasantly, that you'd have wondered at it, had you been there. For the Dub-o-dub Rattling of the Drums, with the soft Noise of the Gravel, which murmuring disputed us our Way, and the merry Cheers and Huzzas of the Sailors, made an Harmony almost as good as that of the Heavenly Bodies when they roll and are whirl'd round their Spheres, which rattling of the Celestial Wheels, *Plato* said he heard some Nights in his Sleep.

We scorn'd to be behind-hand with 'em in Civility, and gratefully gave them Store of our Sausages and Chitterlings, with which we fill'd their Drums; and

Not unlike this is a Story of *Henry IV. of France*, who being overtaken upon the Road by a Clergyman that was posting to Court; the King, putting his Head out of his Coach, ask'd the Man in his hasty Way, *Whence come ye? Whither go ye? What want ye?* The Clergyman, without any Ceremony or Hesitation, made Answer. *From Blois. To Paris. A Benefice.* With which the King was so well pleas'd, he instantly granted his Request.

(4) *Queen Whims.*] *La Quinte*. This means a fantastic Humour; Maggots, or a foolish Giddiness of Brain; and also a Fifth, or the Proportion of Five in Music, &c.

we were just a hoisting two and sixty Hogheads of Wine out of the Hold, when two huge Whirlpools (*Physeteres*) with great Fury made towards their Ship; spouting more Water than is in the River *Vienne*, [*Vigenna*] from *Chinon* to *Saumur*: To make short, all their Drums, all their Sails, their Concerns, and themselves were sowed, and their very Hoses were watered by the Collar.

Panurge was so overjoyed, seeing this, and laughed so heartily, that he was forced to hold his Sides, and it set him into a Fit of the Cholic for two Hours and more. I had a Mind, quoth he, to make the Dogs drink, and those honest Whirlpools, egad, have saved me that Labour and that Cost. There's Sauce for them; *ὁρίσ'ον μὲν ὕδωρ*. Water's good, saith a Poet, let 'em *Pindarise* upon it; they never cared for fresh Water, but to wash their Hands or their Glasses. This good Salt Water will stand 'em in good Stead for want of *Sal Ammoniac* and Nitre in (5) *Geber's Kitchen*.

We could not hold any further Discourse with 'em; for the former Whirlwind hindered our Ship from feeling the Helm. The Pilot advised us henceforwards to let her run adrift and follow the Stream, not busying ourselves with any Thing, but making much of our Carcasses. For our only Way to arrive safe at the *Queendom* of Whims, was to trust to the Whirlwind, and be led by the Current.

(5) *Geber's Kitchen*. An ancient *Arabian* Alchymist, whose Works are extant. *Geberica, hoc est alchymistica coquina, quæ non minores decoquit opes quam popina*, says *Agrippa*, Ch. 89. of his *De vanitate Scientiarum*.

C H A P. XIX.

How we arriv'd at the [Queendom of Whims] Kingdom of Quintessence, call'd Entelechy.

WE did as he directed us for about twelve Hours, and on the third Day the Sky seemed to us somewhat clearer, and we happily arrived at the (1) Port of *Mateotechny*, not far distant from the Palace of *Quintessence*.

We met full-but on the Quay a great Number of Guards and other military Men that garrison'd the *Arsenal*; and we were somewhat frighted at first, because they made us all lay down our Arms, and in a haughty Manner, asked us whence we came?

Cousin, quoth *Panurge* to him that asked the Question, we are of *Touraine*, and come from *France*, being ambitious of paying our Respects to the Lady *Quintessence*, and visit this famous Realm of *Entelechy*.

What do you say, cry'd they? do you call it *Entelechy* or *Endelechy*? Truly, truly, sweet Cousins, quoth *Panurge*, we are a silly Sort of grout-headed Lobcocks, an't please you; be so kind as to forgive us if we chance to knock Words out of Joint; as for any thing else, we are downright honest Fellows, and true Hearts.

We hav'n't ask'd you this Question without a Cause, said they; for a great Number of others who have pass'd this Way from your Country of *Touraine*, seemed as mere jolt-headed Doddipoles, as ever were scored over the Coxcomb, yet spoke as correct as other Folks. But there has been here from other Countries a Pack of I know not what over-weening self-conceited Prigs, as moody as so many Mules, and as stout as any *Scotch* Lairds, and nothing would serve these, forsooth, but

(1) *Port of Mateotechny.*] There is no Pains more foolishly employ'd about any one Thing, than in the Search of the Philosopher's Stone: But there are likewise other vain Sciences, and the Author means to say that such as confine themselves thereto, are arriv'd at the Port of *Mateotechny*. *Mátaios, Vanus: Τεχνη, Ars,*

they

they must wilfully wrangle and stand out against us at their coming; and much they got by it after all; Troth, we e'en fitted them, and clawed 'em off with a Vengeance, for all they looked so big and so grum.

Pray tell me, Does your Time lie so heavy upon you in your World, that you don't know how to bestow it better than in thus impudently talking, disputing, and writing of our Sovereign Lady? There was much need that your (2) *Tully*, the Consul, should go and leave the Care of his Commonwealth to busy himself idly about her; and after him, your (3) *Diogenes Laertius* the Biographer, and your *Theodorus Gaza* the Philosopher, and your *Argiropilus* the Emperor, and your *Bessarion* the Cardinal, and your (4) *Politian* the Pedant, and your (5) *Budæus* the Judge, and your *Lascharis* the Ambassador, and the Devil and all of those you call Lovers of Wisdom; whose Number it seems, was not thought great enough already, but lately your (6) *Sca-*

(2) *Tully*.] In l. 1. of the *Tusculan Questions*.

(3) *Diogenes Laertius*.] In his *Life of Aristotle*.

(4) *Politian*.] In *cb. 1.* of his *Miscellanies*.

(5) *Budæus*.] In l. 1. of his *de Affe*.

(6) *Scaliger*.] This seems to suppose that *Rabelais*, who, some will have it, dy'd in 1553, had seen some Work of *Scaliger*, where that Philosopher treats of the *Entelechy*. Now, it is on the one Side, reckoned for certain, that *Scaliger* never spoke of the *Entelechy*, but in his *Exercitations* against *Cardan*, where, after he had defin'd the Understanding, and explain'd the Operations of the Soul according to their System, who admit of *Aristotle's Entelechy*, *Hæc quidam*, says he, *risui sunt, atque contemptui novis Lucianis, atque Diagoris culinariis: Sed non neglecta sunt à maximo Philosopho Bigotio; qui quidem penè solus hoc summum jus bodie tuctur in recondita Pbilosophia*. But if, as is well known, this Book of *Scaliger* was not publish'd before the Year 1557, how cou'd *Rabelais* have seen it, who died four Years before? Perhaps *Scaliger* having many Years before imparted to *Bigot* his private Sentiments on the *Entelechy*, he might have communicated it to *Rabelais* on the same Footing, as hereafter in *cb. 34.* of this Vth Book, we see the same *Bigot* had deliver'd his Thoughts on the Woman who in the *Apocalypse* is represented as having the Moon under her Feet. Another and greater Difficulty, in my Mind is, that this Passage of the *Exercitations* aims personally at *Rabelais* by the Words *Novis Lucianis, atque Diagoris culinariis*, on Account of the Raillery which *Rabelais* had us'd against *Scaliger* in this very Place. See *Du Chat*, further upon this Subject in his Preface and Notes on this Chapter.

liger,

liger, (7) *Bigot*, (8) *Chambrier*, *Francis* (9) *Fleury*, and I can't tell how many such other junior sneaking Fly-blows must take upon 'em to encrease it.

A Squincy gripe the Cods-headed Changelings at the Swallow, and eke at the Cover-weefel; we shall make 'em ——— But the Deuce take 'em; (they flatter the Devil here, and *smoothisy* his Name, quoth *Panurge* between his Teeth.) You don't come here, continued the Captain, to uphold 'em in their Folly, you have no Commission from 'em to this Effect; well then, we'll talk no more on't.

Aristotle, that first of Men, and peerless Pattern of all Philosophy, was our Sovereign Lady's Godfather; and wisely and properly gave her the Name of *Entelechy*; her true Name then is *Entelechy*, and may he be in Tail beshit, and entail a shit-a-bed Faculty, and nothing else on his Family, who dares call her by any other Name; for whoever he is, he does her Wrong, and is a very impudent Person: You are heartily welcome, Gentlemen. With this they colled and clipt us about the Neck, which was no small Comfort to us, I'll assure you.

Panurge then whispered me; Fellow-traveller, quoth he, hast thou not been somewhat afraid this Bout? A little, said I. To tell you the Truth of it, quoth he, never were the *Ephraimites* in a greater Fear and Quandary when the *Gileadites* killed and drowned them for saying (10) *Sibboleth* instead of *Shibboleth*; and among Friends, let me tell you, that perhaps there is not a Man in the whole Country of *Beauce*, but might easily have stopt my Bunghole with a Cart-Load of Hay.

The Captain afterwards took us to the Queen's Palace, leading us silently with great Formality. *Pan-tagruel* would have said something to him; but the other not being able to come up to his Height, wish'd

(7) *William Bigot*, of whom *Scaliger* speaks in the preceding Article. Sir T. V. spells it *Brigot*, but that's wrong.

(8) *Chambrier*.] *Joachim Camerarius*, in *cb.* 10. of his *Obs.* on the first Book of the *Tusculan Questions*.

(9) *Fleury*.] In his Apology against the Calumniators of the Latin Tongue.

(10) *Sibboleth*.] See the Book of *Judges*, Ch. xii. ver. 6. See likewise *Bodin's Rep.* l. 5. ch. 1.

for a Ladder, or a very long Pair of Stilts; then said, *Patience*, if it were our Sovereign Lady's Will, we'd be as tall as you; well, we shall, when she pleases.

In the first Galleries we saw great Numbers of sick Persons, differently placed according to their Maladies. The *Leprous* were apart; those that were poisoned on one Side, those that had got the Plague, *alias* the (11) Pox, in the first Rank, accordingly.

CHAP. XX.

How the Quintessence cur'd the Sick with a Song.

THE Captain shewed us the Queen, attended with her Ladies and Gentlemen in the second Gallery. She look'd young, though she was at least (1) eighteen hundred Years old; and was handsome, slender, and as fine as a Queen, that is, as Hands could make her. He then said to us, it is not yet a fit Time to speak to the Queen, be you but mindful of her Doings in the mean while.

You have Kings in your World, that fantastically pretend to cure some certain Diseases; as for Example, *Scrophula*, or Wens, swell'd Throats, nick-named the King's-Evil; and Quartan Agues, only with a Touch: Now our Queen cures all Manner of Diseases without so much as touching the Sick, but barely with a Song, according to the Nature of the Distemper. He then shew'd us a Set of Organs, and said, that when it was touched by her, those miraculous Cures were performed. The Organ was indeed the strangest that ever Eyes beheld; for the Pipes were of *Cassia Fistula* in the Cod; the Top and Cornice of *Guaiacum*; the Bellows of *Rhubarb*; the Pedals of *Turbith*, and the Clavier or Keys of *Scammony*.

(11) It is on their Account principally that the Chymical Medicines are in Vogue.

(1) Eighteen hundred Years.] With respect to the Time when Aristotle flourish'd, who was the first Coiner of the Word *Entelechy*.

While

While we were examining this wonderful new Make of an Organ, the Leprous were brought in by her Abstractors, Spodizators, Masticators, Pregustics, Tabachins, Chachanins, Neemanins, Rabrebans, Ner-cins, Rozuins, Nebidins, Tearings, Sagamions, Pera-rons, Chafinins, Sarins, Soteins, Aboth, Enilins, Archasdarpenins, Mebins, Chabourins, and other Of-ficers, for whom I want Names; so she play'd 'em I don't know what Sort of a Tune or Song, and they were all immediately cur'd.

Then those who were poison'd were had in, and she had no sooner given them a Song, but they began to find a Use for their Legs, and up they got. Then came on the Deaf, the Blind, and the Dumb, and they too were restor'd to their lost Faculties and Senses with the same Remedy, which did so strangely amaze us (and not without Reason, I think) that down we fell on our Faces, remaining prostrate, like Men ravish'd in Ecstasy, and were not able to utter one Word through the Excess of our Admiration, till she came; and having touch'd *Pantagruel* with a fine fragrant Nosegay, of (2) Red Roses, which she held in her Hand, thus made us recover our Senses and get up. Then she made us the following Speech in *Byssin* Words, such as *Parisatis* desir'd should be spoken to her Son *Cyrus*, or at least of Crim-son Alamode.

(3) The Probity that scintillizes in the Superficies of your Persons, informs my ratiocinating Faculty, in a most stupendous Manner, of the radiant Virtues, latent within the precious Caskets and Ventracles of your Minds. For contemplating the mellifluous Suavity of your thrice discreet Reverences, 'tis impossible not to be persuad'd with Facility, that neither your Affections nor your Intellects are vitiated with any Defect, or Privation of liberal and exalted Sciences; far from it,

(2) *Red Roses.*] *Rose franche*, not *Rose blanche*, (White Roses, as Sir T. U. has it.)

(3) *The Probity, &c.*] M. Du Chat makes the Original run thus: *The Probity that scintillizes in the CIRCUMFERENCE of your Words informs my ratiocinating Faculty of the Virtue, latent in the CENTRE of your Minds.*

all must judge that in you are lodg'd a *Cornucopia*, an *Encyclopedia*, an unmeasurable Profundity of Knowledge in the most peregrine and sublime Disciplines, so frequently the Admiration, and so rarely the Concomitants of the imperite Vulgar. This gently compels me, who in preceding Times indefatigably kept my private Affections absolutely subjugated, to condescend to make my Application to you in the trivial Phrase of the Plebeian World; and assure you, that you are well, most well, most heartily well, more than most heartily welcome.

I have no Hand at making of Speeches, quoth *Panurge* to me privately; prithee, Man, make answer to her for us, if thou canst: This would not work with me however, neither did *Pantagruel* return a Word; so that Queen *Whims*, or Queen *Quintessence* (which you please) perceiving that we stood as mute as Fishes, said; Your Taciturnity speaks you not only Disciples of *Pythagoras*, from whom the venerable Antiquity of my Progenitors in successive Propagation was eman'd, and derives its Original; but also discovers, that through the Revolution of many Retrograde Moons, you have in *Egypt* press'd the Extremities of your Fingers, with the hard Tenants of your Mouths, and scalptiz'd your Heads (4) with frequent Applications of your Unguicules. In the School of *Pythagoras*, Taciturnity was the Symbol of abstracted and superlative Knowledge; and the Silence of the *Egyptians* were agnited as an expressive Manner of divine Adoration: This caus'd the Pontiffs of *Hierapolis* to sacrifice to the great Deity in Silence, impercussively, without any vociferous or obstreperous Sound. My Design is not to enter into a Privation of Gratitude towards you; but by a vivacious Formality, though Matter were to abstract itself from me, eccentricate to you my Cogitations.

(4) *With frequent Applications of your Unguicules.*] It is in the Original *with one Finger*; a Sign of Effeminacy and Indolence, with which *Pompey* was formerly reproach'd, as *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, and others have observ'd.

Having spoken this, she only said to her Officers, (5) *Tabachins*, (6) *à Panacea*; and strait they desir'd us not to take it amiss, if the Queen did not invite us to dine with her; for she never ate any Thing at Dinner but some Categories, Jecabots, Emmins, Dimions, Abstractions, Harborins, Chelimins, second Intentions, Caradoths, Antitheses, - Metempsychofes, transcendent Prolepsies, and such other light Food.

Then they took us into a little Closet, lin'd through with Alarums, where we were treated God knows how. 'Tis said, that *Jupiter* writes whatever is transacted in the World, on the *Diphthera* or Skin of the (7) *Amalthæan* Goat that suckled him in *Crete*, which Pelt serv'd him instead of a Shield against the *Titans*, whence he was nick-nam'd (8) *Egiochos*. Now, as I hate to drink Water, brother Topers, I protest, it would be impossible to make eighteen Goat-skins hold the Description of all the good Meat they brought before us; though it were written in Characters as small as those in which were penn'd *Homer's Iliads*, which (9) *Tully* tells us he saw inclos'd in a Nut-shell.

Formy Part, had I one hundred Mouths, as many Tongues, a Voice of Iron, a Heart of Oak, and Lungs of Leather, together with the mellifluous *Abundance* of *Plato*, yet I never could give you a full Account of a third Part of a second of the whole.

(5) *Tabachins*.] I know not what this Word means. The *Italians* indeed call a *Pander* for Boys, or a Cock-bawd in the Crupper-mongering Way, *Tabbachino*. So this Queen here may in a contemptuous Way call her Servants, like some Persons of Quality now a-days, — *Here, Bougres, &c.*

(6) *À Panacea*.] *Cotgrave* says, it is a Call to Meat (*à Pan*) like *à Manger*. It is likewise an Herb called in *English* *All-hal*, for it cures all Distempers (*credat quicunque vult.*) *Pliny* and *Diascorides* speak of this wonderful Vegetable, which *Erasmus* in his *Encomium Moriae* says must grow, if any where, in the Fortunate Islands, which produce every Thing at a Wish.

(7) *Amalthæan Goat*.] It should be the Goat *Amalthea*.

(8) *Ægiochos*.] From *αἴξ*, *capra*, & *ἔγω*, *kabeo*.

(9) *Tully, &c.*] See *Pliny*, Lib. vii. cap. 21. According to the new Editions of *Rabelais*, after that of *Lyons*, 1573, *Tully* had actually read this wonderful Copy of the *Iliad*. If so, he had better Eyes than I have. *Rabelais* only says *avoit veu*, not *leu*. 'Tis the Printer that did the Orator's Eyes this Honour.

Pantagruel was telling me, that he believ'd the Queen had given the Symbolic Word us'd among her Subjects, to denote sovereign good Cheer, when she said to her *Tabachins à Panacea*; just as *Lucullus* us'd to say, in *Apollo*, when he design'd to give his Friends a singular Treat; though sometimes they took him at unawares, as, among the rest, *Cicero*, and *Hor-tensius* sometimes us'd to do.

C H A P. XXI.

How the Queen pass her Time after Dinner.

WHEN we had dined, a Chachanin led us into the Queen's Hall, and there we saw, how, after Dinner, with the Ladies and Princes of her Court, she used to sift, searse, boult, range, and pass away Time with a fine large white and blue Silk Sieve. We also perceived how they revived ancient Sports, diverting themselves together at,

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| (1) 1. <i>Cordax.</i> | 8. <i>Calabrisme.</i> |
| 2. <i>Emmelia.</i> | 9. <i>Molossia.</i> |
| 3. <i>Sicinnia.</i> | 10. <i>Cernophorum.</i> |
| 4. <i>Jambics.</i> | 11. <i>Monogas.</i> |
| 5. <i>Perfica.</i> | 12. <i>Terminalia.</i> |
| 6. <i>Phrygia.</i> | 13. <i>Floralia.</i> |
| 7. <i>Tbracia.</i> | 14. <i>Pyrrhice.</i> |
| | 15. <i>Nicatism.</i> (2) |

And a thousand other Dances.

(1) 1. A Sort of Country-Dance. 2. A still Tragic Dance. 3. Dancing and Singing used at Funerals. 4. Cutting Sarcasms and Lampoons. 5. The *Persian* Dance. 6. Tunes, whose Measure inspired Men with a Kind of Divine-Fury. 7. The *Tbracian* Movement. 8. Smutty Verses. 9. A Measure to which the *Molossi* of *Epirus* danced a certain Morrice. 10. A Dance with Bowls or Pots in their Hands. 11. A Song where one sings alone. 12. Sports at the Holidays of the God of Bounds. 13. Dancing naked at *Flora's* Holidays. 14. The *Trojan* Dance in Armour.

(2) *Nicatism.*] *Athenæus*, Lib. xiv. cap. 7. makes mention of all these Dances of the Antients, even *Nicatism*, which Sir T. U. and all the new Editions have omitted.

Afterwards

Afterwards she gave Orders that they should shew us the Apartments and Curiosities in her Palace; accordingly we saw there such new, strange, and wonderful Things, that I am still ravish'd in Admiration every Time I think on't. However, nothing surpriz'd us more than what was done by the Gentlemen of her Household, Abstractors, Parazons, Nebidins, Spodizators, and others, who freely, and without the least dissembling, told us, That the Queen their Mistress did all impossible Things, and cur'd Men of incurable Diseases! and they, her Officers, used to do the rest.

I saw there a young Parazon cure many of the new Consumption, I mean the Pox, tho' they were never so pepper'd: Had it been the rankest (3) *Roan Ague*, [*Anglice the Covent-Garden Gout*] 'twas all one with him, touching only their *Dentiform Vertebra* thrice with a Piece of a Wooden Shoe, he made them as wholesome as so many Sucking-Pigs.

Another did thoroughly cure Folks of Dropsies, Tympanies, Ascites, and Hypofarcides, striking them on the Belly nine Times with a (4) *Tenedian Satchel*, without any Solution of the Continuum.

Another cur'd all manner of Fevers and Agues on the Spot, only with hanging (5) a Fox-tail on the left Side of the Patient's Girdle.

(3) *Roan Ague.*] It should be *Rouen*, not *Roan*; they are two different Towns in *France*, at a vast Distance from each other. Why the Pox is denominated from *Rouen*, is either because it first appear'd there, or because such as have it in a violent *Dégrec* are *enrouez*, made hoarse by it.

(4) *Tenedian Satchel.*] It should be *Tenedian Axe*. It is the *Tenedia bipennis* (a Twy-bill or two edg'd Axe of *Tenedos*: See *Cambridge Dict.*) It was, as *M. Du Chat* observes, a Symbol of extreme Severity. This Axe or *Bipennis* gave Rise to the French Word *Besagüe*, from *Bis-acuta*, because of its double Edge. Many of the former Editors of *Rabelais*, not understanding what *Besagüe* meant, substituted the Word *Beface*, a *Satchel*, instead of *Besagüe*, which last Word perfectly well shews the Folly of Dame *Quintessence's* Officers, attempting to cure the Dropsy, comparing their Rashness to that of a Man who should think it possible to strike several Strokes with a Twy-bill on any one's Belly without making a Wound.

(5) *Fox-tail.*] To drive away the Flies which pester'd the Patient.

One remov'd the Tooth-ach only with washing the Root of the aching Tooth with Elder-Vinegar, and letting it dry half an Hour (6) in the Sun.

Another, the Gout, whether hot or cold, natural or accidental, by barely making the gouty Person shut his Mouth, and open his Eyes.

I saw another ease nine good Gentlemen of (7) St. Francis's Distemper in a very short Space of Time, having clapp'd a Rope about their Necks, at the End of which hang'd a Box with ten thousand Gold Crowns in't.

One with a wonderful Engine, throw'd the Houses out at the Windows, by which Means they were purg'd of all pestilential Air.

Another cur'd all the three Kinds of Hecticks, the Tabid, Atrophes, and Emaciated, without bathing, without Tabian, Milk, Dropax, *alias* Depilatory, or other such Medicaments; only turning the Consumptive for three Months into Monks: And he assur'd me, that if they did not grow fat and plump in a monastick way of Living, they never would be fattened in this World, either by Nature, or by Art.

I saw another furrounded with a Crowd of two Sorts of Women! some were young, quaint, clever, neat, pretty, juicy, tight, brisk, buxom, proper, kind-hearted, and as right as my Leg, to any Man's thinking. The rest were old, weather-beaten, over-ridden, toothless, blear-ey'd, tough, wrinkled, shrivell'd, tawny, mouldy, phthysicky, decrepit Hags, Beldams, and walking Carcasses. We were told that his Office was to cast anew those She-pieces of Antiquity, and make them such as the pretty Creatures whom we saw, who had been made young again that Day, recovering at once the Beauty, Shape, Size, and Disposition, which they enjoy'd at Sixteen, except their Heels, that were now much shorter than in their former Youth.

(6) *In the Sun.*] No shorter nor better Way to cure the Tooth-ach than to pull out the Tooth that causes it.

(7) A Consumption in the Pocket, or want of Money; for those St. Francis's Order must carry none about them.

This

This made them yet more apt to fall backwards whenever any Man happen'd to touch 'em, than they had been before. As for their Counterparts, the old Mother Scratch-tobies, they most devoutly waited for the blessed Hour, when the Batch that was in the Oven was to be drawn, that they might have their Turns, and in a mighty Haste they were pulling and hauling the Mad like mad, telling him, that 'tis the most grievous and intolerable Thing in Nature, for the Tail to be o'Fire, and the Head to scare away those who should quench it.

The Officer had his Hands full, never wanting *Patients*; neither did his Place bring him in little, you may swear. *Pantagruel* ask'd him, whether he could also make old Men young again? He said, he could not. But the Way to make them new Men, was to get 'em to cohabit with a new-cast Female: for thus they caught that fifth Kind of Crinckams, which some call *Pellade*; in *Greek*, 'Οφλασις, that makes them cast off their old Hair and Skin, just as the Serpents do; and thus their Youth is renew'd like the *Arabian Phoenix's*. This is the true Fountain of Youth, for there the Old and Decrepit became young, active, and lusty.

Just so, as *Euripides* tells us, *Iolaus* was transmogrified; and thus *Phaon*, for whom kind-hearted *Sappho* run wild, grew young again for *Venus's* Use; so *Tithon*, by *Aurora's* Means; so *Æson* by *Medæa*, and *Jason* also, who, if you'll believe *Pherecides* and *Simonides*, was new-vamp'd and died by that Witch; and so were the Nurses of jolly *Bacchus*, and their Husbands, as *Eschylus* relates.

C H A P. XXII.

*How Queen Whim's Officers were employ'd ; and
how the said Lady retain'd us among her Ab-
stractors.*

I Then saw a great Number of the Queen's Officers, who made Black-a-moors white, as fast as Hops, just rubbing their Bellies with the Bottom of a Pannier.

Others, with three Couples of Foxes in one Yoke, plow'd a sandy Shore, and did not lose their Seed.

Others wash'd burnt Tiles, and made them lose their Colour.

Others extracted Water out of Pumice-stones; braying them a good while in a Mortar, and chang'd their Substance.

Others sheer'd Asses, and thus got long Fleece Wool.

Others gather'd off of Thorns Grapes, and Figs off of Thistles.

Others strok'd He-goats by the Dugs, and sav'd their Milk in a Sieve; and much they got by it.

(1) Others wash'd Asses Heads without losing their Soap.

Others taught Cows to dance, and did not lose their fiddling.

Others pitch'd Nets to catch the Wind, and took Cock-lobsters in them.

I saw a young *Spodizator*, who very artificially got Farts out of a dead As, and sold 'em for five Pence an Ell.

(1) *Others wash'd Asses Heads, &c.* Omitted by M. M.

Another

Another did putrefy Beetles. O the dainty Food !

Poor *Panurge* fairly cast up his Accompts, and gave up his Half-penny [i. e. vomited] seeing an *Archasdarpenin*, who laid a huge Plenty of Chamberlie to putrefy in Horse-dung, mishmash'd with abundance of *Christian* Sir Reverence ; pugh, fie upon him, nasty Dog. However he told us, that with this sacred Distillation, he water'd Kings and Princes, and made their sweet Lives a Fathom or two the longer.

(2) *Others built Churches to jump over the Steeples.*

Others set Carts before the Horses, and began to flay Eels at the Tail ; neither did the Eels cry before they were hurt, like those of *Melun*.

Others out of nothing made great Things, and made great Things return to Nothing.

Others cut Fire into Steaks with a Knife, and drew Water with a Fish-net.

(3) *Others made Chalk of Cheese, and Honey of a Dog's T—d.*

We saw a Knot of others, about a Bakers Dozen in Number, tippling under an Arbour. They topped out of jolly bottomless Cups, four Sorts of cool, sparkling, pure, delicious, Vine-tree Syrup, which went down like Mother's Milk ; and Healths and Bumpers flew about like Lightning. We were told, that these true Philosophers were fairly multiplying the Stars by Drinking, till the Seven were Fourteen, as brawny *Hercules* did with *Atlas*.

Others made a Virtue of Necessity, and the best of a bad Market, which seem'd to me a very good Piece of Work.

Others made Alchymy with their Teeth, and clapping their Hind Retort to the Recipient, made scurvy Faces, and then squeeze'd.

Others in a large *Grass-plat*, exactly measur'd how far the Fleas could go at a Hop, a Step, and a Jump ;

(2) *Others built Churches, &c.*] This, and those other Articles in *Italic*, are not in *Rabelais*, who says, Others broke (*Andouilles*) Chitterlings against their Knees.

(3) *Others made Chalk, &c.*] The Original says, Lanterns of Bladders, and Brass-shovels of Clouds.

and told us, that this was exceeding useful for the ruling of Kingdoms, the conduct of Armies, and the Administration of Commonwealths. And that *Socrates*, who first got Philosophy out of Heaven, and from idle and trifling made it profitable and of moment, us'd to spend half his philosophizing Time in measuring the Leaps of Fleas, as *Aristophanes*, the *Quintessential*, affirms.

I saw too *Gibbous* by themselves, keeping Watch on the Top of a Tower; and we were told, they guarded the Moon from the Wolves.

In a blind Corner, I met four more very hot at it, and ready to go to Logger-heads. I ask'd what was the Cause of the Stir and Ado, the mighty Coil and Pother they made. And I heard that for four live-long Days, those overwise Roisters had been at it dinging, disputing on three high, more than Metaphysical Propositions, promising themselves Mountains of Gold by solving them: The first was concerning a He Afs's Shadow: The second of the Smoke of a Lantern: And the third of Goat's Hair, whether it were Wool or no? We heard that they did not think it a bit strange, that two Contradictions in Mode, Form, Figure, and Time, should be true. Though I'll warrant the *Sophists* of *Paris* had rather be unchristen'd than own so much.

While we were admiring all those Men's wonderful Doings, the Evening Star already twinkling; the Queen (God blefs her) appear'd attended with her Court, and again amaz'd and dazzl'd us. She perceiv'd it, and said to us:

What occasions the Aberrations of human Cogitations through the perplexing Labyrinths and Abysses of Admiration, is not the Source of the Effects, which fagacious Mortals visibly experience to be the consequential Result of natural Causes: 'Tis the Novelty of the Experiment, which makes Impressions on theirceptive, cogitative Faculties! that do not prewise the Facility of the Operation adequately, with a subact and sedate Intellection, associated with diligent and congruous Study. Consequently let all manner of Perturbation abdicate

dicate the Ventricles of your Brains. If any one has invaded them while they were contemplating what is transacted by my domestic Ministers. Be Spectators and Auditors of every particular Phænomenon, and every individual Proposition, within the extent of my Mansion; satiate yourselves with all that can fall here under the Consideration of your visual or ascultating Powers, and thus emancipate yourselves from the Servitude of crassous Ignorance. And that you may be induced to apprehend how sincerely I desire this, in Consideration of the studious Cupidity, that so demonstratively emicates at your external Organs, from this present Particle of Time, I retain you as my Abstractors: *Geber*, my principal *Talachin*, shall register and initiate you at your departing.

We humbly thank'd her Queenship, without saying a Word, accepting of the noble Office she conferred on us.

C H A P. XXIII.

How the Queen was served at Dinner, and of her Way of Eating.

QUEEN *Whims*, after this, said to her Gentlemen, The Orifice of the Ventricle, that ordinary Embassador for the Alimentation of all Members, whether superior or inferior, importunes us to restore by the Apposition of idoneous Sustenance, what was dissipated by the internal Calidity's Action on the radical Humidity. Therefore Spodizators, Gefinins, Memains, and Parazons, be not culpable of dilatory Protractions in the Apposition of every re-roborating Species, but rather let 'em pullulate and superabound on the Tables. As for you, Nobilissim *Prægustators*, and my Gentilissim *Masticators*, your frequently experimented Industry internected with perdiligent Sedulity, and sedulous Perdiligence, continually adjuvates

you to perficiate all Things in so expeditious a Manner, that there is a Necessity of exciting in you a Cupidity to consummate them. Therefore I can only suggest to you still to operate, as you are assuefacted indefatigably to operate.

Having made this *fine* Speech, she retir'd for a while with Part of her Women, and we were told, that 'twas to bathe, as the Ancients did more commonly than we use now-a-days to wash our Hands before we eat. The Tables were soon placed, the Cloth spread, and then the Queen sat down; she ate nothing but Cœlestial Ambrosia, and drank nothing but Divine Nectar: As for the Lords and Ladies that were there, they, as well as we, far'd on as rare, costly, and dainty Dishes, as ever *Apicius* wot or dream'd of in his Life.

When we were as round as Hoops, and as full as Eggs, with stuffing the Gut, an (1) *Olla Podrida* was set before us, to force Hunger to come to Terms with us, in case it had not granted us a Truce; and such a huge vast Thing it was, that the Plate which *Pythius Althius* gave King *Darius*, would hardly have cover'd it. The *Olla* consisted of several Sorts of Pottages, Sallads, Fricasees, *Saugrenees*, Cabirotadoes, roast and boil'd Meat, Carbonadoes, swinging Pieces of powder'd Beef, good old Hams, dainty deifical *Somates*, Cakes, Tarts, a world of Curds after the Morisk Way, fresh Cheese, Jellies, and Fruit of all Sorts. All this seem'd to me Good and Dainty; however, the Sight of it made me sigh; for, alas, I could not taste a Bit on't; so full I had fill'd my Puddings before, and a Bellyful's a Bellyful, you know. Yet I must tell you what I saw, that seem'd to me odd enough, o' Conscience; 'twas some Pasties in Paste; and what should those Pasties in Paste be, d'ye think, but Pasties in Pots? At the Bottom I perceived store of Dice, Cards, (2) *Tarots*, (3) *Luettes*, Chesh-men and Chequers, besides full Bowls of

(1) *Olla Podrida*.] Some call it an *Olio*. *Rabelais Potpourry*.

(2) Great Cards on which many different Things are figur'd.

(3) Pieces of Ivory to play withal.

Gold Crowns, for those who have a Mind to have a Game or two, and try their Chance. Under this I saw a jolly Company of Mules in stately Trappings, with Velvet Foot-cloths, and a Troop of ambling Nags, some for Men, and some for Women; besides, I don't know how many Litters all lin'd with Velvet, and some Coaches of *Ferrara* Make; all this for those who had a Mind to take the Air.

This did not seem strange to me; but if any Thing did, 'twas certainly the Queen's Way of Eating; and truly 'twas very new, and very odd; for she chew'd nothing, the good Lady, not but that she had good sound Teeth, and her Meat required to be *masficated*; but such was her Highness's Custom. When her *Præ-gustators* had tasted the Meat, her *Masficators* took it and chewed it most nobly; for their dainty Chops and Gulletts were lined through with crimson Sattin, with little Welts, and Gold Purls, and their Teeth were of delicate White Ivory; thus, when they had chewed the Meat ready for her Highness's Maw, they pour'd it down her Throat through a Funnel of fine Gold, and so on to her Craw. For that Reason, they told us, she never visited a Close-stool but by Proxy.

C H A P. XXIV.

How there was a Ball in the Manner of a Tournament, at which Queen Whims was present.

AFTER Supper there was a Ball in the Form of a Tilt or Tournament, not only worth seeing, but also never to be forgotten. First, the Floor of the Hall was cover'd with a large Piece of velveted, white and Yellow chequer'd Tapestry, each Chequer exactly square, and three full Spans in Breadth.

Then

Then thirty-two young Persons came into the Hall; sixteen of them arrayed in Cloth of Gold; and of these, eight were young Nymphs, such as the Ancients described *Diana's* Attendants; the other eight were a King, a Queen, two Wardens of the Castle, two Knights, and two Archers. Those of the other Band were clad in Cloth of Silver.

They posted themselves on the Tapestry in the following Manner: The Kings on the last Line of the fourth Square, so that the golden King was on a White Square, and the Silver'd King on a Yellow Square, and each Queen by her King; the Golden Queen on a Yellow Square, and the Silver'd Queen on a White one; and on each Side stood the Archers to guard their Kings and Queens; by the Archers the Knights, and the Wardens by them. In the next Row before 'em stood the eight Nymphs; and between the two Bands of Nymphs, four Rows of Squares stood empty.

Each Band had its Musicians, eight on each Side, dress'd in its Livery; the one with Orange-colour'd Damask, the other with White; and all played on different Instruments most melodiously and harmoniously, still varying in Time and Measure as the Figure of the Dance requir'd. This seem'd to me an admirable Thing, considering the numerous Diversity of Steps, Back-steps, Bounds, Rebounds, Jets, Paces, Leaps, Skips, Turns, *Coupés*, Hops, Leadings, Risings, Meetings, Flights, Ambuscadoes, Moves, and Removes.

I was also at a Loss, when I strove to comprehend how the Dancers could so suddenly know what every different Note meant; for they no sooner heard this or that Sound, but they plac'd themselves in the Place which was denoted by the Music, though their Motions were all different. For the Nymphs that stood in the first File, as if they design'd to begin the Fight, march'd strait forwards to their Enemies from Square to Square, unless it were the first Step, at which they were free to move over two Steps at once. They alone never fall
back.

back [which is not very natural to other Nymphs] and if any of them is so lucky as to advance to the opposite King's Row, she is immediately crown'd Queen of her King, and after that, moves with the same State, and in the same Manner as the Queen; but till that happens, they never strike their enemies but forwards, and obliquely in a diagonal Line. However, they make it not their chief Business to take their Foes; for if they did, they would leave their Queen exposed to the adverse Parties, who then might take her.

The Kings move and take their Enemies on all Sides square-ways, and only step from a White Square into a Yellow one, and *vice versa*, except at their first Step the Rank should want other Officers than the Wardens; for then they can set 'em in their Place, and retire by him.

The Queens take a greater Liberty than any of the rest; for they move Backwards and Forwards all Manner of Ways, in a strait Line, as far as they please, provided the Place be not fill'd with one of their own Party, and diagonally also, keeping to the Colour on which they stand.

The Archers move Backwards or Forwards, far and near, never changing the Colour on which they stand.

The Knights move, and take in a lineal Manner, stepping over one Square, though a Friend or a Foe stand upon it, posting themselves on the second Square to the Right or Left, from one Colour to another; which is very welcome to the adverse Party, and ought to be carefully observ'd, for they take at unawares.

The Wardens move, and take to the Right or Left, before or behind them, like the Kings, and can advance as far as they find Places empty; which Liberty the Kings take not.

The Law which both Sides observe, is at the End of the Fight, to besiege and enclose the King of either Party, so that he may not be able to move; and being reduced to that Extremity, the Battle is over, and he loses the Day.

Now

Now to avoid this, there is none of either Sex of each Party, but is willing to sacrifice his or her Life, and they begin to take one another on all Sides in Time, as soon as the Music strikes up. When any one takes a Prisoner, he makes his Honours, and striking him gently in the Hand, puts him out of the Field and Combat, and encamps where he stood.

If one of the Kings chance to stand where he might be taken, it is not lawful for any of his Adversaries that had discover'd him, to lay hold on him; far from it, they are strictly enjoined humbly to pay him their Respects, and give him Notice, saying, God preserve you, Sir, that his Officers may relieve and cover him, or he may remove, if unhappily he cou'd not be relieved. However, he is not to be taken, but greeted with a *Good-Morrow*, the others bending the Knee; and thus the Tournament uses to end.

C H A P. XXV.

How the Thirty-two Persons at the Ball fought.

THE two Companies having taken their Stations, the Music struck up, and with a martial Sound, which had something of horrid in it, like a Point of War, rouz'd and alarmed both Parties, who now began to shiver, and then soon were warm'd with warlike Rage; and having got in Readiness to fight desperately, impatient of Delay, stood waiting for the Charge.

Then the Music of the Silver'd Band ceased playing, and the Instruments of the Golden-Side alone were heard, which denoted that the Golden-Party attack'd. Accordingly a new Movement was play'd for the Onset, and we saw the Nymph, who stood before the Queen, turn to the Left towards her King, as it were to ask Leave to fight; and thus saluting her Company at the same

same Time, she mov'd two Squares forwards, and saluted the adverse Party.

Now the Music of the Golden Brigade ceased playing, and their Antagonists began again. I ought to have told you, That the Nymph, who began by saluting her Company, had by that Formality also given them to understand that they were to fall on. She was saluted by them in the same Manner with a full Turn to the Left, except the Queen, who went aside towards her King to the Right; and the same Manner of Salutation was observ'd on both Sides during the whole Ball.

The Silver'd Nymph that stood before her Queen likewise mov'd, as soon as the Music of her Party founded a Charge; her Salutations, and those of her Side, were to the Right, and her Queen's to the Left. She mov'd in the second Square forwards, and saluted her Antagonists, facing the first Golden Nymph, so that there was not any Distance between them, and you would have thought they two had been going to fight, but they only strike sideways.

Their Comrades, whether Silver'd or Golden, follow'd 'em in an intercalary Figure, and seem'd to skirmish a while, till the Golden Nymph, who had first enter'd the Lists, striking a Silver'd Nymph in the Hand on the Right, put her out of the Field, and set herself in her Place. But soon the Music playing a new Measure, she was struck by a Silver'd Archer, who after that was oblig'd himself to retire. A silver'd Knight then sallied out, and the Golden Queen posted herself before her King.

Then the Silver'd King dreading the Golden Queen's Fury, remov'd to the Right, to the Place where his Warden stood, which seem'd to him strong and well guarded.

The two Knights on the Left, whether Golden or Silver'd, march'd up, and on either Side took up many Nymphs, who could not retreat; principally the Golden Knight, who made this his whole Business: But the Silver'd Knight had greater Designs, dissembling all along, and even sometimes not taking a Nymph, when he could

could have done it, still moving on till he was come up to the main Body of the Enemies, in such a Manner, that he saluted their King with a *God save you, Sir.*

The whole Golden Brigade quaked for Fear and Anger, those Words giving Notice of their King's Danger; not but that they could soon relieve him, but because their King being thus saluted, they were to lose their Warden on the Right-Wing, without any Hopes of a Recovery. Then the Golden King retired to the Left, and the Silver'd Knight took the Golden Warden, which was a mighty Loss to that Party. However, they resolv'd to be reveng'd, and surrounded the Knight that he might not escape; he try'd to get off, behaving himself with a great deal of Gallantry, and his Friends did what they could to save him; but at last he fell into the Golden Queen's Hands, and was carried off.

Her Forces not yet satisfied, having lost one of her best Men, with more Fury than Conduct mov'd about, and did much Mischief among their Enemies: The Silver'd Party warily dissembled, watching their Opportunity to be even with them, and presented one of their Nymphs to the Golden Queen, having laid an Ambuscado, so that the Nymph being taken, a Golden Archer had like to have seiz'd the Silver'd Queen. Then the Golden Knight undertakes to take the Silver'd King and Queen, and says, Good-morrow. Then the Silver'd Archer salutes them, and was taken by a Golden Nymph, and she herself by a Silver'd one.

The Fight was obstinate and sharp: The Wardens left their Posts, and advanc'd to relieve their Friends. The Battle was doubtful, and Victory hover'd over both Armies. Now the Silver'd Host charge and break through their Enemy's Ranks, as far as the Golden King's Tent, and now they are beaten back; the Golden Queen distinguishes herself from the rest by her mighty Atchievements, still more than by her Garb and Dignity; for at once she takes an Archer, and going side-ways, seizes a Silver'd Warden. Which Thing the Silver'd Queen perceiving, she came forwards, and rushing

rushing on with equal Bravery, takes the last Golden Warden, and some Nymphs. The two Queens fought a long while Hand to Hand ; now striving to take each other by Surprise, then to save themselves, and sometimes to guard their Kings. Finally, the Golden Queen took the Silver'd Queen ; but presently after she herself was taken by the Silver'd Archer.

Then the Silver'd King had only three Nymphs, an Archer, and a Warden left ; and the Golden only three Nymphs and the Right Knight ; which made them fight more slowly and warily than before. The two Kings seemed to mourn for the Loss of their loving Queens, and only studied and endeavoured to get new ones out of all their Nymphs, to be rais'd to that Dignity, and thus be married to them. This made them excite those brave Nymphs to strive to reach the farthest Rank, where stood the King of the contrary Party, promising them certainly to have them crown'd if they could do this. The Golden Nymphs were beforehand with the others, and out of their Number was created a Queen, who was dres'd in Royal Robes, and had a Crown set on her Head. You need not doubt the Silver'd Nymphs made also what Haste they could to be Queens ; one of them was within a Step of the Coronation Place ; but there the Golden Knight lay ready to intercept her, so that she could go no farther.

The new Golden Queen, resolved to shew herself valiant and worthy of her Advancement to the Crown, achiev'd great Feats of Arms. But in the mean Time, the Silver Knight takes the Golden Warden who guarded the Camp ; and thus there was a new Silvered Queen, who, like the other, strove to excel in heroic Deeds at the beginning of her Reign. Thus the Fight grew hotter than before. A thousand Stratagems, Charges, Rallyings, Retreats and Attacks were tried on both Sides ; till at last the Silvered Queen, having by Stealth advanced as far as the Golden King's Tent, cried, God save you, Sir. Now none but his new Queen could relieve him ; so she bravely came and expos'd herself to the utmost Extremity to deliver him out of it. Then the Silvered Warden with his Queen, reduced the Golden King to such a Stress, that to save himself, he

was

was forced to lose his Queen; but the Golden King took him at last. However the rest of the Golden Party were soon taken; and that King being left alone, the Silvered Party made him a low Bow; crying, *Good Morrow, Sir*; which denoted that the Silvered King had got the Day.

This being heard, the Music of both Parties loudly proclaimed the Victory. And thus the first Battle ended, to the unspeakable Joy of all the Spectators.

After this the two Brigades took their former Stations, and began to tilt a second Time, much as they had done before; only the Music played somewhat faster than at the first Battle; and the Motions were altogether different. I saw the Golden Queen sally out one of the first, with an Archer and a Knight, as it were angry at the former Defeat, and she had like to have fallen upon the Silvered King in his Tent among his Officers; but having been baulked in her Attempt, she skirmished briskly, and overthrew so many Silvered Nymphs and Officers, that it was a most amazing Sight. You would have sworn she had been another *Penthesilea*; for she behaved herself with as much Bravery as that Amazonian Queen did at *Troy*.

But this Havock did not last long; for the Silvered Party, exasperated by their Loss, resolved to perish, or stop her Progress; and having posted an Archer in Ambuscado on a distant Angle, together with a Knight Errant, her Highness fell into their Hands, and was carried out of the Field. The rest were soon routed after the taking of their Queen; who, without doubt, from that Time resolved to be more wary, and keep near her King, without venturing so far amidst her Enemies, unless with more Force to defend her. Thus the Silvered Brigade once more got the Victory.

This did not dishearten or deject the Golden Party; far from it, they soon appeared again in the Field to face their Enemies; and being posted as before, both the Armies seemed more resolute and chearful than ever. Now the martial Concert began, and the Music was above a *Hemiole* the quicker, according to the warlike *Phrygian Mode*, such as was invented by *Marsyas*.

Then

Then our *Combatants* began to wheel about, and charge with such a Swiftneſs, that in an Inſtant they made four Moves, beſides the uſual Salutations. So that they were continually in Action, flying, hovering, jumping, vaulting, curvetting, with petauriſtical Turns and Motions, and often intermingled.

Seeing them turn about on one Foot after they had made their Honours, we compared them to your Tops or Gigs, ſuch as Boys uſe to whip about ; making them turn round ſo ſwiftly, that they ſleep, as they call it, and Motion cannot be perceived, but reſembles Reſt, its contrary : ſo that if you make a Point or Mark on ſome Part of one of thoſe Gigs, 'twill be perceived not as a Point, but as a continual Line, in a moſt divine Manner, as *Cuſanus* has *wiſely* obſerved.

While they were thus warmly engag'd, we heard continually the Claps and *Epitempſtes*, which thoſe of the two Bands reiterated at the taking of their Enemies ; and this, join'd to the Variety of their Motions and Muſic, would have forced Smiles out of the moſt ſevere *Cato*, the never-laughing *Craſſus*, the *Athenian* Man-hater *Timon* ; nay, even whining *Heraclitus*, tho' he abhorr'd Laughing, the Action that's moſt peculiar to Man. For who could have forborn ? ſeeing thoſe young Warriors with their Nymphs and Queens ſo briskly and gracefully advance, retire, jump, leap, ſkip, ſpring, fly, vault, caper, move to the Right, to the Left, every Way ſtill in Time, ſo ſwiftly, and yet ſo dexterouſly, that they never touch'd one another but methodically.

As the Number of the *Combatants* leſſen'd, the Pleaſure of the Spectators increas'd ; for the Stratagems and Motions of the remaining Forces were more ſingular. I ſhall only add, that this pleaſing Entertainment charmed us to ſuch a Degree, that our Minds were raviſh'd with Admiration and Delight ; and the martial Harmony mov'd our Souls ſo powerfully, that we eaſily believe what is ſaid of *Iſmenias's* having excited *Alexander* to riſe from Table and run to his Arms with ſuch a warlike Melody. At laſt the Golden King remain'd Maſter of
the

the Field: And while we were minding those Dances, Queen *Whims* vanish'd, so that we saw her no more from that Day to this.

Then *Geber's Michelots* conducted us, and we were set down among her Abstractors, as her Queenship had commanded. After that, we return'd to the Port of *Mateotechny*, and thence strait aboard our Ships: For the Wind was fair, and had we not hoisted Sail out o'Hand, we could hardly have got off in three Quarters of a Moon in the Wain.

C H A P. XXVI.

How we came to the Island of Odes, where the Ways go up and down.

WE sail'd before the Wind, between a Pair of Courses, and in two Days made the Island of *Odes*, at which Place we saw a very strange Thing. The Ways there are Animals; so true is *Aristotle's* Saying, that all self-moving Things are Animals. Now the Ways walk there; *Ergo*, They are then Animals. Some of them are strange unknown Ways, like those of the Planets; others are High Ways, Cross Ways, and By Ways. I perceiv'd that the Travellers and Inhabitants of that Country asked, Whither does this Way go? Whither does that Way go? Some answer'd, between *Midy* and *Fevrolles*, to the Parish Church, to the City, to the River, and so forth. Being thus in their right Way, they used to reach their Journey's End without any farther Trouble, just like those who go by Water from *Lyons* to *Avignon* or *Arles*.

Now, as you know that nothing is perfect here below, we heard there was a Sort of People whom they call'd *Highwaymen*, *Way-beaters*, and Makers of Inroads in Roads; and that the poor Ways were sadly afraid

fraid of them, and shun'd them as you do Robbers. For these used to way-lay them, as People lay Trains for Wolves, and set Gins for Woodcocks. I saw one who was taken up with a Lord Chief Justice's Warrant, for having unjustly, and in spite of *Pallas*, taken the *School-way*, which is the longest. Another boasted, that he had fairly taken the shortest, and that doing so he first compassed his Design. Thus *Carpalim* meeting once *Epistemon* looking upon a Wall with his Fiddle-diddle, or live Urinal in his Hand, to make a little Maid's Water, cry'd, that he did not wonder now how the other came to be still the first at *Pantagruel's Levee*, since he held his shortest, and least us'd.

I found *Bourges* Highway among these. It went with the Deliberation of an Abbot, but was made to scamper at the Approach of some Waggoners, who threatened to have it trampled under their Horses Feet, and make their Waggon run over it, as *Tullia's* Chariot did over her Father's Body.

I also espy'd there the old *Way* between *Peronne* and *St. Quentin*, which seem'd to me a very good, honest, plain Way, as smooth as a Carpet, and as good as ever was trod upon by Shoe of Leather.

Among the Rocks I knew again the good old Way to *la Ferarre*, mounted on a huge Bear. This at a Distance would have put me in Mind of *St. Jerome's* Picture, had but the Bear been a Lion: for the poor Way was all mortified, and wore a long hoary Beard, uncomb'd and entangled, which look'd like the Picture of Winter, or at least like a white frosted Bush.

On that Way were store of Beads or Rosaries, coarsely made of wild Pine Tree: and it seem'd kneeling, not standing, nor lying flat; but its Sides and Middle were beaten with huge Stones; insomuch that it prov'd to us at once an Object of Fear and Pity.

While we were examining it, a Runner, *Batchelor* of the Place, took us aside, and shewing us a white smooth Way, somewhat fill'd with Straw, said, henceforth, Gentlemen, do not reject the Opinion of *Thales* the *Milesian*, who said that Water is the Beginning of
all

all Things ; nor that of *Homer*, who tells us that all Things derive their Original from the Ocean: For, this same Way which you see here, had its Beginning from Water, and is to return whence she came before two Momths come to an End ; now Carts are driven here where Boats us'd to be row'd.

Truly, said *Pantagruel*, you tell us no News ; we see five hundred such Changes and more, every Year in our World. Then reflecting on the different Manner of going of those moving Ways, he told us, he believ'd that *Philolaus* and *Aristarchus* had philosophis'd in this Island, and that *Saleuchus* indeed was of Opinion, the Earth turns round about its Poles, and not the Heavens, whatever we may think to the contrary : As when we are on the River *Loire*, we think the Trees and the Shore moves, though this is only an Effect of our Boat's Motion.

As we went back to our Ships, we saw three Way-layers, who having been taken in Ambuscado, were going to be broken on the Wheel ; and a huge Fornicator was burn'd with a lingering Fire, for beating a Way, and breaking one of its Sides : we were told that it was the Way of the Banks of the *Nile* in *Egypt*.

C H A P. XXVII.

How we came to the Island of Sandals ; and of the Order of Semiquaver Friars.

THence we went to the Island of *Sandals*, whose Inhabitants live on nothing but Ling-broth. However, we were very kindly received and entertain'd by *Benius* the Third, King of the Island ; who, after he had made us drink, took us with him to shew us a spick-and-span new Monastery, which he had contriv'd for the Semiquaver Friars ; so he call'd the Religious Men whom he had there. For he said, that on r'other Side

Side the Water liv'd Friars, who stil'd themselves her sweet *Ladyship's* most humble Servants. *Item*, the goodly Friar-minors who are *Semibreves* of Bulls; the Smoak'd-herring Tribe of *Minim* Friars; then the *Crotchet* Friars. So that these Diminitives could be no more than *Semiquavers*. By the Statutes, Bulls, and Patents of Queen *Whims*, they were all dressed like so many *House Burners*, except that, as in *Anjou* your Tylers use to quilt their Knees when they tile Houses, so these holy Friars had usually quilted Bellies, and thick quilted Paunches were among them in much Repute; their Codpieces were cut Slipper Fashion, and every Monk of them wore two; one sew'd before, and another behind, reporting that some certain dreadful Mysteries were duly represented by this Duplicity of Codpieces.

They wore Shoes as round as Basons, in Imitation of those who inhabit the sandy Sea. Their Chins were close shav'd, and their Feet Ironshod; and to shew they did not value Fortune, *Benius* made them shave and poll the hind Part of their Poles, as bare as a Bird's Arse, from the Crown to the Shoulder-blades; but they had Leave to let their Hair grow before, from the two triangular Bones in the upper Part of the Skull.

Thus they did not value Fortune a Button, and cared no more for the Goods of this World, than you or I do for hanging. And to shew how much they defy'd that blind Jilt, all of them wore, not in their Hands like her, but at their Waist, instead of Beads, sharp Razors, which they used to new grind twice a Day, and set thrice a Night.

Each of them had a round Ball on their Feet, because Fortune is said to have one under hers.

The Flap of their Cowls hang'd forwards, and not backwards, like those of others; thus none could see their Noses, and they laugh'd without Fear both at Fortune and the Fortunate, neither more nor less than our Ladies laugh at bare-fac'd Trulls, when they have those Mufflers on, which they call Masks, and which were formerly much more properly call'd Charity, because they cover a Multitude of Sins.

The hind Part of their Faces were always uncovered, as are our Faces, which made them either go with the Belly or the Arse foremost, which they pleased. When their hind Face went forwards you would have sworn this had been their natural Gait; as well on account of their round Shoes, as of the double Codpiece, and their Face behind, which was as bare as the Back of my Hand, and coarsely dawb'd over with two Eyes, and a Mouth, such as you see on some *Indian* Nuts. Now, if they offered to waddle along with their Bellies forwards, you would have thought they were then playing at Blind Man's Buff. May I never be hang'd, if it was not a comical Sight.

Their Way of Living was thus: About Owl-light they charitably began to boot and spur one another: This being done, the least Thing they did, was to sleep and snore; and thus sleeping they had Barnicles on the Handles of their Faces, or Spectacles at most.

You may swear, we did not a little wonder at this odd Fancy; but they satisfied us presently, telling us, That the Day of Judgment is to take Mankind Napping; therefore to shew they did not refuse to make their personal Appearance, as Fortune's Darlings use to do, they were always thus booted and spurred, ready to mount whenever the Trumpet should sound.

At Noon, as soon as the Clock struck, they used to awake. You must know that their Clock-bell, Church-bells, and Refectuary-bells, were all made according to the *Pontial* Device, that is quilted with the finest Down, and their Clappers of Fox-tails.

Having then made Shift to get up at Noon, they pulled off their Boots, and those that wanted to speak with a Maid, *alias* pifs, pifs'd; those that wanted to scumber, scumber'd; and those that wanted to sneeze, sneez'd. But all, whether they would or no (poor Gentlemen!) were obliged largely and plentifully to yawn, and this was their first Breakfast. (O rigorous Statute!) Methought 'twas very comical to observe their Transactions; for, having laid their Boots and Spurs on a Rack, they went into the Cloysters; There they curiously washed their Hands and Mouths, then sat them down on a long Bench, and picked their
Teeth

Teeth till the Provost gave the Signal, whistling through his Fingers; then every He stretch'd out his Jaws as much as he could, and they gap'd and yawn'd for about half an Hour, sometimes more, sometimes less, according as the Prior judg'd the Breakfast to be suitable to the Day.

After that they went in Procession; two Banners being carried before them, in one of which was the Picture of Virtue, and that of Fortune in the other. The last went before, carried by a Semiquavering-Friar, at whose Heels was another with the Shadow or Image of Virtue in one Hand, and an Holy-Water-Sprinkle in the other; I mean of the Holy Mercurial-Water, which *Ovid* describes in his *De Fastis*. And as the preceding Semiquaver rang a Hand-bell, this shak'd the Sprinkle with his Fist. With that, says *Pantagruel*, This Order contradicts the Rule which *Tully* and the *Academicks* prescrib'd, That Virtue ought to go before, and Fortune follow. But they told us, they did as they ought, seeing their Design was to breech, lash, and bethwack Fortune.

During the Processions they trill'd and quaver'd most melodiously betwixt their Teeth I don't know what Antiphonies, or Chantings by Turns: For my Part, 'twas all *Hebrew-Greek* to me, the Devil a Word I could pick out on't; at last, pricking up my Ears, and intensely listening, I perceiv'd they only sang with the Tip of theirs. Oh, what a rare Harmony it was! How well 'twas tun'd to the Sound of their Bells! You'll never find those to jar, that you won't. *Pantagruel* made a notable Observation upon the Processions; for, says he, have you seen and observ'd the Policy of these Semiquavers? To make an End of their Procession, they went out at one of their Church-Doors, and came in at the other: they took a deal of Care not to come in at the Place whereat they went out. On my Honour, these are a subtle Sort of People, quoth *Panurge*; they have as much Wit as three Folks, two Fools and a Madman; they are as wise as the Calf that ran nine Miles to suck a Bull, and when he came there 'twas a Steer. This Subtility and Wisdom of theirs, cry'd Friar *John*, is borrow'd from the Occult

Philosophy; may I be gutted like an Oyster, if I can tell what to make on't. Then the more 'tis to be feared, said *Pantagruel*; for Subtility suspected, Subtility foreseen, Subtility found out, loses the Essence and very Name of Subtility, and only gains that of Blockishness. They are not such Fools as you take them to be, they have more Tricks than are good, I doubt.

After the Procession; they went sluggishly into the Fraternity-Room by the Way of Walk and healthful Exercise, and there kneel'd under the Tables leaning their Breasts on Lanterns. While they were in that Posture, in came a huge *Sandal*, with a Pitchfork in his Hand, who us'd to baste, rib-roast, swaddle, and swinge them well-favour'dly, as they said, and in Truth treated them after a Fashion. They began their Meal as you end yours, with Cheese, and ended it with Mustard and Lettuce, as *Martial* tells us the Ancients did. Afterwards a Platter full of Mustard was brought before every one of them; and thus they made good the Proverb, *After Meat comes Mustard*.

Their Diet was this:

O' *Sundays* they stuffed their Puddings with Puddings, Chitterlings, Links, *Bolonia* Sauages, Forc'd-Meats, Liverings, Hogs-Haslets, young Quails and Teals; you must also always add Cheese for the first Course, and Mustard for the last.

O' *Mondays* they were cramm'd with Pease and Pork, *cum commento*, and interlineary Glosses.

O' *Tuesdays*, they us'd to twist store of Holy bread, Cakes, Buns, Puffs, Lenten Loaves, Jumbals, and Biscuits.

O' *Wednesdays*, my Gentlemen had fine Sheeps-Heads, Calves-Heads, and Brocks Heads, of which there's no Want in that Country.

O' *Thursdays*, they guzzled down seven Sorts of Porridge, not forgetting Mustard.

O' *Fridays*, they munch'd nothing but Services or Sorb apples; neither were these full ripe, as I guess'd by their *Complexion*.

O' *Satur-*

O' *Saturdays*, they gnaw'd Bones ; not that they were Poor or Needy, for every Mother's Son of 'em had a very good fat Belly-benefice.

As for their Drink, 'twas an *Antifortunal* ; thus they call'd I don't know what Sort of a Liquor of the Place.

When they wanted to eat or drink, they turn'd down the Back-Points or Flaps of their Cowls forwards, below their Chins, and that serv'd 'em instead of Gorgets or Slabbering-bibs.

When they had well din'd, they pray'd rarely all in *Quavers* and Shakes ; and the rest of the Day, expecting the Day of Judgment, they were taken up with acts of Charity, and particularly :

O' *Sundays*, Rubbers at Cuffs.

O' *Mondays*, Lending each other Flirts and Fillips on the Nose.

O' *Tuesdays*, Clapperclawing one another.

O' *Wednesdays*, Sniting and Fly-flapping.

O' *Thursdays*, Worming and Pumping.

O' *Fridays*, Tickling.

O' *Saturdays*, Jirking and Firking one another.

Such was their Diet when they resided in the Convent, and if the Prior of the Monk-house sent any of them abroad, then they were strictly enjoyn'd, neither to touch nor eat any Manner of Fish, as long as they were on Sea or Rivers ; and to abstain from all Manner of Flesh whenever they were at Land, that every one might be convinc'd, that while they enjoy'd the Object, they denied themselves the Power, and even the Desire, and were no more mov'd with it, than the *Marpesian* Rock.

All this was done with proper Antiphones, still sung and chanted by Ear, as we have already observ'd.

When the Sun went to Bed, they fairly booted and spurr'd each other as before, and, having clapp'd on their Barnicles, e'en jogg'd to Bed too. At Midnight the *Sandal* came to them, and up they got, and having well whetted and set their Razors, and been a processioning, they clapp'd the Tables over themselves, and like Wire-drawers under their Work, fell to it as aforesaid.

Friar *John des Entoumeures*, having shrewdly observ'd these jolly Semiquaver Friars, and had a full Account of their Statutes, lost all Patience, and cry'd out aloud; Bounce Tail, and God ha' Mercy Guts; if every Fool should wear a Bawble, Fuel would be dear. A Plague rot it, we must know how many Farts go to an Ounce; would *Priapus* were here, as he us'd to be at the nocturnal Festivals in *Crete*, that I might see him play backwards, and wriggle and shake to the Purpose. Ay, ay, this is the World, and t'other is the Country; may I never piss, if this be not an Antichthonian Land, and our very *Antipodes*. In *Germany* they pull down Monasteries and *unfrochify* the Monks; here they go quite Kam, and act clean contrary to others, setting new ones up, against the Hair.

C H A P. XXVIII.

How Panurge ask'd a Semiquaver Friar many Questions, and was only answer'd in Monosyllables.

PANURGE, who had since been wholly taken up with staring at these Royal Semiquavers, at last pull'd one of them by the Sleeve, who was as lean as a (1) Rake, and ask'd him,

Hark'e me, Friar Quaver, Semiquaver, Demi-semiquavering Quaver, where's the Punk?

The Friar pointing downwards, answer'd, There.

Pan. Pray have you many?

Fri. Few.

Pan. How many Scores have you?

Fri. One.

(1) *As a Rake.*] As a dried Red-herring Devil, in the Original.

Pan. How many would you have?

Fri. Five.

Pan. Where do you hide 'em?

Fri. Here.

Pan. I suppose they are not all of one Age; but pray how is their Shape.

Fri. Straight.

Pan. Their Complexion?

Fri. Clear.

Pan. Their Hair?

Fri. Fair.

Pan. Their Eyes?

Fri. Black.

Pan. Their Features?

Fri. Good.

Pan. Their Brows?

Fri. Soft.

Pan. Their Graces?

Fri. Ripe.

Pan. Their Looks?

Fri. Free.

Pan. Their Feet?

Fri. Flat.

Pan. Their Heels?

Fri. Short.

Pan. Their lower Parts?

Fri. Rare.

Pan. And their Arms?

Fri. Long.

Pan. What do they wear on their Hands?

Fri. Gloves.

Pan. What Sort of Rings on their Fingers?

Fri. Gold.

Pan. What Rigging do you keep 'em in?

Fri. Cloth.

Pan. What Sort of Cloth is it?

Fri. New.

Pan. What Colour?

Fri. Sky.

Pan. What Kind of Cloth is it?

Fri. Fine.

Pan. What Caps do they wear ?

Fri. Blue.

Pan. What's the Colour of their Stockings ?

Fri. Red.

Pan. What wear they on their Feet ?

Fri. Pumps.

Pan. How do they use to be ?

Fri. Foul.

Pan. How do they use to walk ?

Fri. Fast.

Pan. Now let's talk of the Kitchen, I mean that of the Harlots, and without going Hand over Head, let's a little examine Things by Particulars. What is in their Kitchens ?

Fri. Fire.

Pan. What Fuel feeds it ?

Fri. Wood.

Pan. What Sort of Wood is't ?

Fri. Dry.

Pan. And of what Kind of Trees ?

Fri. Yews.

Pan. What are the Faggots and Brushes of ?

Fri. Holme.

Pan. What Wood d'ye burn in your Chambers ?

Fri. Pine.

Pan. And of what other Trees ?

Fri. Line.

Pan. Harkee me, as for the Buttocks, I'll go your Halves : Pray, how do they feed 'em ?

Fri. Well.

Pan. First, what do they eat ?

Fri. Bread.

Pan. Of what Complexion ?

Fri. White.

Pan. And what else ?

Fri. Meat.

Pan. How do they love it drest ?

Fri. Roast.

Pan. What Sort of Porridge ?

Fri. None.

Pan. Are they for Pies and Tarts ?

Fri. Much.

Pan.

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Pan. There I'm their Man. Will Fish go down with them?

Fri. Well.

Pan. And what else?

Fri. Eggs.

Pan. How do they like 'em?

Fri. Boil'd.

Pan. How must they be done?

Fri. Hard.

Pan. Is this all they have?

Fri. No.

Pan. What have they besides then?

Fri. Beef.

Pan. And what else?

Fri. Pork.

Pan. And what more?

Fri. Geese.

Pan. What then?

Fri. Ducks.

Pan. And what besides?

Fri. Cocks.

Pan. What do they season their Meat with?

Fri. Salt.

Pan. What Sauce are they most dainty for?

Fri. Must.

Pan. What's their last Course?

Fri. Rice.

Pan. And what else?

Fri. Milk.

Pan. What besides?

Fri. Pease.

Pan. What Sort?

Fri. Green.

Pan. What do they boil 'em with?

Fri. Pork.

Pan. What Fruit do they eat?

Fri. Good.

Pan. How?

Fri. Raw.

Pan. What do they end with?

Fri. Nuts.

Pan. How do they drink?

Fri. Neat.

Pan. What Liquor?

Fri. Wine.

Pan. What Sort?

Fri. White.

Pan. In Winter?

Fri. Strong.

Pan. In the Spring?

Fri. Brisk.

Pan. In Summer?

Fri. Cool.

Pan. In Autumn?

Fri. New.

Buttock of a Monk! cry'd Friar *John*, how plump these plaguy Trulls, these arch Semiquavering Strumpets must be! That damn'd Cattle are so high fed, that they must needs be high mettled, and ready to wince, and give two Ups for one Go-down, when any one offers to ride them below the Crupper.

Prythee, Friar *John*, quoth *Panurge*, hold thy prating Tongue, stay till I have done.

Till what Time do the Doxies sit up?

Fri. Night.

Pan. When do they get up?

Fri. Late.

Pan. May I ride on a Horse that was foal'd of an Acorn, if this be not as honest a Cod as ever the Ground went upon, and as grave as an old Gate-post into the Bargain. Would to the blessed St. *Semiquaver*, and the blessed worthy Virgin St. *Semiquaverera*, he were Lord Chief President [*Justice*] of *Paris*. Ods-bodikins, how he'd dispatch! With what Expedition would he bring Disputes to an Upshot! What an Abbreviator and Clawer off of Law-suits, Reconciler of Differences, Examiner and Fumbler of Bags, Peruser of Bills, Scribbler of Rough-draughts, and an Engrosser of Deeds would he not make! Well, Friar, spare your Breath to cool your Porridge: come, let's now talk with Deliberation, fairly and softly, as Lawyers go to Heaven. Let's know how you victual the Venereal Camp.

Pan.

Pan. How is the Snatchblatch?

Fri. Rough.

Pan. How is the Gate-way?

Fri. Free.

Pan. And how'st within?

Fri. Deep.

Pan. I mean what Weather is it there?

Fri. Hot.

Pan. What shadows the Brooks?

Fri. Groves.

Pan. Of what's the Colour of the Twigs?

Fri. Red.

Pan. And that of the Old?

Fri. Grey.

Pan. How are you when you shake?

Fri. Brisk.

Pan. How is their Motion?

Fri. Quick.

Pan. Would you have them vault or wriggle more?

Fri. Less.

Pan. What Kind of Tools are yours?

Fri. Big.

Pan. And in their Helves?

Fri. Round.

Pan. Of what Colour's the Tip?

Fri. Red.

Pan. When they've been us'd, how are they?

Fri. Shrunk.

Pan. How much weighs each Bag of Tools?

Fri. Pounds.

Pan. How hang your Pouches?

Fri. Tight.

Pan. How are they when you've done?

Fri. Lank.

Pan. Now, by the Oath you've taken, tell me when you have a mind to cohabit, how you throw 'em?

Fri. Down.

Pan. And what do they say then?

Fri. Fye.

Pan. However, like Maids, they say nay, and take it ; and speak the less, but think the more ; minding the Work in Hand ; Do they not ?

Fri. True.

Pan. Do they get you Bairns ?

Fri. None.

Pan. How do you pig together ?

Fri. Bare.

Pan. Remember you're upon your Oath, and tell me justly, and *bonâ fide*, how many Times a Day you Monk it ?

Fri. Six.

Pan. How many Bouts o'Night ?

Fri. Ten.

Cat-so, quoth Friar *John*, the poor fornicating Brother's bashful, and sticks at Sixteen, as if that were his Stint. Right, quoth *Panurge*, but couldst thou keep Pace with him, Friar *John*, my dainty Cod ? May the Devil's Dam suck my Teat, if he does not look as if he had got a Blow over the Nose with a *Naples* Cowl-staff.

Pan. Pray, Friar *Shakewell*, does your whole Fraternity quaver and shake at that Rate ?

Fri. All.

Pan. Who of them is the best Cock o' the Game ?

Fri. I.

Pan. Do you never commit dry Bobs, or Flasbes in the Pan ?

Fri. None.

Pan. I blush like any black Dog, and could be as testy as an old Cook, when I think on all this : it pass'es my Understanding. But, pray when you have been pumpt dry one Day, what have you got the next ?

Fri. More.

Pan. By *Priapus*, they have the *Indian* Herb, of which *Theophrastus* spoke, or I'm much out. But harkee me, thou Man of Brevity, should some Impediment honestly, or otherwise, impair your Talents, and cause your Benevolence to lessen, how would it fare with you then ?

Fri. Ill.

Pan.

Pan. What would the Wenches do?

Fri. Rail.

Pan. What if you skipt, and let 'em fast a whole Day?

Fri. Worfe.

Pan. What do you give 'em then?

Fri. Thwacks.

Pan. What say they to this?

Fri. Bawl.

Pan. And what else?

Fri. Curse.

Pan. How do you correct 'em?

Fri. Hard.

Pan. What do you get out of 'em then?

Fri. Blood.

Pan. How's their Complexion then?

Fri. Odd.

Pan. What do they mend it with?

Fri. Paint.

Pan. Then, what do they do?

Fri. Fawn.

Pan. By the Oath you have taken, tell me truly, what Time of the Year do you do it least in?

Fri. Now (1).

Pan. What Season do you do it best in?

Fri. March.

Pan. How is your Performance the rest of the Year?

Fri. Brisk.

Then, quoth *Panurge* sneering, Of all, and of all, commend me to Ball; this is the Friar of the World, for my Money; you've heard how short, concise, and compendious he is in his Answers? Nothing is to be got out of him but Monosyllables? By Jingo, I believe he would make three Bites of a Cherry.

Damn him, cry'd Friar *John*, that's as true as I am his Uncle, the Dog yelps at another Gat's Rate when he is among his Bitches; there he has Polysyllable enough, my Life for yours; you talk of making three Bites of a Cherry! God send Fools more Wit, and us

more Money: May I be doom'd to fast a whole Day, if I don't verily believe he would not make above two Bites of a Shoulder of Mutton, and one Swoop of a whole Pottle of Wine; Zoons do but see how down o' the Mouth the Cur looks? He's nothing but Skin and Bones; he has piss'd his Tallow.

Truly, truly, quoth *Epistemon*, this rascally Monastical Vermin all over the World mind nothing but their Gut, and are as ravenous as any Kites, and then, forthwith, they tell us they've nothing but Food and Raiment in this World: 'Sdeath, what more have Kings and Princes?

CHAP. XXIX.

How Epistemon disliked the Institution of Lent.

PRAY did you observe, continu'd *Epistemon*, how, this damn'd ill-favour'd Semiquaver mention'd *March* as the best Month for catterwaling? True, said *Pantagruel*, yet *Lent* and *March* always go together; and the first was instituted to macerate and bring down our pamper'd Flesh, to weaken and subdue its Lusts, and to curb and assuage the Venereal Rage.

By this, said *Epistemon*, you may guess what kind of a Pope it was, who first enjoin'd it to be kept; since this filthy wooden-shoe'd Semiquaver owns that his Spoon is never oftener nor deeper in the Porringer of Letchery than in *Lent*; add to this, the evident Reasons given by all good and learned Physicians, affirming, That throughout the whole Year no Food is eaten, that can prompt Mankind to lascivious Acts, more than at that Time.

As for Example, Beans, Peas, Phasels, or Long-Peaſon, Ciches, Onions, Nuts, Oyſters, Herrings, Saltmeats, *Garum*, (a Kind of Anchovy) and Sal-lads, wholly made up of venereous Herbs and Fruits,
as,

Rocket;

Rocket,
Nose smart,
Taragon,
Cresses,
Parsley,
Rampions,
Poppy,
Celery,
Hopbuds,
Figs,
Rice,
Raisins, and others.

'Twould not a little surprise you, said *Pantagruel*, should a Man tell you, That the good Pope, who first order'd the keeping of *Lent*, perceiving that at that 'Time o' Year the natural Heat (from the Centre of the Body, whither it was retir'd during the *Winter's* Cold) diffuses itself as the Sap does in Trees, through the Circumference of the Members, did therefore in a Manner prescribe that Sort of Diet to forward the Propagation of Mankind. What makes me think so, is, that by the Registers of Christenings at *Tours*, it appears that more Children are born in *October* and *November*, than in the other ten Months of the Year, and reckoning backwards, 'twill be easily found that they were all made, conceiv'd, and begotten in *Lent*.

I listen to you with both my Ears, quoth Friar *John*, and that with no small Pleasure, I'll assure you. But I must tell you, that the Vicar of *Jambert* ascrib'd this copious Prolification of the Women, not to that Sort of Food that we chiefly eat in *Lent*, but to the little licens'd stooping Members, your little booted Lent-Preachers, your little draggle-tail'd Father Confessors; who, during all that Time of their Reign, damn all Husbands that run astray, three Fathom and a half below the very lowest Pit of Hell. So the silly Cods-headed Brothers of the Noose, dare not then stumble any more at the Truckle-Bed, to the no small Discomfort of their Maids, and are even forced, poor Souls! to take up with their own bodily Wives. *Dixi*, I have done.

You

You may descant on the Institution of *Lent* as much as you please, cry'd *Epistemon*; so many Men, so many Minds: But certainly all the Physicians will be against its being suppress'd, though I think that Time is at Hand, I know they will, and have heard 'em say, were it not for *Lent*, their Art would soon fall into Contempt, and they'd get nothing, for hardly any body would be sick.

All Distempers are sow'd in *Lent*; 'tis the true Seminary and native Bed of all Diseases; nor does it only weaken and putrefy Bodies, but also makes Souls mad and uneasy. For then the Devils do their best, and drive a subtle Trade, and the Tribe of canting Dissemblers come out of their Holes. 'Tis then Term-time with your cucullated Pieces of formality, that have one Face to God, and the other to the Devil; and a wretched Clutter they made with their Sessions, Stations, Pardons, Synteresses, Confessions, Whippings, Anathematizations, and much Prayer, with as little Devotion. However, I'll not offer to infer from this, that the *Arimaspians* are better than we are in that Point; yet I speak to the purpose.

Well, quoth *Panurge*, to the *Semiquaver* Friar, who happen'd to be by, Dear humbasting, shaking, trilling, quavering Cod, what think'st thou of this Fellow? Is he not a rank Heretic?

Fri. Much.

Pan. Ought he not to be singed?

Fri. Well.

Pan. As soon as may be?

Fri. Right.

Pan. Should not he be scalded first?

Fri. No.

Pan. How then should he be roasted?

Fri. Quick.

Pan. Till at last he be?

Fri. Dead.

Pan. What has he made you?

Fri. Mad.

Pan. What d'ye take him to be?

Fri. Damn'd.

Pan. What Place is he to go to?

Fri.

Fri. Hell.

Pan. But first, how would you have him serv'd here?

Fri. Burnt.

Pan. Some have been serv'd so?

Fri. Store.

Pan. That were Heretics?

Fri. Less.

Pan. And the Number of those that are to be warm'd thus hereafter is?

Fri. Great.

Pan. How many of 'em d'ye intend to save?

Fri. None.

Pan. So you'd have them burnt?

Fri. All.

I wonder, said *Epistemon* to *Panurge*, what Pleasure you can find in talking thus with this lousy Tatterdemallion of a Monk; I vow, did I not know you well, I might be ready to think you had no more Wit in your Head, than he has in both his Shoulders. Come, come, scatter no Words, returned *Panurge*, every one as they like, as the Woman said when she kiss'd her Cow; I wish I might carry him to *Gargantua*; when I'm married he might be my Wife's Fool. And make you one, cry'd *Epistemon*; Well said, quoth Friar *John*, now poor *Panurge*, take that along with thee, thou'rt e'en fitted; 'tis a plain Case, thou'lt never 'scape wearing the Bull's Feather; thy Wife will be as common as the Highway, that's certain.

C H A P. XXX.

How we came to the Land of Satin.

HAVING pleas'd ourselves with observing that new Order of Semiquaver Friars, we set sail, and in three Days our Skipper made the finest and most delightful Island that ever was seen; he call'd it the Island of *Frize*; for all the Ways were of *Frize*.

In that Island is the Land of *Satin*, so celebrated by our Court-pages. Its Trees and Herbage never lose their Leaves or Flowers, and are all Damask and flower'd Velvet: As for the Beasts and Birds, they are all of Tapestry-work. There we saw many Beasts, Birds on Trees, of the same Colour, Bigness, and Shape of those in our Country, with this Difference, however, that these did eat nothing, and never sung, or bit like ours; and we also saw there many Sorts of Creatures, which we never had seen before.

Among the rest, several Elephants in various Postures, twelve of which were the six Males and six Females, that were brought to *Rome* by their Governor in the Time of *Germanicus*, *Tiberius's* Nephew; some of them were learn'd Elephants, some Musicians, others Philosophers, Dancers, and Showers of Tricks, and all sat down at Table in good Order, silently eating and drinking like so many Fathers in a Fraternity-room.

With their Snouts or *Proboscis's*, some two Cubits long, they draw up Water for their own drinking, and take hold of Palm-leaves, Plums, and all Manner of Edibles, using them offensively or defensively, as we do our Fists; with them tossing Men high into the Air in Fight, and making them burst with laughing when they come to the Ground.

They have Joints in their Legs, whatever some Men, who never saw any but painted, may have written to the contrary. Between their Teeth they have two huge Horns; thus *Juba*, call'd 'em, and *Pausanias* tells

tells us, they are not Teeth, but Horns: However, *Philoftratus* will have 'em to be Teeth, and not Horns. 'Tis all one to me, provided you will be pleas'd to own them to be true Ivory. These are some three or four Cubits long, and are fix'd in the upper Jaw-bone, and consequently not in the lowermost. If you hearken to those who will tell you the contrary, you'll find yourselves damnably mistaken, for that's a Lie with a Latchet: Though 'twere *Ælian* that Long-bow Man that told you so; never believe him, for he lies as fast as a Dog can trot. 'Twas in this very Island that *Pliny* his Brother Tell-truth, had seen some Elephants dance on the Rope with Bells, and whip over the Tables, *Preſto, be gone*, while People were at Feaſts, without ſo much as touching the toping Topers, or the Topers toping.

I ſaw a *Rhinoceros* there, juſt ſuch a one as *Harry Clerberg* had formerly ſhew'd me; methought it was not much unlike a certain Boar which I had formerly ſeen at *Limoges*, except the ſharp Horn on its Snout, that was about a Cubit long; by the Means of which that Animal dares encounter with an Elephant, that is ſometimes kill'd with its Point thruſt into its Belly, which is its moſt tender and defenceleſs Part.

I ſaw there two-and-thirty Unicorns; they are a curſt Sort of Creatures, much reſembling a fine Horſe, unleſs it be that their Heads are like a Stag's, their Feet like an Elephant's, their Tails like a wild Boar's, and out of each of their Foreheads ſprouts a ſharp black Horn, ſome ſix or ſeven Foot long; commonly it dangles down like a Turkey-cock's Comb. When an Unicorn has a Mind to fight, or put it to any other Uſe, what does he do but make it ſtand, and then 'tis as ſtrait as an Arrow.

I ſaw one of them, which was attended with a Throng of other wild Beaſts, purify a Fountain with its Horn. With that *Panurge* told me, that his Prancer, *alias*, his Nimble-wimble, was like the Unicorn, not altogether in Length indeed, but in Virtue and Propriety: For as the Unicorn, purified Pools and Fountains from Filth
and

and Venom, so that other Animals came and drank securely there afterwards; in the like Manner, others might water their Nags; and dabble after him without Fear of Chancres, Carnosities, Gonorrhœas, Buboes, Crinkams, and such other Plagues caught by those who venture to quench their amorous Thirst in a common Puddle; for with his nervous Horn he remov'd all the Infection that might be lurking in some blind Cranny of the *mephitic* sweet-scented Hole.

Well, quoth Friar *John*, when you are sped, that is, when you are married, we'll make a Trial of this on thy Spouse, merely for Charity-sake, since you are pleased to give us so beneficial an Instruction.

Ay, ay, returned *Panurge*, and then immediately I'll give you a pretty gentle aggregative Pill of God, made up of two-and-twenty kind Stabs with a Dagger, after the *Cæsarian* Way. Cat-so, cry'd Friar *John*, I had rather take off a Bumper of good cool Wine.

I saw there the Golden-fleece, formerly conquer'd by *Jason*, and can assure you on the Word of an honest Man, that those who have said it was not a Fleece, but a Golden-pipin, because *Μήλον* signifies both an Apple and a Sheep, were utterly mistaken.

I saw also a Cameleon, such as *Aristotle* describes it, and like that which had been formerly shew'd me by *Charles Maris*, a famous Physician of the noble City of *Lyons* on the *Rhone*; and the said Cameleon lived on Air, just as the other did.

I saw three Hydras, like those I had formerly seen. They are a Kind of a Serpent, with seven different Heads.

I saw also fourteen Phoenixes. I had read in many Authors that there was but one in the whole World in every Century; but if I may presume to speak my Mind, I declare, that those who said this, had never seen any, unless it were in the Land of *Tapestry*; though 'twere vouched by *Lactantius Firmianus*.

I saw the Skin of *Apuleius's* Golden Ass.

I saw three hundred and nine Pelicans.

Item,

Item, Six thousand and sixteen *Seleucia* Birds marching in Battalia, and picking up straggling Grasshoppers in Corn-fields.

Item, Some *Cynamologi*, Argatiles, Caprimulgi, Thyn-nunculs, Onocrotals, or Bitterns, with their wide Swallows, Stymphalides, Harpies, Panthers, Dorcas's, or Bucks, Cemas's, Cynocephalis's, Satyrs, Cartafons, Tarrands, Uri, Monopes, Pegasi, Neades, Cepes, Marmosets, or Monkeys, Presteres, Bugles, Musimons, Byturos's, Ophyri, Screech Owls, Goblins, Fairies, and Griffins.

I saw Mid-Lent o' Horseback, with Mid-August and Mid-March holding its Stirrups.

I saw some *Mankind Wolves*, Centaurs, Tigers, Leopards, Hyænas, Camelopardals, and Orix's or huge wild Goats with sharp Horns.

I saw a *Remora*, a little Fish call'd *Echineis* by the Greeks, and near it a tall Ship, that did not get o' Head an Inch, though she was in the Offing with Top and Top-gallants spread before the Wind; I am somewhat inclined to believe, that 'twas the very numerical Ship in which *Periander* the Tyrant happened to be when it was stopt by such a little Fish in Spite of Wind and Tide. 'Twas in this Land of *Satin*, and in no other, that *Mutianus* had seen one of them.

Friar *John* told us, that in the Days of Yore, two Sorts of Fishes us'd to abound in our Courts of Judicature, and rotted the Bodies, and tormented the Souls of those who were at Law, whether noble or of mean Descent, high or low, rich or poor: The first were your *April Fish*, or *Mackerel*, [Pimps, Panders, and Bawds] the others your beneficial *Remoras*, that is, the Eternity of Law-suits; the needless Lets that keep 'em undecided.

I saw some *Sphynge*s, some *Raphes*, some *Ounces*, and some *Cepphi*, whose Fore-feet are like Mands, and their Hind-feet like Man's Feet.

Also some *Crocotas*, and some *Eali* as big as Sea-Horses, with Elephants Tails, Boars Jaws and Tusks, and Horns as pliant as an Ass's Ears.

The

The *Leucrocutes*, most fleet Animals, as big as our Affes of *Mirebalais*, have Necks, Tails, and Breasts like a Lion's, Legs like a Stag's, have Mouths up to the Ears, and but two Teeth, one above, and one below; they speak with human Voices, but when they do, they say nothing.

Some People say, that none e'er saw an Aerie or Nest of Sakers; if you'll believe me, I saw no less than eleven, and I'm sure I reckon'd right.

I saw some left-handed Halberts, which were the first that I had ever seen.

I saw some *Manticores*, a most strange Sort of Creatures, which have the Body of a Lion, red Hair, a Face and Ears like a Man's, three Rows of Teeth which close together, as if you join'd your Hands with your Fingers between each other; they have a Sting in their Tails like a Scorpion's, and a very melodious Voice.

I saw some *Cataplebas's*, a Sort of Serpents, whose Bodies are small, but their Heads large without any Proportion, so that they've much Ado to lift them up; and their Eyes are so infectious, that whoever sees 'em, dies upon the Spot, as if he had seen a Basilisk.

I saw some Beasts with two Backs, and those seem'd to me the merriest Creatures in the World; they were most nimble at wriggling the Buttocks, and more diligent in Tail-wagging than any Water-wagtails, perpetually jogging and shaking their double Rumps.

I saw there some milch'd Craw-fish, Creatures that I never had heard of before in my Life; these mov'd in very good Order, and 'twould have done your Heart good to have seen 'em.

C H A P. XXXI.

*How in the Land of Satin we saw Hearsay, who
kept a School of Vouching.*

WE went a little higher up into the Country of *Tapestry*, and saw the *Mediterranean* Sea open to the Right and Left down to the very Bottom; just as the *Red Sea* very fairly left its Bed at the *Arabian* Gulph, to make a Lane for the *Jews*, when they left *Egypt*.

There I found *Triton* winding his Silver-shell instead of a Horn, and also *Glaucus*, *Proteus*, *Nereus*, and a thousand other Godlings and Sea-monsters.

I also saw an infinite Number of Fish of all Kinds, dancing, flying, vaulting, fighting, eating, breathing, billing, shoving, milting, spawning, hunting, fishing, skirmishing, lying in Ambuscado, making Truces, cheap'ning, bargaining, swearing, and sporting.

In a blind Corner we saw *Aristotle* holding a Lanthorn, in the Posture in which the Hermit uses to be drawn near *St. Christopher*, watching, prying, thinking, and setting every Thing down in Writing.

Behind him stood a Pack of other Philosophers, like so many Bums by a head Bailiff; as *Appian*, *Heliodorus*, *Athenæus*, *Porphyrus*, *Pancrates*, *Archadian*, *Numerius*, *Possidonius*, *Ovidius*, *Oppianus*, *Olympius*, *Seleucus*, *Leonides*, *Agathocles*, *Theophrastus*, *Damostratus*, *Mutianus*, *Nymphodorus*, *Ælian*, and five hundred other such plodding Dons, who were full of Business, yet had little to do; like *Chrysippus* or *Aristarchus*, of *Soli*, who for eight-and-fifty years together did nothing in the World but examine the State and Concerns of Bees.

I spy'd *Peter Gilles* among these, with an Urinal in his Hand, narrowly watching the Water of those goodly Fishes.

When

When he had long beheld every Thing in this Land of *Satin*, *Pantagruel* said, I have sufficiently fed my Eyes, but my Belly is empty all this while, and chimes to let me know 'tis Time to go to Dinner; let's take care of the Body, lest the Soul abdicate it; and to this Effect, let's taste some of these (1) *Anacampserotes* that hang over our Heads. Pshaw, cry'd one, they are mere Trash, stark naught; o' my Word, they're good for nothing.

I then went to pluck some *Myrobolans* off of a Piece of Tapestry, whereon they hang'd, but the Devil a Bit I could chew or swallow 'em, and had you had them betwixt your Teeth, you would have sworn they had been thrown Silk; there was no manner of Savour in 'em.

One might be apt to think *Heliogabalus* had taken a Hint from thence, to feast those whom he had caus'd to fast a long Time, promising them a sumptuous, plentiful, and imperial Feast after it: For all the Treat us'd to amount to no more than several Sorts of Meat in Wax, Marble, Earthenware, painted and figur'd Table-cloths.

While we were looking up and down to find some more substantial Food, we heard a loud various Noise, like that of Paper-mills, or Women bucking of Linen; so with all speed we went to the Place whence the Noise came, where we found a diminutive, monstrous, misshapen old Fellow, call'd *Hear-say*; his Mouth was slit up to his Ears, and in it were seven Tongues, each of 'em cleft into seven Parts. However, he chatter'd, tattled, and prated with all the seven at once, of different Matters, and in divers Languages.

He had as many Ears all over his Head and the rest of his Body, as *Argus* formerly had Eyes; and was as blind as a Beetle, and had the Palsy in his Legs.

About him stood an innumerable Number of Men and Women, gaping, list'ning, and hearing very intensely; among 'em I observ'd some who strutted like Crows in

(1) An Herb, the touching of which is said to reconcile Lovers.

a Gutter, and principally a very handsome bodied Man in the Face, who held then a Map of the World, and with little Aphorisms compendiously explain'd every Thing to 'em; so that those Men of *happy Memories* grew learn'd in a Trice, and would most fluently talk with you of a world of prodigious Things, the hundredth Part of which would take up a Man's whole Life to be fully known.

Among the rest, they descanted with great Prolixity on the Pyramids and Hieroglyphics of *Egypt*, of the *Nile*, of *Babylon*, of the *Troglodytes*, the *Hymantopodes* or *Crumppfooted Nation*, the *Blemice*, People that wear their Heads in the Middle of their Breasts, the *Pygmies*, the *Cannibals*, the *Hiperborei* and their Mountains, the *Egypanes* with their Goats Feet, and the Devil and all of others: Every individual Word of it by *Hear-say*.

I am much mistaken if I did not see among them *Herodotus*, *Pliny*, *Solinus*, *Berosus*, *Philestratus*, *Pomponius Mela*, *Strabo*, and God knows how many other Antiquaries.

Then *Albert*, the great *Jacobin* Friar, *Peter Tesmoin* alias *Witness*, Pope *Pius* the Second, *Volaterran*, *Paulus Jovius* the Valiant, *Jemmy Cartier*, *Chaton* the *Armenian*, *Marco Paulo* the *Venetian*, *Ludovico Romano*, *Pedro Aliares*, and forty Cart-loads of other Modern Historians, lurking behind a Piece of Tapestry where they were at it ding-dong, privately scribbling the Lord knows what, and making rare Work on't, and all by *Hear-say*.

Behind another Piece of Tapestry [on which Naboth's and Sufanna's Accusers were fairly represented,] I saw close by *Hear-say*, good Store of Men of the Country of *Perche* and *Maine*, notable Students, and young enough.

I ask'd what Sort of Study they applied themselves to? and was told, that from their Youth they learned to be *Evidences*, *Affidavit Men*, and *Vouchers*; and were instructed in the Art of *Swearing*; in which they soon became such Proficients, that, when they left that Country, and went back into their own, they set up for themselves, and very honestly lived by their Trade of *Evi-*

dencing : Positively giving their Testimony of all Things whatsoever, to those who feed them most roundly to do a Job of Journey-work for them ; and all this by *Hear-say*.

You may think what you will of it ; but I can assure you, they gave some of us Corners of their Cakes, and we merrily helped to empty their Hogsheds. Then in a friendly Manner they advis'd us *to be as sparing of Truth as possibly we could, if ever we had a Mind to get Court-preferment.*

C H A P. XXXII.

How we came in Sight of Lantern-land.

HAVING been scurvily entertain'd in the Land of *Satin*, we went o'board, and having set Sail, in four Days came near the Coast of *Lantern-land*. We then saw certain little hovering Fires on the Sea.

For my Part I did not take them to be Lanterns, but rather thought they were Fishes, which loll'd their flaming Tongues on the Surface of the Sea ; or *Lampyris's*, which some call *Cicindelas* or *Glow-worms*, shining there as ripe Barley does o'Nights in my Country.

But the Skipper satisfied us that they were the Lanterns of the Watch, or more properly Light-houses, set up in many Places, round the Precinct of the Place, to discover the Land, and for the safe Piloting in of some outlandish Lanterns, which like good *Franciscan* and *Jacobin* Friars, were coming to make their personal Appearance at the Provincial Chapter.

However, some of us were somewhat suspicious that these Fires were the Forerunners of some Storm ; but the Skipper assur'd us again, they were not.

CHAP. XXXIII.

*How we landed at the Port of the Lychnobii,
and came to Lantern-land.*

SOON after we arriv'd at the Port of *Lantern-land*, where *Pantagruel* discover'd on a high Tower, the Lantern of *Rochel*, that stood us in good Stead, for it cast a great Light. We also saw the Lantern of *Pharos*, that of *Nauplion*, and that of *Acropolis*, at *Athens*, sacred to *Pallas*.

Near the Port, there's a little Hamlet inhabited by the *Lychnobii*, that live by Lanterns, as the gulligutted Friars in our Country live by Nuns: They are studious People, and as honest Men as ever shrit in a Trumpet. *Demosthenes* had formerly lanternis'd there.

We were conducted from that Place to the Palace by three (1) Obeliscolichnys, Military Guards of the Port, with high-crown'd Hats, whom we acquainted with the Cause of our Voyage, and our Design, which was to desire the Queen of the Country to grant us a Lantern to light and conduct us, during our Voyage to the Oracle of the Bottle.

They promised to assist us in this, and added, that we could never have come in a better Time, for then the Lanterns held their Provincial Chapter.

When we came to the Royal Palace, we had Audience of her Highness, the Queen of *Lantern-land*, being introduced by two Lanterns of Honour, that of *Aristophanes*, and that of *Cleantes*. *Panurge* in few Words acquainted her with the Causes of our Voyage, and she receiv'd us with great Demonstrations of Friend-

(1) A Kind of Beacons.

ship, desiring us to come to her at Supper-time, that we might more easily make Choice of one to be our Guide, which pleas'd us extremely. We did not fail to observe intensely every Thing we could see, as the Garbs, Motions and Deportment of the Queen's Subjects, principally the Manner after which she was serv'd.

The bright Queen was dress'd in Virgin Cryстал of *Tutia*, wrought Damaskwise, and beset with large Diamonds.

The Lanterns of the Royal Blood were clad partly with Bastard Diamonds, partly with diaphanous Stones, the rest with Horn, Paper, and oil'd Cloth.

The Cresset-lights took Place according to the Antiquity and Lustre of their Families.

An Earthen Dark-lantern, shap'd like a Pot, notwithstanding this, took Place of some of the first Quality, at which I wonder'd much, till I was told, it was that of *Epictetus*, for which three thousand *Drachmas* had been formerly refus'd.

Martial's (2) *Polymix* Lantern made a very good Figure there; I took particular Notice of its Dress, and more yet of the *Icosimyxe*, formerly consecrated by *Canopa* the Daughter of *Tifias*.

I saw the Penfile Lantern formerly taken out of the Temple of *Apollo Palatinus* at *Thebes*, and afterwards by *Alexander the Great* carry'd to the Town of *Cymos*.

I saw another that distinguished itself from the rest by a Bushy Tuft of Crimson Silk on its Head. I was told, 'twas that of *Bartolus*, the Lantern of the Civilians.

Two others were very remarkable for Glister-pouches that dangled at their Waist. We were told, that one was the *Greater Light*, and the other the *Lesser Light* of the 'Pothecaries.

When 'twas Supper-time, the Queen's Highness first sate down, and then the rest, according to their Rank and Dignity.

(2) A Lamp with many Wicks, or a branch'd Candlestick with many *Springs* coming out of it, that supply all the Branches with Oil.

For the first Course, they were all serv'd with large Christmas Candles, except the Queen, who was serv'd with a hugeous, thick, stiff, flaming Taper, of white Wax, somewhat red towards the Tip; and the Royal Family, as also the Provincial Lantern of *Mirebalais*, who were serv'd with *Nut-Lights*; and the Provincial of Lower *Poitou*, with an arm'd Candle.

After that, God-wot, what a glorious Light they gave with their Wicks: I do not say all, for you must except a Parcel of junior Lanterns, under the Government of a high and mighty one. These did not cast a Light like the rest, but seem'd to me dimmer than any long-snuff Farthing Candle, whose Tallow has been half melted away in a Hot-house.

After Supper we withdrew to take some Rest, and the next Day the Queen made us chuse one of the most illustrious Lanterns to guide us; after which we took our Leave.

C H A P. XXXIV.

How we arriv'd at the Oracle of the Bottle.

OUR glorious Lantern lighting and directing us to Heart's Content, we at last arriv'd at the desired Island, where was the Oracle of the Bottle. As soon as Friend *Panurge* landed, he nimbly cut a Caper with one Leg for Joy, and cry'd to *Pantagruel*, Now we are where we have wish'd ourselves long ago. This is the Place we've been seeking with such Toil and Labour. He then made a Compliment to our Lantern, who desir'd us to be of good Cheer, and not be daunted or dismay'd whatever we might chance to see.

To come to the Temple of the Holy Bottle, we were to go through a large Vineyard, in which were all Sorts of Vines, as the *Falernian*, *Malvesian*, the *Muscadine*, those of *Taige*, *Beaune*, *Mirevaux*, *Orleans*,
L 3
Picardant,

Picardant, Arbois, Coussi, Anjou, Grave, Corfica, Vierron, Nerac, and others. This Vineyard was formerly planted by the good *Bacchus*, with so great a Blessing, that it yields Leaves, Flowers, and Fruit, all the Year round, like the Orange-trees at *Serene*.

Our magnificent Lantern order'd every one of us to eat three Grapes, to put some Vine-leaves in his Shoes, and take a Vine-branch in his Left-hand.

At the End of the Close, we went under an Arch built after the Manner of those of the Ancients. The Trophies of a Toper were curiously carv'd on it.

First, On one Side was to be seen a long Train of Flagons, Leathern Bottles, Flasks, Cans, Glass-Bottles, Barrels, Nipperkins, Pint-Pots, Quart-Pots, Pottles, Gallons, and old fashion'd *Samaises* [swinging Wooden-Pots, such as those out of which the *Germans* fill their Glasses]; these hang'd on a shady Arbor.

On another Side was Store of Garlick, Onions, Shal-lots, Hams, Botargos, Caviar, Biscuits, Meats Tongues, old Cheese, and such like *Comfits*, very artificially interwoven and packed together with Vine-stocks.

On another, were a hundred Sorts of Drinking Glasses, Cups, Cisterns, Ewers, False Cups, Tumblers, Bowls, Mazers, Mugs, Jugs, Goblets, Talboys, and such other *Bacchic* Artillery.

On the Frontispiece of the Triumphal Arch, under the *Zoephore*, was the following Couplet.

*You, who presume to move this Way,
Get a good Lantern, lest you stray.*

We took special Care of that, cry'd *Pantagruel*, when he read them; for there is not a better, or a more divine Lantern than ours in all *Lantern-land*.

This Arch ended at a fine large round Alley, cover'd over with the interlaid Branches of Vines, loaded and adorned with Clusters of five hundred different Colours, and of as many various Shapes, not natural, but due to the Skill of *Agriculture*; some were Golden, other Blueish, Tawny, Azure, White, Black, Green, Purple,

Purple, streaked with many Colours, Long, Round, (1) Triangular, Cod-like, Hairy, Great-headed, and Graffy. That pleasant Alley ended at three old Ivy-trees verdant, and all loaden with Rings. Our most illustrious Lantern directed us to make ourselves high-crown'd Hats with some of their Leaves, and cover our Heads wholly with 'em, which was immediately done.

Jupiter's Priestess, said *Pantagruel*, in former Days, would not, like us, have walk'd under this Arbour. There was a mystical Reason, answer'd our most perspicuous Lantern, that would have hinder'd her. For had she gone under it, the Wine, or the Grapes of which 'tis made, that's the same Thing, had been over her Head, and then she would have seem'd overtopped and master'd by Wine. Which implies, that Priests, and all Persons who devote themselves to the Contemplation of Divine Things, ought to keep their Minds sedate and calm, and avoid whatever may disturb and discompose their Tranquillity; which nothing is more apt to do than Drunkenness.

You also, continued our Lantern, could not come into the Holy Bottle's Presence, after you have gone through this Arch, did not that noble Priestess *Bacchus* first see your Shoes full of Vine-leaves; which Action is diametrically opposite to the other, and signifies that you despise Wine, and having master'd it, as it were, tread it under Foot.

I am no Scholar, quoth Friar *John*, for which I'm heartily sorry; yet I find by my Breviary, that in the *Revelation*, a Woman was seen with the Moon under her Feet, which was a most wonderful Sight. Now, as *Bigot* explain'd it to me, this was to signify, That she was not of the Nature of other Women, for they have all the Moon at their Heads, and consequently their Brains are always troubled with a Lunacy: This makes me willing to believe what you said, dear Madam Lantern.

(1) *Triangle.*] Read *Torangle*; for that's the Word used by *Rabelais*. It signifies a Glass turn'd angularly. In the Author's Time they said *tor* for *tour*, *torner* for *tourner*.

C H A P. XXXV.

How we went under Ground to come to the Temple of the Holy Bottle; and how Chinon is the oldest City in the World.

WE went under Ground through a plaister'd Vault, on which was coarsely painted a Dance of Women and Satyrs, waiting on old *Silenus*, who was grinning o'Horseback on his Ass. This made me to say to *Pantagruel*, that this Entry put me in Mind of the (1) *Painted Cellar*, in the oldest City in the World, where such Paintings are to be seen, and in as cool a Place.

Which is the oldest City in the World, ask'd *Pantagruel*? 'Tis *Chinon*, Sir, or *Canion* in *Tourain*, said I. I know, return'd *Pantagruel*, where *Chinon* lies, and the *Painted Cellar* also, having myself drunk there many a Glass of cool Wine; neither do I doubt but that *Chinon* is an ancient Town. Witness its Blazon; I own 'tis said twice or thrice,

Chinon.

*Petite Ville, grand Renom,
Assise sur pierre ancienne:
Au haut le bois, au pied la Vienne.*

Chinon.

Little Town,
Great Renown,
On old Stone,
Long has stood:
There's the *Vienne*, if you look down;
If you look up, there's the Wood.

But

(1) *Painted Cellar, or the House of Innocent, the Pastry-Cook.*
The ancient Dutch Scholiast here has these Words: *It was Rabelais's House, and in my Time belong'd to his Son: In order to go from this*

But how, continued he, can you make it out that 'tis the oldest Town in the World? Where did you find this written? I have found it in the sacred Writ, said I, that *Cain* was the first that built a Town; we may then reasonably conjecture that from his Name he gave it that of *Cainon*. Thus, after his Example, most other Founders of Towns have given them their Names; *Athena*, that's *Minerva* in Greek, to *Athens*; *Alexander* to *Alexandria*; *Constantine* to *Constantinople*; *Pompey* to *Pompeopolis* in *Cilicia*; *Adrian* to *Adrianople*; *Canaan* to the *Canaanites*; *Saba* to the *Sabeans*; *Affur* to the *Affyrians*; and so *Ptolemais*, *Cæsarea*, *Tiberias*, and *Herodium* in *Judæa* got their Names.

While we were thus talking, there came to us the great Flask whom our Lantern call'd the Philosopher, her Holiness the Bottle's Governor. He was attended with a Troop of the Temple Guards, all *French* Bottles in Wicker Armour; and seeing us with our Javelins wrapped with Ivy, with our illustrious Lantern, whom he knew, he desir'd us to come in with all Manner of Safety, and order'd we should be immediately conducted to the Princess *Bacchus*, the Bottle's Lady of Honour, and Priestesses of all the Mysteries; which was done.

C H A P. XXXVI.

How we went down the Tetradic Steps, and of Panurge's Fear.

WE went down one Marble Step under Ground, where there was a Resting, or (as our Workmen call it) a Landing-place; then turning to the Left, we

this House into the Painted Cellar, instead of going down Stairs, as in other Cellars, in this People went up Stairs; it being much higher than the House, and had as many Steps as there are Days in the Year. It is the highest Part of the Castle of Chinon, which commands the whole Town. The Word Painted is equivocal, and ought not to be written Cave Peinte (Painted Cellar) but Cave à pinte (the Pinte Cellar) because People went thither for Wine, and fetch'd it away in certain Wine-pots, or Pewter Vessels, call'd Pintes.

L 5

went

went down two other Steps, where there was another Resting-place; after that we came to three other Steps turning about, and met a third; and the like at four Steps which we met afterwards. There, quoth *Panurge*, is it here? How many Steps have you told, ask'd our Magnificent Lantern? One, two, three, four, answer'd *Pantagruel*. How much is that, ask'd she? Ten, return'd he. Multiply that, said she, according to the same *Pythagorical Tetrad*. That's ten, twenty, thirty, forty, cry'd *Pantagruel*. How much is the whole, said she? One hundred, answer'd *Pantagruel*. Add, continued she, the first Cube, that's eight; at the End of that fatal Number you'll find the Temple-gate; and pray observe, this is the true *Psychogony* of *Plato*, so celebrated by the Academics, yet so little understood; one Moiety of which consists of the Unity of the two first Numbers full of two Square and two Cubic Numbers. We then went down those Numerical Stairs, all under Ground, and I can assure you in the first Place that our Legs stood us in good Stead; for had it not been for 'em, we had roll'd just like so many Hogheads into a Vault. Secondly, our Radiant Lantern gave us just so much Light as in St. *Patrick's* Hole in *Ireland*, or *Trophonius's* Cavern in *Bæotia*; which caus'd *Panurge* to say to her, after we were got down some 78 Steps;

Dear Madam, with a sorrowful aking Heart, I most humbly beseech your Lanternship to lead us back. May I be led to Hell, if I be not half dead with Fear; my Heart's sunk down into my Hose; I am afraid I shall make butter'd Eggs in my Breeches. I freely consent never to marry. You have given yourself too much Trouble on my Account; the Lord shall reward you in his great *Rewarding-place*; neither will I be ungrateful when I come out of this Cave of *Troglodytes*. Let's go back, I pray you. I'm very much afraid this is *Tænarus*, the *Low-Way* to Hell, and methinks I already hear *Cerberus* bark. Hark! I hear the Cur, or my Ears tingle; I have no Manner of Kindness for the Dog; for there never is a greater Tooth-ake, than when Dogs bite us by the Shins: And if this be only *Trophonius's* Pit, the Lemures, Hob-thrushes and Goblins will certainly

tainly swallowed us alive, just as they devoured formerly one of *Demetrius's Halbardiers* for Want of Lunchions of Bread. Art thou here, Friar *John*? Pr'ythee, dear, dear Cod, stay by me, I'm almost dead with Fear; hast thou got thy *Bilbo*? Alas! poor *Pilgarlick's* defenceless; I'm a naked Man thou know'st; let's go back. Zoons, fear nothing, cry'd Friar *John*, I'm by thee, and have thee fast by the Collar; eighteen Devils shan't get thee out of my Clutches, tho' I were unarm'd. Never did a Man yet want Weapons who had a good Arm with as stout a Heart; Heaven would sooner send down a Shower of them; even as in *Pro-vence*, in the Fields of *la Crau*, near *Mariane*, there rain'd Stones, (they are there to this Day) to help *Hercules*, who otherwise wanted wherewithal to fight *Neptune's* two Bastards. But whither are we bound? Are we a going to the Little Children's *Limbo*? By *Pluto*, they'll bepawh, and conskite us all; or are we going to Hell for Orders? By Cob's Body, I'll hamper, bethwack, and belabour all the Devils, now I have some Vine-leaves in my Shoes. Thou shalt see me lay about me like mad, old Boy. Which Way? where the Devil are they? I fear nothing but their damn'd Horns; but Cuckoldy *Panurge's* Bull's Feather will altogether secure me from 'em.

Lo! in a prophetic Spirit I already see him, like another *Aëdon*, horn'd, horny, hornified. Pr'ythee, quoth *Panurge*, take heed thyself, dear Frater, lest, till Monks have leave to marry, thou weddest something thou dost not like, as some Quartan Ague; if thou dost, may I never come safe and sound out of this *Hypogeum*, this *Subterranean Cave*, if I don't tup and ram that Disease merely for the Sake of making thee a cornuted, corniferous Property; otherwise I fancy the Quartan Ague is but an indifferent Bedfellow. I remember *Gripe-men-all* threaten'd to wed thee to some such Thing, for which thou call'dst him Heretic.

Here our splendid Lantern interrupted them, letting us know this was the Place (1) where we were to have
a Taste.

(1) *Where we were to have a Taste of the Creature.*] It should be *where we were to observe Taciturnity: Fawere lingua: Which in the*
L. 6. *Sacrifices*

a Taste of the Creature, and be silent; bidding us not despair of having the Word of the Bottle before we went back, since we had lin'd our Shoes with Vine-leaves.

Come on then, cried *Panurge*, let us charge through and through all the Devils of Hell; we can but perish, and that's soon done: However, I thought to have reserved my Life for some mighty Battle. Move, move, move forwards; I am as stout as *Hercules*, my Breeches are full of Courage; my Heart trembles a little, I own; but that's only an Effect of the Coldness and Dampness of this Vault; 'tis neither Fear nor an Ague. Come on, move on, pish, pish, push on. My Name's *William Dreadnought*.

C H A P. XXXVII.

How the Temple-gates in a wonderful Manner open'd of themselves.

AFTER we were got down the Steps, we came to a Portal of fine Jasper, of *Doric* Order, on whose Front we read this Sentence in the finest Gold, ΕΝ ΟΙΝΩ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ, that is, *In Wine Truth*. The two Folding-doors of the Gate were of (1) *Corinthian-like* Brass, massy, wrought with little Vine Branches, finely embossed and engraven, and were equally join'd and clos'd together in their Mortise without any Padlock, Key, Chain, or Tie whatsoever. Where they join'd there hang'd an *Indian* Loadstone as big as an *Egyptian* Bean, set in Gold, having two Points, Hex-

Sacrifices, and other Religious Ceremonies of the *Romans*, signify'd to keep Silence: *Favorare* being the same as *favere linguis*. But this Word, by the Printer's Fault, used to be written *Savorare*, which occasioned the Mistake above.

(1) *Corinthian-like Brass*.] See *Pliny*, l. 34, c. 2. *Corinthian Brass* is held to be a Mixture of Gold, Silver, and Brass.

agonal,

agonal, in a right Line; and on each Side, towards the Wall, hang'd a Handful of (2) *Scordium*.

There our noble Lantern desir'd us not to take it amiss that she went no further with us, leaving us wholly to the Conduct of the Priestess *Bacbus*; for she herself was not allow'd to go in, for certain Causes rather to be concealed than revealed to Mortals. However, she advis'd us to be resolute and secure, and to trust to her for the Return. She then pull'd the Loadstone that hanged at the Folding of the Gates, and throw'd it into a Silver Box fixed for that Purpose; which done, from the Threshold of each Gate she drew a Twine of Crimson Silk about nine Foot long, by which the *Scordium* hang'd, and having fasten'd it to two Gold Buckles that hanged at the Sides, she withdrew.

Immediately the Gates (3) flew open without being touch'd, not with a creaking, or loud harsh Noise, like that made by heavy Brazen Gates, but with a soft pleasing Murmur that resounded through the Arches of the Temple.

Pantagruel soon knew the Cause of it, having discovered a small Cylinder or Roller that joined the Gates over the Threshold, and, turning like them towards the Wall on a hard, well-polish'd *Ophites* Stone, which rubbing and rolling caused that harmonious Murmur.

I wonder'd how the Gates thus opened of themselves to the Right and Left, and after we were all got in, I cast my Eye between the Gates and the Wall, to endeavour to know how this happen'd; for one would have

(2) *Scordium*, &c.] Wrong: *Rabelais* says, *Une poignée de Scordon*, i. e. a Handful of *Garlick*: *Σκόρδον* in Greek: Not *Σκόρδιον*, *Scordium*, which is another Herb, *quæ alii odorem respicit* (says *Robinson's Lexicon*;) it has indeed the Smell of *Garlick* and no more. *In malignis morbis efficax*, continues *Robinson*, speaking of *Scordium*; call'd by the French *Chamaras*, not *P'Ail*. Erroneously therefore, here, and elsewhere in the same Chapter, have the Editors of *Rabelais's* Works printed *Scordeon* sometimes, and sometimes *Scordien*.

(3) *Flew open*.] This is in Imitation of the Description of *Apolidon's* Palace in Ch. xi. of B. IV. of *Amadis de Gaul*.

thought

thought our kind Lantern had put between the Gates the Herb *Æthiopis*, which they say, opens some Things that are shut; but I perceived that the Parts of the Gates that joined on the Inside were covered with Steel; and just where the said Gates touch'd when they were opened, I saw two square (4) *Indian Loadstones*, of a blueish Hue, well polished, and half a Span broad, mortis'd in the Temple-wall. Now, by the hidden and admirable Power of the Loadstones, the Steel Plates were put into Motion, and consequently the Gates were slowly drawn. However, not always, but when the said Loadstone on the Outside was removed, after which the Steel was freed from its Power, the two Bunches of *Scordium* being at the same Time put at some Distance, because (5) it deadens the *Magnes*, and robs it of its attractive Virtue.

On the Loadstone that was placed on the Right Side, the following *Iambic Verse* was curiously engraven in ancient *Roman Characters* :

(6) *Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt.*

Fate leads the Willing, and the Unwilling (7) draws.

(4) *Indian Loadstones.*] Before, in l. 4. ch. 62. the Loadstone is mentioned as a Stone, in ancient Times, found in *Ida* in the Country of *Phrygia*, as is said by *Pliny*, l. 5. ch. 30, & 36. Here *Rabelais* speaks of the *Indian Loadstone*, whose Virtue he believed to be so much the stronger, as in l. 7. of *Protemy's Geog.* ch. 2. he had read, that in the Islands called *Manicles*, such Ships as had Iron Pins or Nails in them stopt short on their Way, without any Possibility of proceeding any farther, because of the Loadstone which the adjoining Land abounded with.

(5) *Deadens the Magnes.*] See Preface to *Pliny's* 20th Book.

(6) *Ducunt volentem, &c.*] This Verse is none of *Seneca* the Tragedian's, as *Erasmus* took it to be in his *Adages*, at the Word *Fato non repugnandum*. The Thought is in some of the *Greek Iambics* of the Stoic *Cleanthes*, from whence *Epictetus* taking it and putting it into his Manual, the other *Seneca*, who fancied it beautiful enough to make fresh Use of it, put into *Latin Iambics Cleanthes's Greek ones*, and inserted 'em in the CVIth of his *Epistles*.

(7) *Draws.*] Or drags, which the Reader pleases. Some Editions have it *tirent*, others *trahunt*.

The

The following Sentence was neatly cut in the Loadstone that was on the left.

ALL THINGS TEND TO THEIR END.

CHAP XXXVIII.

Of the Temple's admirable Pavement.

WHEN I had read those Inscriptions, I admired the Beauty of the Temple, and particularly the Disposition of its Pavement, with which no Work that is now, or has been under the Cope of Heaven, can justly be compar'd; not that of the Temple of *Fortune* at *Præneste* in *Sylla's* Time; or the Pavement of the *Greeks*, called (1) *Asarotum*, laid by *Sofistratus* in *Pergamus*. For this here was wholly in Compartments of precious Stones, all in their natural Colours; One of red Jasper, most charmingly spotted. Another of (2) *Ophites*. A third of *Porphyry*. A fourth of (3) *Lycophtalmy*, a Stone of four different Colours, powder'd with Sparks of Gold, as small as Atoms. A fifth of *Agate*, streak'd here and there with small Milk-colour'd Waves. A sixth of (4) costly *Chalcedony*. And another of green Jas-

(1) *Asarotum*,] See *Pliny*, l. 36. ch. 35.

(2) See *Pliny*, l. 35. c. 7, &c. Read *Ophites*, not *Opbir* or *Opbire*, as in some Editions of *Rabelais*.

(3) *Lycophtalmy*.] See *Pliny*, l. 37. ch. xi. All the Editions have either *Licoptalmy*, or *Licoptbalmy*, or *Lycophtbalmy*: But the true Spelling is *Lycophtalmy*, from *Λυκόφθαλμος*.

(4) Costly *Chalcedony*.] *Cassodoine* by Corruption. See *Salmasius* on *Solinus*. Costly, because the Vases made of this Stone are very subject to crack and break. *Murrhina* & *CrySTALLINA* (*pocula*) ex eadem terra effodimus, quibus pretium faceret ipsa fragilitas, says *Pliny* in *Pref.* of 33. l.

per, with certain red and yellowish Veins; and all these were disposed in a Diagonal Line.

At the Portico, some small Stones were inlaid, and evenly joined on the Floor, all in their native Colours, to embellish the Design of the Figures; and they were ordered in such a Manner, that you would have thought some Vine-leaves and Branches had been carelessly strew'd on the Pavement; For in some Places they were thick, and thin in others: That Inlaying was very wonderful every where; here were seen, as it were in the Shade, some Snails crawling on the Grapes; there, little Lizards running on the Branches; on this Side, were Grapes that seem'd yet greenish; on another, some Clusters that seem'd full ripe, so like the true, that they could as easily have deceived Starlings, and other Birds, as those which *Zeuxis* drew.

Nay, we ourselves were deceived; for where the Artist seem'd to have strewed the Wine-branches thickest, we could not forbear walking with great Strides, lest we should intangle our Feet, just as People go over an unequal stony Place.

I then cast my Eyes on the Roof and Walls of the Temple, that were all pargetted with Porphyry and Mosaick Work; which from the left Side at the Coming in, most admirably represented the Battle in which the good *Bacchus* overthrew the *Indians*; as followeth.

C H A P. XXXIX.

*How we saw Bacchus's Army drawn up in Battalia
in Mosaic Work.*

AT the Beginning, divers Towns, Hamlets, Castles, Fortresses, and Forests were seen in Flames; and several mad and loose Women, who furiously ripped up, and tore live Calves, Sheep, and Lambs, Limb from Limb, and devoured their Flesh. There we learned how (1) *Bacchus*, at his coming into *India*, destroyed all Things with Fire and Sword.

Notwithstanding this, he was so despised by the *Indians*, that they did not think it worth their while to stop his Progress, having been certainly informed by their Spies, that his Camp was destitute of Warriors, and that he had only with him a Crew of drunken Females, a low-built, old, effeminate, sottish Fellow, continually addled, and as drunk as a Wheel-barrow, with a Pack of young clownish Doddipoles, stark naked, always skipping and frisking up and down, with Tails and Horns like those of young Kids.

For this Reason the *Indians* had resolved to let them go through their Country without the least Opposition, esteeming a Victory over such Enemies more dishonourable than glorious.

In the mean Time, *Bacchus* marched on, burning every thing; for, as you know, Fire and Thunder are his Paternal Arms; *Jupiter* having saluted his Mother *Semele* with his Thunder; so that his Maternal House was ruined by Fire. *Bacchus* also caused a great deal of Blood to be spilt; which, when he is rous'd and an-

(1) *Bacchus*, &c.] This Chapter is taken from *Lucian's Discourse*, intitl'd *Bacchus*.

ger'd, principally in War, is as natural to him, as to make some in Time of Peace.

Thus the Plains of the Island of *Samos*, are called (2) *Panema*, which signifies all Bloody, because *Bacchus* there overtook the *Amazons*, who fled from the Country of *Ephesus*, and there let 'em Blood, so that they all died of Phlebotomy. This may give you a better Insight into the Meaning of an ancient Proverb, than *Aristotle* does in his Problems; viz. Why 'twas formerly said, *Neither eat (3) nor sow any Mint in Time of War*. The Reason is, That Blows are given in Time of War without any Distinction of Parts or Persons; and if a Man that's wounded, has that Day handled or eaten any Mint, 'tis impossible, or at least very hard to stanch his Blood.

After this, *Bacchus* was seen marching in *Battalia*, riding in a stately Chariot, drawn by six young Leopards; he look'd as young as a Child, to shew that all good Topers never grow old: he was as red as a Cherry, or a Cherub, which you please; and had no more Hair on his Chin, than there is in the Inside of my Hand; his Forehead was grac'd with pointed Horns, above which, he wore a fine Crown or Garland of Vine-leaves and Grapes, and a Mitre of Crimson Velvet, having also gilt Buskins on.

(2) *Panema*.] See *Plutarch* in his Questions about Greek Affairs. ch. 96.

(3) *Nor sow any Mint*.] The Reason of this Proverb is not that Mint being cold of itself, as *Aristotle* supposed, the using it would be bad for those whose Trade is to fight. Mint has so little of this Quality, that, according to *Dioscorides*, *Hippocrates*, and *Ætius*, it provokes Urine, and causes Seed to abound so as to slip away involuntarily by being too thin. The Reason of the Proverb is, rather because by exciting too much to Love, those who have exhausted themselves in the Wars of *Venus* must of Necessity be less in a Readiness for those of *Bellona*. There is, however, one Way, and but one, to reconcile *Aristotle* with *Hippocrates* and the Physicians, and that is, in *Aristotle*, to read *καταρῶσαι*, *liquifies*, instead of *νυθάζειν*, *debilitates*, or *corvardsizes*, to come as near as I can to *Du C's* superannuated Word *Allachir*. This is the Sentiment of *Jerome Mercurialis*, l. 4. c. 8. of his various Readings. See *Lud. Nonius*, l. 1. c. 20. of his *De re Cibaria*.

He had not one Man with him that look'd like a Man ; his Guards, and all his Forces, consisted wholly of *Bassarides*, *Evantes*, *Eubyades*, *Edonides*, *Trietherides*, *Ogygiæ*, *Mimallonides*, *Mænades*, *Thyiades*, and *Bacchides*, frantick, raving, raging, furious, mad Women, begirt with live Snakes and Serpents, instead of Girdles, their dishevell'd Hair flowing about their Shoulders, with Garlands of Vine-branches, instead of Forehead-cloths, clad with Stags or Goat-skins, and arm'd with Torches, Javelins, Spears, and Halberts, whose Ends were like Pine-apples ; besides, they had certain small light Bucklers, that gave a loud Sound if you touch'd them never so little, and these serv'd them instead of Drums : They were just seventy-nine thousand two hundred twenty-seven.

Silenus, who led the Van, was one on whom *Bacchus* rely'd very much, having formerly had many Proofs of his Valour and Conduct ; he was a diminutive, stooping, palsied, plump, gorbellied, old Fellow, with a swindging Pair of stiff-standing Lugs of his own, a sharp *Roman* Nose, large rough Eye-brows, mounted on a well-hung Ass ; in his Fift he held a Staff to lean upon, and also bravely to fight, whenever he had occasion to alight ; and he was drest in a Woman's yellow Gown. His Followers were all young, wild, clownish People, as hornified as so many Kids, and as fell as so many Tigers, naked, and perpetually singing and dancing Country Dances ; they were called *Tityri* and Satyrs ; and were in all Eighty-five thousand one hundred thirty-three.

Pan, who brought up the Rear, was a monstrous sort of a Thing, for his lower Parts were like a Goat's, his Thighs hairy, and his Horns bolt upright ; a crimson fiery Phiz, and a Beard that was none of the shortest. He was a bold, stout, daring, desperate Fellow, very apt to take Pepper in the Nose for yea and nay.

In his Left Hand he held a Pipe, and a crooked Stick in his Right. His Forces consisted also wholly of *Satyrs*, *Ægipanes*, *Agripanes*, *Sylvans*, *Fauns*, *Lemures*, *Lares*, *Elves*, and *Hobgoblins*, and their Number was Seventy-eight thousand one hundred and fourteen.

teen. The Signal or Word common to all the Army, was *Euoke*.

C H A P. XL.

How the Battle, in which the good Bacchus overthrew the Indians, was represented in Mosaick Work.

IN the next Place we saw the Representation of the good *Bacchus's* Engagement with the *Indians*. *Silenus* who led the Van, was sweating, puffing, and blowing, belabouring his Ass most grievously; the Ass dreadfully open'd its wide Jaws, drove away the Flies that plagu'd it, winc'd, flounc'd, went back, and bestir'd itself in a most terrible Manner, as if some damn'd Gad-bee had stung it at the Breech.

The Satyrs, Captains, Serjeants, and Corporals of Companies, sounding (1) the Orgies with Cornets, in a furious Manner went round the Army, skipping, capering, bounding, jerking, farting, flying out at Heels, kicking and prancing like mad, encouraging their Company to fight bravely; and all the delineated Army cry'd out *Euoke*.

First the *Menades* charg'd the *Indians* with dreadful Shouts, and a horrid Din of their brazen Drums and Bucklers; the Air rung again all around, as the Mosaic Work well express'd it. And pray, for the future don't so much admire (2) *Apelles*, *Aristides* the The-

(1) *The Orgies.*] The old Editions have *Orties*; that of 1600, as well as the new Editions, *Orgies*, which is the Name given to the Festivals of *Bacchus*. Now, as this Passage is taken out of *Lucian*, who says, that in the Heat of the Battle fought by *Bacchus* against the *Indians*, a Satyr of his Army sung an *Ortbie*, *Ortbiam Carmen*, I make no Question, but that we ought to read *Ortbie*, ὀρβος ῥήματος, a sort of Poem which *Herodotus* lib. I. ch. xxiv. and *Aulus Gellius*, l. 16. c. xix. tell us *Arion* tuned his Harp to before he was flung into the Sea.

(2) *Apelles.*] See *Pliny*, l. 35. c. x.

ban, and others who drew (3) Claps of Thunder, Lightnings, Winds, Words, Manners and Spirits.

We then saw the *Indian Army*, who had at last taken the Field, to prevent the Devastation of the rest of their Country. In the Front were the Elephants, with Castles well garrison'd on their Backs. But the Army and themselves were put into Disorder; the dreadful Cries of the *Bacchides* having fill'd them with Consternation, and those huge Animals turn'd Tail, and trampled on the Men of their Party.

There you might have seen Gaffer *Silenus* on his Afs, putting on as hard as he could, striking athwart and a-longst, and laying about him lustily with his Staff, after the old Fashion of Fencing. His Afs was prancing and making after the Elephants, gaping and martially braying, as it were to sound a Charge, as he did when formerly in the *Bacchanalian* Feasts, he wak'd the (4) Nymph *Lottis*, when *Priapus*, full of *Priapism*, had a Mind to *priapise*, (5) while the pretty Creature was taking a Nap.

There you might have seen *Pan* frisk it with his goat-ish Shanks about the *Mænades*, and with his rustick Pipe excite them to behave themselves like *Mænades*.

A little further you might have blest your Eyes with the Sight of a young Satyr who led seventeen Kings his Prisoners; and a *Bacchis* who, with her Snakes, haul'd along no less than two and forty Captains; a little *Faun* who carried a whole Dozen of Standards taken on the Enemy; and Goodman *Bacchus* on his Chariot, riding to and fro fearless of Danger, making much of his dear Carcass, and cheerfully toping to all his merry Friends.

Finally, we saw the Representation of his Triumph, which was thus; First, his Chariot was wholly covered with Ivy, gathered on the Mountain *Meros*; this for its Scarcity, which you know raises the Price of every Thing, and principally of (6) those Leaves in *India*.

(3) *Claps of Thunder, &c.*] See *Pliny* in the same Place.

(4) *Nymph Lottis.*] See *Ovid's Metam.* lib. 9.

(5) *While the pretty Creature, &c.*] See before, lib. 3. cap. viii.

(6) *Those Leaves in India.*] It is *Theophrastus's* Opinion, in lib. 16. cap. xxiv. of *Pliny*, that throughout *India* there grows no Ivy. Thus, we are to read *India*, in this Place, conformable to the old Editions, not *Ida*, as the new ones have it.

In this *Alexander the Great* followed his Example at his *Indian Triumph*. The Chariot was drawn by Elephants join'd together, wherein he was imitated by *Pompey the Great*, at *Rome*, in his *African Triumph*. In it the good *Bacchus* was seen, drinking out of a mighty Urn, which *Action Marius* aped after his Victory over the *Cimbri* (7) near *Aix* in *Provence*. All his Army were crowned with Ivy; their Javelins, Bucklers and Drums, were also wholly cover'd with it; there was not so much as *Silenus's* As, but was betrap'd with it.

The *Indian Kings* were fasten'd with Chains of Gold close by the Wheels of the Chariot; all the Company march'd in Pomp with unspeakable Joy, loaded with an infinite Number of Trophies, Pageants, and Spoils, playing and singing merry (8) *Epiniciums*, Songs of Triumph, and also rural Lays and Dithyrambs.

At the farthest End was a Prospect of the Land of *Egypt*; the *Nile* with its Crocodiles, Marmosets, (9) Ibides, Monkeys, Trochilos's, or Wrens, Ichneumons, or *Pharaoh's* Mice, Hippopotami, or Sea Horses, and other Creatures its Guests and Neighbours: *Bacchus* was moving towards that Country under the Conduct of a Couple of horned Beasts, on one of which was written in Gold, *Apis*, and *Osiris* on the other; because no Ox or Cow had been seen in *Egypt* till *Bacchus* came thither.

(7) *Near Aix.*] See *Pliny*, lib. 33. cap. xi.

(8) *Epinicium.*] Songs of Victory, from the Greek *ᾠνν*, Victory.

(9) *Ibides.*] A kind of Stork, very black, hath the Legs of a Crane, and a long crooked Bill. See *Herodotus*, lib. 2. and *Pliny*, lib. 8. cap. 27. *Cicero*, (lib. 1. *de nat. Deor.*) and *Pliny*, (lib. 10. cap. xxviii.) call these Storks *Ibes*; but our Author chose rather to follow the usual Declension of the *Latin* Genitive.

C H A P. XLI.

How the Temple was illuminated with a wonderful Lamp.

BEFORE I proceed to the Description of the Bottle, I'll give you that of an admirable Lamp, that dispens'd so large a Light over all the Temple, that tho' it lay under Ground, we could distinguish every Object as clearly as above it at Noon-day.

In the Middle of the Roof was fix'd a Ring of massy Gold, as thick as my clenched Fist. Three Chains somewhat less, most curiously wrought, hung about two Foot and a half below it, and in a Triangle supported a round Plate of fine Gold, whose Diameter or Breadth did not exceed two Cubits and half a Span. There were four Holes in it, in each of which an empty Ball was fasten'd, hollow within, and open o'top, like a little Lamp; its Circumference about two Hands Breadth; each Ball was of precious Stone; one an Amethyst, another an *African* Carbuncle, the Third an Opale, and the Fourth an Anthracites: They were full of burning Water, five Times distill'd in a Serpentine Lymbeck, and inconsumptible, like the Oil formerly put into (1) *Pallas's* Golden Lamp at *Acropolis* of *Athens* by *Callimachus*. In each of them was a flaming Wick, partly of *Asbestine* Flax, as of old in the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*, such as those which *Cleombrotus*, a most studious Philosopher, saw; and partly of *Carpasian* Flax, which were rather renew'd than consum'd by the Fire.

(1) *Pallas's Golden Lamp, &c.*] See *Plutarch* of Oracles, and *Pausanias's* Attacks.

About two Foot and a half below that Gold Plate, the three Chains were fasten'd to three Handles, that were fix'd to a large round Lamp of most pure Cryстал, whose Diameter was a Cubit and a half, and open'd about two Hands Breadth o'top; by which open Place a Vessel of the same Cryстал, shap'd somewhat like the lower Part of a Gourd-like Lymbeck, or an Urinal, was put at the Bottom of the great Lamp, with such a Quantity of the aforementioned burning Water, that the Flame of *Asbestine* Wick reach'd the Centre of the great Lamp. This made all its spherical Body seem to burn and be in a Flame, because the Fire was just at the Centre and middle Point: So that it was not more easy to fix the Eye on it, than on the Disk of the Sun; the Matter being wonderfully bright and shining, and the Work most transparent and dazzling, by the Reflection of the various Colours of the precious Stones; whereof the four small Lamps above the main Lamp were made, and their Lustre was still variously glittering all over the Temple. Then this wandering Light being darted on the polished Marble and Agate, with which all the Inside of the Temple was pargetted, our Eyes were entertain'd with a Sight of all the admirable Colours which the Rainbow can boast, when the Sun darts his fiery Rays on some dropping Clouds.

The Design of the Lamp was admirable in itself; but, in my Opinion, what added much to the Beauty of the whole, was, that round the Body of the Cryстал-lamp, there was carv'd in Cataglyphick Work, a lively and pleasant Battle of naked Boys, mounted on little Hobby-horses, with little Whirligig-lances and Shields, that seem'd made of Vine-branches with Grapes on them; their Postures generally were very different, and their childish Strife and Motions were so ingeniously exprest, that Art equall'd Nature in every Proportion and Action. Neither did this seem engrav'd, but rather hew'd out and emboss'd, in *Relief*, or, at least like *Grotesque*, which by the Artist's Skill has the Appearance of the Roundness of the Object it represents; this was partly the Effect of the various and most charming Light, which flowing out of the Lamp, fill'd the carv'd Places with its glorious Rays.

C H A P. XLII.

How the Priestess Bacbuc shewed us (1) a Fantastic Fountain in the Temple ; and how the Fountain-water (2) had the Taste of Wine, according to the Imagination of those who drank of it.

WHILE we were admiring this incomparable Lamp, and the stupendous Structure of the Temple, the venerable Priestess *Bacbuc*, and her Attendants, came to us with jolly smiling Looks ; and seeing us duly accoutred, without the least Difficulty, took us into the Middle of the Temple, where just under the aforesaid Lamp, was the fine *Fantastic Fountain*. She then order'd some Cups, Goblets, and T'alboys of Gold, Silver, and Crystal to be brought, and kindly invited us to drink of the Liquor that sprung there, which we readily did ; for to say the Truth, this (3) *Fantastic Fountain* was very inviting, and its Materials and Workmanship more precious, rare, and admirable than any Thing *Pluto* ever dreamt of in *Limbo*.

Its Basis or Ground-work was of most pure and limpid Alabaster, and its Height somewhat more than three Spans ; being a regular Heptagon on the

(1) *A Fantastic Fountain, &c.*] This and the next Chapter make really but one, though Mr. *M.* has made two of them ; the first of which contains but eight Lines, according to him, and ends at the Words *Fantastic Fountain*.

(2) *Had the Taste of Wine, &c.*] *Pliny*, lib. 2. cap. 103. says, on the Credit of *Mutianus*, that in the Isle of *Andros*, in the Temple of *Bacchus*, there was a Fountain which every Year, on the 5th. of *January*, never failed having the Taste of Wine. *Baccius de Therms*, lib. 6. c. 22. gives Abundance of Examples of such vinous Springs.

(3) *Fantastic Fountain.*] *Fantastic*, inasmuch as the Liquor which flowed from it had the Taste of whatever Sort of Wine the Drinker fancy'd he was drinking, or had a Fancy to drink, which last, upon second Thoughts, I take to be the true Meaning of *M. Du C's* Words, *Avoit en fantaisie de boire*. *Judicet Lector*. I suspect it to be a Flirt at the Scripture.

Outside, with its Stylobates, or Footsteps, Arulets, Cymasults, or Blunt-tops, and Doric *Undulations* about it. It was exactly round within. On the middle Point of each Angle Brink stood a Pillar orbiculated, in Form of Ivory or Alabaſter ſolid Rings.

Each Pillar's Length, from the Baſis to the Architraves, was near ſeven Hands, taking an exact Dimenſion of its Diameter, through the Centre of its Circumference and inward Roundneſs, and it was ſo diſpos'd, that caſting our Eyes behind one of them, whatever its Cube might be, to view its Oppoſite, we found that the pyramidal Cone of our viſual Light ended at the ſaid Centre, and there, by the two Oppoſites, form'd an equilateral Triangle, whoſe two Lines divided the Pillar into two equal Parts.

That which we had a Mind to meaſure, going from one Side to another, two Pillars over, at the firſt third Part of the Diſtance between them, was met by their lowermoſt and fundamental Line, which in a *Conſult Line* drawn as far as the univerſal Centre equally divided, gave in a juſt Partition the Diſtance of the ſeven oppoſite Pillars in a right Line; beginning at the obtuſe Angle on the Brink; as you know that an Angle is always found placed between two others in all angular Figures odd in Number.

This tacitly gave us to underſtand that ſeven Semidiameters are in geometrical Proportion, Compaſs and Diſtance, ſomewhat leſs than the Circumference of a Circle, from the Figure of which they are extracted, that is to ſay, three whole Parts, with an Eighth and a half, a little more; or a Seventh and a half, a little leſs; according to the Inſtructions given us of old by *Euclid*, *Ariſtotle*, *Archimedes*, and others.

The firſt Pillar, I mean that which fac'd the Temple-gate, was of Azure, ſky-colour'd Sapphir.

The ſecond of Hyacinth, a precious Stone, exactly of the Colour of the Flower into which *Ajax's* cholerick Blood was transformed; the Greek Letters A I, being ſeen on it in many Places.

The

The third an anachite Diamond, as bright and glittering as Lightning.

The fourth a masculine Ruby Ballais [Peach-colour'd] *amethysty*ing, its Flame and Lustre ending in Violet or Purple, like an *Amethyst*.

The fifth an Emerald, above five hundred and fifty Times more precious than that of (4) *Serapis* in the Labyrinth of the *Egyptians*, and more verdant and shining than those that were fix'd instead of Eyes in the Marble lion's Head, near King (5) *Hermias*'s Tomb.

The sixth of Agate, more admirable and various in the Distinctions of its Veins, Clouds, and Colours, than that which (6) *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, so mightily esteem'd.

The seventh of Syenites, transparent, of the Colour of a Beril, and the clear Hue of Hymetian Honey, and within it the Moon was seen, such as we see it in the Sky, (7) silent, full, new, and in the Wain.

These Stones were assign'd to the seven heavenly Planets by the ancient *Chaldeans*; and that the meanest Capacities might be inform'd of this, just at the central Perpendicular-line, on the Chapter of the first Pillar, which was of Sapphir, stood the Image of *Saturn* in (8) *Elutian*-lead, with his Scythe in his Hand, and at his Feet a Crane of Gold, very artfully enamell'd according to the native Hue of the *Saturnine* Bird.

On the second, which was of Hyacinth towards the Left, *Jupiter* was seen in *Jovetian* Brass, and on his Break an Eagle of Gold enamell'd to the Life.

(4) *Serapis*.] See *Pliny*, l. 37. c. 5.

(5) *Hermias*'s.] See *ibidem*.

(6) *Pyrrhus*.] See *Pliny*, l. 37. c. 1.

(7) *Silent Moon*.] The new Moon not yet shining. *Camb. Dict. Luna Silens. Virg. Synodical in Gr.*

(8) *Elutian Lead*.] M. M's Translation, being done from none of the best Editions, either ancient or modern, has it *Eliacim* Lead, and others *Eliciam* Lead; but the right Reading is *Elutian* Lead, agreeable to *Pliny*, l. 34. c. 16. where he calls this Lead *Elutium*, *ab aquæ elutione*.

On the third was *Phæbus* of the purest Gold, and a white Cock in his Right-hand.

On the fourth was *Mars* in *Corinthian* Brass, and a Lion at his Feet.

On the fifth was *Venus* in Copper, the Metal of which (9) *Arifonidas* made *Athamas's* Statue that express'd in a blushing Whiteness his Confusion at the Sight of his Son *Learchus*, who died at his Feet of a Fall.

On the sixth was *Mercury* in *Hydrargyre*, I would have said Quicksilver, had it not been fixed, malleable, and unmoveable: That nimble Deity had a Stork at his Feet.

On the seventh was the Moon in Silver, with a Greyhound at her Feet.

The Size of these Statues was somewhat more than a third Part of the Pillars on which they stood, and they were so admirably wrought, according to Mathematical Proportion, that (10) *Polycletus's* Canon (or Rule) could hardly have stood in Competition with them.

The Bases of the Pillars, the Chapiters, the Architraves, Zoophores and Cornices, were *Phrygian* Work of massy Gold, purer and finer than any that is found in the Rivers (11) *Leede* near *Montpellier*, *Ganges* in *India*, *Po* in *Italy*, *Hebrus* in *Thrace*, *Tagus* in *Spain*, and (12) *Pactolus* in *Lydia*.

The small Arches between the Pillars were of the same precious Stone of which the Pillars next to them were. Thus that Arch was of Sapphir which ended at the Hyacinth Pillar; and that was of Hyacinth which went towards the Diamond, and so on.

Above the Arches and Chapiters of the Pillars, on the inward Front, a Cupola was raised to cover the Fountain; it was surrounded by the Plane-

(9) *Arifonidas.*] Not *Aristomedes*, as Mr. M. has it. See *Pliny*, l. 34. c. 14.

(10) *Polycletus's Canon or Rule.*] See *Pliny*, l. 34. c. 8.

(11) *River Leede.*] The *Lez.* From *Ledus*.

(12) *Pactolus.*] *Pliny*, l. 33. c. 4.

tary Statues, heptagonal at the Bottom, and spherical o' Top; and of Cryſtal ſo pure, transparent, well-polished, whole and uniform in all its Parts, without Veins, Clouds, Flaws, or Streaks, that (13) *Xenocrates* never ſaw ſuch a one in his Life.

Within it were ſeen the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, the twelve Months of the Year, with their Properties, the two Equinoxes, the Ecliptic Line, with ſome of the moſt remarkable fixed Stars about the Antarctic Pole, and elſewhere, ſo curiouſly engraven, that I fancied them to be the Workmanſhip of (14) King *Neceſſus*, or *Petoſiris* the ancient Mathematician.

On the Top of the Cupola, juſt over the Centre of the Fountain, were three noble long Pearls, all of one Size, Pear-ſhion, perfectly imitating a Tear, and ſo join'd together as to represent a Flower-de-liſ, or Lily, each of the Flowers ſeeming above a Hand's-breadth. A Carbuncle jetted out of its Calix, or Cup, as big as an Oſtrich's Egg, cut ſeven Square (that Number ſo beloved of Nature) and ſo prodigiouſly glorious, that the Sight of it had like to have made us blind; for the fiery Sun, or the pointed Lightning, are not more dazzling and unſufferably bright.

Now were ſome judicious Appraiſers to judge of the Value of this incomparable Fountain, and the Lamp of which we have ſpoke, they would undoubtedly affirm, it exceeds that of all the Treasures and Curioſities in *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Africa* put together. For that Carbuncle alone would have darken'd (15) the Pantharb of *Iarebas* the Indian Magician, with as much Eaſe as the Sun outſhines and dims the Stars with his meridian Rays.

Now let *Cleopatra*, that Egyptian Queen, boaſt of her Pair of Pendants, thoſe two Pearls, one of

(13) *Xenocrates*.] *Pliny*, l. 37. c. 2.

(14) King *Neceſſus*, &c.] *Pliny*, l. 7. c. 49.

(15) The Pantharb, &c.] See *Philoſtratus*, l. 3. c. 14. of *Apollonius's* Life. *Heliodorus* likewise ſpeaks of this Stone.

which she caused to be (16) dissolv'd in Vinegar in the Presence of *Anthony the Triumvir*, her Gallant!

Or let (17) *Pompeia Plautina* be proud of her Dress cover'd all over with Emeralds and Pearls curiously intermix'd, she who attracted the Eyes of all *Rome*, and was said to be the Grave-pit and Magazine of the conquering Robbers of the Universe.

The Fountain had three Tubes or Channels of right Pearl, seated in three equilateral Angles already mentioned, extended on the Margin; and those Channels proceeded in a Snail-like Line, winding equally on both Sides.

We look'd on them a while, and had cast our Eyes on another Side, when *Bacbus* directed us to watch the Water: We then heard a most harmonious Sound, yet somewhat stopp'd by Starts, far distant, and subterranean; by which Means it was still more pleasing than if it had been free, uninterrupted, and near us; so that our Minds were as agreeably entertained through our Ears with that charming Melody, as they were through the Windows of our Eyes, with those delightful Objects.

Bacbus then said, Your Philosophers will not allow, that Motion is begot by the Power of Figures; look here, and see the contrary. By that single Snail-like Motion, equally divided as you see, and a fivefold *Infoliation*, moveable at every inward Meeting, such as is the *Vena Cava*, where it enters into the right Ventricle of the Heart; just so is the Flowing of this Fountain, and by it an Harmony ascends as high as your World's Ocean.

She then order'd her Attendants to make us drink; and to tell you the Truth of the Matter as near as possible, we are not, Heaven be prais'd! of the Nature of a Drove of Calf-lollies, who,

(16) *Dissolv'd in Vinegar.*] See *Pliny*, l. 9. c. 35. and *Macrobius's Saturnalia*, l. 3. c. 17.

(17) *Pompeia Plautina.*] *Rabelais*, who it's probable wrote from his Memory, is mistaken here, and had forgot that *Pliny*, l. 6. c. 35. calls this Lady *Lollia Paulina*.

(as (18) your Sparrows can't feed unless you bob them on the Tail) must be rib-roasted with tough Crab-tree, and fir'd into a Stomach, or at least into an Humour to eat or drink: No, we know better Things, and scorn to scorn any Man's Civility who civilly invites us to a Drinking-bout. *Bacbus* ask'd us then, how we liked our Tiff. We answered, that it seem'd to us good harmless sober *Adam's* Liquor, fit to keep a Man in the right Way, and, in a Word, mere Element; more cool and clear than *Argyrontes* in *Ætolia*, *Peneus* in *Thessaly*, *Axius* in *Mygdonia*, or *Cydnus* in *Cilicia*, a tempting Sight of whose cool Silver-stream caus'd *Alexander* to prefer the short-liv'd Pleasure of bathing himself in it, to the Inconveniencies which he could not but foresee would attend so ill-tim'd an Action.

This, said *Bacbus*, comes of not considering with ourselves, or understanding the Motions of the muscular Tongue, when the Drink glides on it in its Way to the Stomach. Tell me, noble Strangers, are your Throats lin'd, pav'd, or enamell'd, as formerly was that of (19) *Pithyllus*, nick-named *Theutes*, that you can have miss'd the Taste, Relish, and Flavour of this divine Liquor? Here, said she, turning towards her Gentlewoman, bring my Scrubbing-brushes, you know which, to scrape, rake, cleanse and clear their Palates.

They brought immediately some stately, swinging jolly Hams; fine substantial Neats Tongues; good Hung-beef, pure and delicate Botargos, Venison, Sauages, and such other Gullet-sweepers. And, to comply with her Invitation, we crammed

(18) *As your Sparrows, &c.*] Here the Author has in his Eye the *Badauds* (Cockneys we call 'em) of *Paris*. He before, in l. 2. c. 14. calls 'em *Buvveraux*, (i.e. Sippers, small Drinkers, though it may mean Water-drinkers) because, as *Budæus* observes, l. 5. of his *de Affe*, the People of *Paris*, generally, drink but little Wine. *Rabelais* calls 'em *Calves* (*Veaux*). Now, to play the Calf, is properly to play the Cockney (*Badeau*.) Thus *Badeau* may well enough come from *Vitellus*.

(19) *Pithyllus*.] See *Athenæus*, l. 1. c. 6.

and twist'd till we own'd ourselves (20) thoroughly cured of Thirst, which before did damnably plague us.

We are told, continued she, that formerly a learned and valiant *Hebrew* Chief, leading his People through the Desarts, where they were in Danger of being famish'd, obtain'd of God some Manna, whose Taste was to them by Imagination such as that of Meat was to them before in Reality: Thus, drinking of this miraculous Liquor, you'll find its Taste like any Wine that you shall fancy to drink. Come then, fancy and drink. We did so, and *Panurge* had no sooner whipp'd off his Brimmer, but he cry'd, by Noah's open Shop, 'tis *Vin de Baulne*, better than ever was yet tipp'd over Tongue, or may ninety and sixteen Devils swallow me. Oh! that to keep its Taste the longer, we Gentlemen Topers had but Necks some three Cubits long, or so, as *Philoxenus* desir'd to have, or at least like a *Crane's*, as (21) *Melanthius* wish'd his.

On the Faith of true Lanterners, quoth Friar *John*, (22) 'tis gallant, sparkling *Greek* Wine: Now, for God's Sake, Sweetheart, do but teach me how the Devil you make it. It seems to me *Mirevaux* Wine, said *Pantagruel*; for before I drank, I suppos'd it to be such. Nothing can be mislik'd in it, but that 'tis cold, colder I say, than the very Ice,

(20) *Thoroughly cured of Thirst.*] It is indeed in the Original, *tres-bien curé de soif*. But how could that be? They had as yet been only preparing themselves to drink stoutly, and pour it down lustily, by eating high-season'd Meats. *M. Du C.* therefore, to make Sense of it, has added *forisque*, thus read, *tres-bien curé forisque de soif*, thoroughly cured except as to Thirst, &c.

(21) *Melanthius.*] It is *Athenæus*, who, l. i. c. 5. relates the different Wishes of these two Drunkards.

(22) *'Tis gallant, sparkling, Greek Wine.*] The Author does not use the Word *petillant*, sparkling, but *voltigeant*, vaulting, bounding, curvetting, turning round on the Toe. Neither does he mean real *Greek* Wine, but a brisk Wine, which like the North-east Wind (*Vent Grec* in French) will make a Man bound and curvet, instead of making any Advances forward.

colder

colder than the Water of (23) *Nonacris* and (24) *Dircé*, or the *Conthoporian* Spring at *Corinth*, that froze up the Stomach and nutritive Parts of those that drank of it.

Drink once, twice, or thrice more, said *Bacbus*, still changing your Imagination, and you shall find its Taste and Flavour to be exactly that on which you shall have pitched. Then never presume to say that any Thing is impossible to God. We never offer'd to say such a Thing, said I; far from it, we maintain he is omnipotent.

C H A P. XLIII.

How the Priestess Bacbus equipp'd Panurge, in order to have the Word of the Bottle.

WHEN we had thus chatted and tipp'd, *Bacbus* ask'd, Who of you here would have the Word of the Holy Bottle? I, your most humble little Funnel, an't please you, quoth *Panurge*. Friend, saith she, I have but one Thing to tell you, which is, that when you come to the Oracle, you take Care to hearken and hear the Word only with one Ear. This, cry'd Friar *John*, is *Wine of one Ear*, as *Frenchmen* call it.

She then wrapp'd him up in a Gaberdine, bound his Noddle with a goodly clean Biggin, clapp'd over it a Felt, such as those through which *Hypocras* is

(23) *Nonacris*.] See *Pliny*, l. 13. c. 2.

(24) *Dircé*.] The Water of the Fountain *Dircé* in *Bœotia*, though very clear, yet not being particularly renowned for its Coldness, I make no Doubt but *Rabelais* had in his Head the *Dircenna* of *Martial*, the Water whereof was as cold as Ice. *Avi-dam rigens Dircenna placabit sitim*, says that Poet in the 51st *Epigr.* of l. 1. It is true, that instead of *Dircenna*, *Rabelais*, who did not so narrowly look into the Thing, has writ it *Dircé*, doubtless misled by honest *Nicolas Perot*, whose Words on this Passage of *Martial* are, *Dircé & Neme fontes sunt frigidissimi æstate inter Bilbilim & Segobregam, in ripa fere Salonis amnis*. So I have e'en left it *Dircé* in the Text; though I am satisfied it is wrong.

distilled; at the Bottom of which, instead of a Cowl, she put three Obelisks, made him draw on a Pair of old fashion'd Codpieces instead of Mittens, girded him about with three Bagpipes bound together, bath'd his Jobbernot thrice in the Fountain; then threw a Handful of Meal on his Phiz, fix'd three Cock's Feathers on the right Side of the hypocritical Felt, made him take a Jaunt nine Times round the Fountain, caused him to take three little Leaps and to bump his A—— seven Times against the Ground, repeating I don't know what kind of Conjurations all the while in the *Tuscan* Tongue, and ever and anon reading in a Ritual, or Book of Ceremonies, carried after her by one of her Mystagogues.

For my Part, may I never stir, if I don't really believe, that neither *Numa Pompilius* the second King of the *Romans*, nor the *Cerites* of *Tuscia*, nor the old *Hebrew* Captain, ever instituted so many Ceremonies as I then saw performed; nor were ever half so many religious Forms used by the Soothsayers of *Memphis* in *Egypt* to *Apis*; or by the *Euboians*, at *Rhamnus*. (1) to *Rhamnusia*; or to (2) *Jupiter Ammon*, or to (3) *Feronia*.

When she had thus accoutred my Gentleman, she took him out of our Company, and led him out of

(1) *To Rhamnusia.*] Here *M. Du C.* says, *Rabelais* has confounded the false with the true, after a most ridiculous Manner. *M. Du C's* Note, I think, is no less confused. He seems to me at present, to have explained *Obscurum per Obscurius*. He says *Rhamnusia* was the Goddess *Fortune*. *Cambridge Dict.* says, the Goddess of *Revenge*. But I must hasten to an End for want of Room.

(2) *Jupiter Ammon.*] See *Q. Curtius*, l. 4.

(3) *Feronia.*] *M. Du C.* having said nothing of this Goddess, and not having Time myself to consult Books about her, I shall transcribe the Account which the Authors of the *Cambridge Dictionary* give of her: *Feronia dict. a ferendis Arboribus. A Goddess of the Woods: For it is storied, that when her Grove in the Mountain Soracte was burnt down, the people carried thither her Picture, and presently the Wood sprang afresh. There is a Spring also in that Grove, according to Horace. Servius says, She was a Nymph of Campania; and makes her also the Goddess of Freeman, in whose Temple, having shaved their Heads, they put on their Cap, the Badge of Liberty.*

the

the Temple through a golden Gate on the Right, into a round Chapel made of transparent specular Stones, by whose solid Clearness the Sun's Light shined there through the Precipice of the Rock (4) without any Windows or other Entrance, and so easily and fully dispersed itself through the greater Temple, that the Light seemed rather to spring out of it than to flow into it.

The Workmanship was not less rare than that of (5) the sacred Temple of *Ravenna*, or that of the Island of *Chemnis* in *Egypt*. Nor must I forget to tell you, that the Work of that round Chapel was contriv'd with such a Symmetry, that its Diameter was just the Height of the Vault.

In the Middle of it was an heptagonal Fountain of fine Alabaster most artfully wrought, full of Water, which was so clear, that it might have pass'd for Element in its Purity and Simplicity. The sacred Bottle was in it to the Middle, clad in pure fine Crystal, of an oval Shape, except its Muzzle, which was somewhat wider than was consistent with that Figure.

(4) *Without any Windows, &c.*] An Imitation of *Pliny's* Description of the Temple of *Fortune* of *Seius*, built by *Nero*, l. 36. c. 22.

(5) *The sacred Temple of Ravenna.*] Understand this of the Cathedral Church of *Ravenna*. It was anciently a Temple consecrated to *Hercules*. In the Close of the Vth Century, or in the Beginning of the VIth, *Theodoric* King of *Italy*, built on the Ruins of this ancient Edifice the Church which *Rabelais* here speaks of; a Church superb and magnificent in the highest Degree, according to the Account *Theodoric* himself gives of it in his Letter to *Agapetus* Prefect of *Rome*; but whose immense Riches the *French* no more spared than they did that of private Families after the Battle of *Ravenna* in 1512. See *Cassiodorus*, l. 1. Ep. 6. and *Francis Schot's Itinerarium Italiae*, in his Chapter of the City of *Ravenna*, but more especially concerning the Temple of *Ravenna*, *Peter Ferretti* in his VIIth Books of the *Exarchate*.

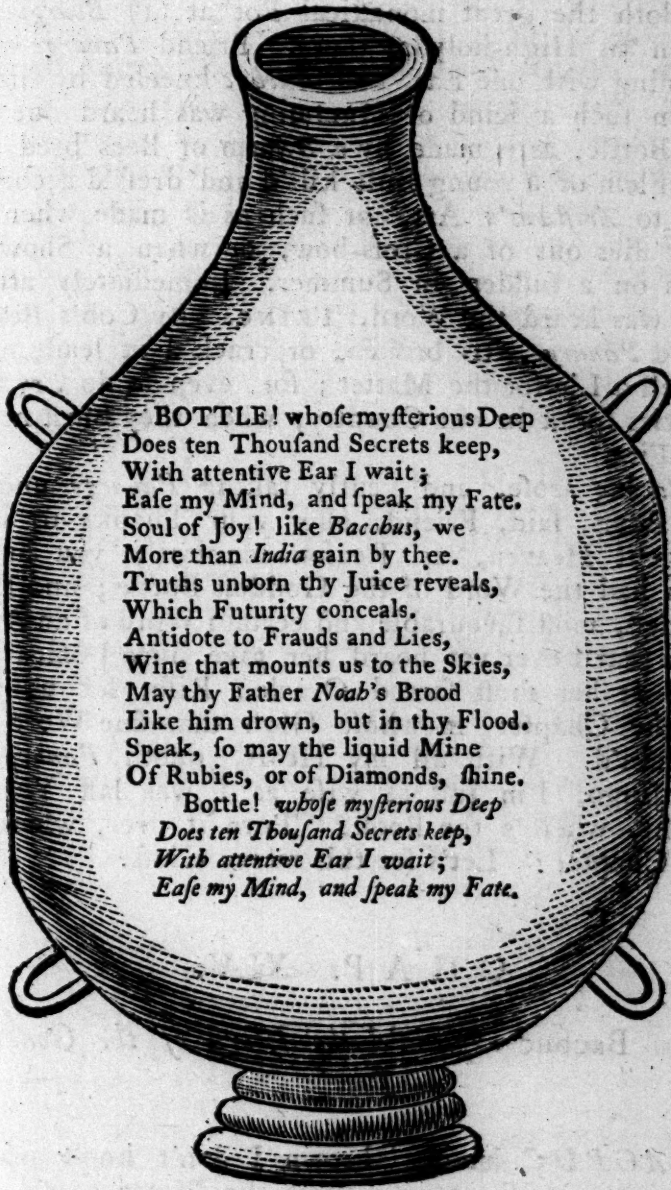
C H A P. XLIV.

How Bacbuc the High-Priestess brought Panurge before the Holy Bottle.

THERE the noble Priestess *Bacbuc* made *Panurge* stoop and kiss the Brink of the Fountain; then bad him rise and dance three (1) *Ithymbi*. Which done, she ordered him to sit down, between two Stools placed there for that Purpose, his Arse upon the Ground. Then she opened her Ritual-book, and whispering in his Left-ear, made him sing an *Epileny*, inserted here in the Figure of the Bottle.

(1) Dances in Honour of *Bacchus*.

BOTTLE!



BOTTLE! whose mysterious Deep
 Does ten Thousand Secrets keep,
 With attentive Ear I wait;
 Ease my Mind, and speak my Fate.
 Soul of Joy! like *Bacchus*, we
 More than *India* gain by thee.
 Truths unborn thy Juice reveals,
 Which Futurity conceals.
 Antidote to Frauds and Lies,
 Wine that mounts us to the Skies,
 May thy Father *Noah's* Brood
 Like him drown, but in thy Flood.
 Speak, so may the liquid Mine
 Of Rubies, or of Diamonds, shine.

Bottle! whose mysterious Deep
 Does ten Thousand Secrets keep,
 With attentive Ear I wait;
 Ease my Mind, and speak my Fate.

When

When *Panurge* had sung, *Bacbus* throw'd I don't know what into the Fountain, and strait its Water began to boil in good Earnest, just for the World as doth the great monastical Pot at (1) *Bourgueil*, when 'tis High-holyday there.. Friend *Panurge* was list'ning with one Ear, and *Bacbus* kneeled by him, when such a Kind of Humming was heard out of the Bottle, as is made by a Swarm of Bees bred in the Flesh of a young Bull kill'd and dress'd according to *Aristæus's* Art, or such as is made when a Bolt flies out of a Cross-bow, or when a Shower falls on a sudden in Summer. Immediately after this was heard the Word, *TRINC*. By Cob's Body cry'd *Panurge*, 'tis broken, or crack'd at least, not to tell a Lie for the Matter; for, even so do Crystal Bottles speak in our Country, when they burst near the Fire.

Bacbus arose, and gently taking *Panurge* under the Arms, said, Friend, offer your Thanks to indulgent Heaven, as Reason requires; you have soon had the Word of the Goddess's Bottle; and the kindest, most favourable and certain Word of an Answer that I ever yet heard her give since I officated here at her most sacred Oracle: Rise, let us go to the Chapter, in whose Gloss that fine Word is explain'd. With all my Heart, quoth *Panurge*; by Jingo, I'm just as wise as I was last Year: Light, where's the Book? Turn it over, where's the Chapter? Let's see this merry Gloss.

C H A P. XLV.

How Bacbus explain'd the Word of the Goddess's Bottle.

BACBUS having thrown I don't know what into the Fountain, strait the Water ceas'd to boil, and then she took *Panurge* into the greater,

(1) *Bourgueil*.] *St. Peter of Bourgueil*, of the Order of *St. Benedict*, a royal Abbey in the Diocese of *Angers*.

Temple,

Temple, in the Central-place, where was the enlivening Fountain.

There she took out a (1) hugeous Silver Book, in the Shape of a (2) Half-tierce, or Hogshead of Sentences; and having fill'd it at the Fountain, said to him: The Philosophers, Preachers, and Doctors of your World, feed you up with fine Words and Cant at the Ears; now, here we really incorporate our Precepts at the Mouth. Therefore I'll not say to you, read this Chapter, see this Gloss: No, I say to you, Taste me this fine Chapter, swallow me this rare Gloss. Formerly (3) an ancient Prophet of the *Jewish* Nation eat a Book, and became a Clerk even to the very Teeth! Now I will have you drink one, that you may be a Clerk to your very Liver. Here, open your Mandibules.

Panurge gaping as wide as his Jaws would stretch, *Bacbus* took the Silver Book, at least we took it for a real Book, for it look'd just for the World like a Breviary; but, in Truth, it was a Breviary, or Flask of right *Falernian* Wine as it came from the Grape, which she made him swallow every Drop.

By *Bacbus*, quoth *Panurge*, this was a notable Chapter, a most authentic Gloss, o' my Word: Is this all that the Trismegistian Bottle's Word means? In Truth I like it extremely, it went down like Mother's Milk. Nothing more, return'd *Bacbus* for *Trinc* is a *Panomphean* Word, that is, a Word un-

(1) *A hugeous Silver Book.*] The Monks used to make their Drinking-cups in the Shape of Mass-books and Prayer-books, to deceive the World.

(2) *Half-tierce.*] It may not be impertinent here to refer to a Book called *la Mappemonde Papistique*, (Map of Popery) p. 82. which gives an Account of a certain sham *Beato* (Saint) at *Venice*, who by the Help of five or six such Books, would spend five or six Days together in Retirement, and make believe he subsisted all the while by a Miracle. At last these devotional Books were found to be no other than so many Cases, some fill'd with *March-pains* made of the best and fleshiest Parts of Capons and Partridges, and the others so many Flagons full of *Malmsey* Wine.

(3) *An ancient Prophet*] *Ezekiel*, c. ii. and iii.

derstood,

derstood, us'd, and celebrated by all Nations, and signifies, *Drink*.

Some say in your World, that *Sack* is a Word us'd in all Tongues, and justly admitted in the same Sense among all Nations; for as *Æsop's Fable* hath it, all Men are born with a Sack at the Neck, naturally needy, and begging of each other; neither can the most powerful King be without the Help of other Men, or can any one that's poor subsist without the Rich, though he be never so proud and insolent; nay, even were it (4) *Hippias* the Philosopher, who boasted he could do every Thing. Much less can any one make shift without Drink than without a Sack. Therefore here we hold not that Laughing, but that Drinking is the distinguishing Character of Man. I don't say Drinking, taking that Word singly and absolutely in the strictest Sense: No, Beasts might then put in for a Share; I mean drinking cool delicious Wine. For you must know my Beloved, that by Wine we become divine; neither can there be a surer Argument, or a less deceitful Divination. Your (5) Academics assert the same when they make the Etymology of Wine, which the *Greeks* call ΟΙΝΟΣ, to be from *Vis*, Strength, Virtue, and Power; for 'tis in its Power to fill the Soul with all Truth, Learning and Philosophy.

If you observe what is written in *Ionian Letters* on the Temple-gate, you may have understood that Truth is in Wine. (6) The Goddess Bottle therefore directs you to the divine Liquor; be yourself the Expounder of your Undertaking.

'Tis impossible, said *Pantagruel* to *Panurge*, to speak more to the Purpose than does this true Priestess;

(4) *Hippias*, &c.] See *Plato* in his *Hippias Minor*.

(5) *Academics*.] *Varro*, &c.

(6) *The Goddess Bottle directs you to the divine Liquor*.] Only cheer up your Hearts and be merry; and for every Thing else, so you hold fast your Integrity, and maintain the Character of a worthy honest Man, whatever State or Condition of Life may fall to your Lot, married or single, God will love you, and be your Friend, and all good Men will esteem you,

you may remember I told you as much when you first spoke to me about it.

Trinc then : What says your Heart, elevated by *Bacchic* Enthusiasm ?

With this, quoth *Panurge*,

Trinc, Trinc; by *Bacchus*, let us tope,
And tope again; for now I hope
To see some brawny, juicy Rump,
And tickle't with my carnal Stump.
E'er long, my Friends, I shall be wedded,
Sure as my Trap-stick has a red Head;
And my sweet Wife shall hold the Combat,
Long as my Baws can on her Bum beat.
O what a Battle of A—— Fighting
Will there be ! which I much delight in ?
What pleasing Pains then shall I take
To keep myself and Spouse awake !
All Heart and Juice, I'll up and ride,
And make a *Duchess* of my Bride,
Sing *Io Pæan* ! loudly sing
To *Hymen*, who all Joys will bring.
Well, Friar *John*, I'll take my Oath,
'This Oracle is full of Troth;
Intelligible Truth it bears,
More certain than the Sieve and Shears.

CHAP. XLVI.

How Panurge and the Rest rhim'd with Poetic Fury.

WHAT a Pox ails the Fellow, quoth Friar *John* ? Stark staring mad, or bewitch'd o' my Word ! Do but hear the chiming Dotterel gabble in Rhime. What o' Devil has he swallow'd ? His Eyes roll in his Logger-head, just for the World like a dying Goat's. Will the addle-pated Wight have the Grace to sheer off ? Will he rid us of his damn'd Company, to go shite out his nasty rhiming
Balderdash

Balderdash in some Bog-house? Will no Body be so kind as to cram some Dog's Bur down the poor Cur's Gullet? Or will he Monk-like, run his Fist up to the Elbow into his Throat to his very Maw, to scour and clear his Flanks? Will he take a Hair of the same Dog?

Pantagruel chid Friar John, and said,

Bold Monk, forbear, this, I'll assure ye,
Proceeds all from poetic Fury;
Warm'd by the God, inspir'd by Wine,
His human Soul is made divine.

For without Jest,
His hallow'd Breast,
With Wine possess'd,
Cou'd have no Rest,
Till h' had express'd
Some Thoughts at least
Of his great Guest.
Then strait he flies
Above the Skies,
And mollifies,
With Prophecies,
Our Miseries.
And since divinely he's inspir'd,
Adore the Soul by Wine acquir'd,
And let the Tofs-pot be admir'd.

How! quoth the Friar, is the Fit of Rhiming upon you too? Is't come to that? Then we are all pepper'd, or the Devil pepper me. What would not I give to have *Gargantua* see us while we are in this maggotty Crambo-vein! Now may I be curst with living on that damn'd empty Food, if I can tell, whether I shall 'scape the catching Distemper. The Devil a-bit do I understand which Way to go about it; however, the Spirit of Fustian possesses us all, I find. Well, by *St. John*, I'll poetise, since every Body does; I find it coming. Stay, and pray pardon

don me, if I don't rhyme in (1) Crimfon; 'tis my
first Essay.

(2) Thou, who canst Water turn to Wine,
Transform my Bum by Pow'r Divine
Into a Lantern, that may light
My Neighbour in the darkeft Night.

Panurge then proceeds in his Rapture, and fays,

From *Pythian Tripes* ne'er were heard
More Truths, nor more to be rever'd.
I think from *Delphos* to this Spring,
Some Vizard brought that conj'ring Thing:
Had honest *Plutarch* here been toping,
He then fo long had ne'er been groping
To find, according to his Wifhes,
Why Oracles are mute as Fishes.
At *Delphos*: Now the Reason's clear,
No more at *Delphos* they're, but here.
Here is the *Tripes*, out of which
Is spoke the Doom of Poor and Rich.
For (3) *Athenæus* does relate
This Bottle is the Womb of Fate:
Prolific of myfterious Wine,
And big with Prefcience divine;
It brings the Truth with Pleasure forth,
Besides you hav't a Pennyworth.

(1) *Crimfon.*] *Craimofi* (Crimfon) in *French* does not fo much
fignify a particular Colour, as the Perfection of any Colour
whatfoever. Thus they fay, *rouge-craimofi* (red-crimfon) *violet-*
craimofi (violet-crimfon:). We fay, *A Knave in Grain*, and fo
too they fay (*foi en craimofi*) an *Afs in Grain*, as much as to fay
an *Afs* or Fool in Perfection. Thus, to rhyme in *Crimfon*, is, pro-
perly fpeaking, to make as excellent Verfes in their Kind, as
Crimfon is in Matter of Colours.

(2) *Thou who canst, &c.*] It is more profane in the *French*
Original a good deal; it is too impious even in the Translation;
but we muft confider a Monk fpeaks it, as honeft *Martin Luther*
us'd to excufe his rapping out an Oath now and then, *Confider, I*
was bred a Monk.

(3) *Athenæus.*] Lib. 2. chap. 1.

So, Friar *John*, I must exhort you
To wait a Word that may import you,
And to enquire, while here we tarry,
If it shall be your Luck to marry.

Friar John answers him in a Rage, and says,

How, marry! by *St. Bennet's* Boot,
And his Gambadoes, I'll ne'er do't.
No Man that knows me ne'er shall judge
I mean to make myself a Drudge:
Or that Peelgarlic e'er will doat
Upon a paltry Petticoat.
I'll ne'er my Liberty betray
All for a little Leap-frog Play;
And ever after wear a Clog
Like Monkey, or like Mastiff-dog;
No, I'd not have upon my Life,
Great *Alexander* for my Wife,
Nor *Pompey*, nor his Dad-in-law,
Who did each other clapper-claw.
Not the best He that wears a Head,
Shall win me to his Truckle-bed.

Panurge pulling off his Gaberdine and Mystical Accoutrements, reply'd,

Wherefore thou shalt, thou filthy Beast,
Be damn'd twelve Fathoms deep at least;
While I shall reign in Paradise,
Whence on thy Loggerhead I'll piss.
Now when that dreadful Hour is come,
That thou in Hell receiv'st thy Doom,
Ev'n there, I know, thou'll play some Trick,
And *Proserpine* sha'n't 'scape a Prick
Of the long Pin within thy Breeches.
But when thou'rt using these Capriches,
And caterwauling in her Cavern,
Send *Pluto* to the farthest Tavern,
For the best Wine that's to be had,
Left he should see, and run horn-mad:

She's

She's kind, and ever did admire
A well-fed Monk, or well-hung Friar.

Go to, quoth Friar *John*, thou old Noddy, thou doddipol'd Ninny, go to the Devil thou'rt prating of; I've done with Rhiming; the (4) Rheum gripes me at the Gullet. Let's talk of paying and going; come.

C H A P. XLVII.

How we took our Leave of Bacbuc, and left the Oracle of the Holy Bottle.

DO not trouble yourself about any Thing here, said the Priestess to the Friar; if you be but satisfied, we are. Here below, in these Circum-central Regions, we place the sovereign Good not in taking and receiving, but in bestowing and giving; so that we esteem ourselves happy, not if we take and receive much of others, as perhaps the Sects of Teachers do in your World, but rather if we impart and give much. All I have to beg of you, is that you leave us here your Names in Writing, in this *Ritual*. She then open'd a fine large Book, and as we gave our Names, one of her (she) *Mythagogues*, with a Gold Pin, drew some Lines on it, as if she had been writing; but we could not see any Characters.

This done, she filled three small Leather Vessels, with fantastic Water, and giving them into our Hands, said, Now, my Friends, you may depart, and may that intellectual Sphere, whose Centre is every where, and Circumference no where,

(4) *Rheum*.]. He has *rhim'd* himself into a *Rheum*, as *Misrot* says in his short Epistle to the King:

Et en rimant, bien souvent je m'enrime.

whom

whom we call GOD, keep you in his Almighty Protection. When you come into your World, do not fail to affirm and witness, that the greatest Treasures, and most admirable Things, are hidden under Ground, and not without Reason.

Ceres was worshipp'd, because she taught Mankind the Art of Husbandry, and by the Use of Corn, which she invented, abolished that beastly Way of feeding on Acorns; and (1) she grievously lamented her Daughter's Banishment into our subterranean Regions, certainly foreseeing that *Proserpine* would meet with more excellent Things, more desirable Enjoyments below, than she her Mother could be blest with above.

What do you think is become of the Art of forcing the Thunder and celestial Fire down, which the wise *Prometheus* had formerly invented? 'Tis most certain you have lost it; 'tis no more on your Hemisphere; but here below we have it. And, without a Cause, you sometimes wonder to see whole Towns burnt and destroy'd by Lightning, and æthereal Fire, and are at a Loss about knowing from whom, by whom, and to what End, those dreadful Mischiefs were sent. Now, they are familiar and useful to us; and your Philosophers, who complain that the Ancients have left them nothing to write of, or to invent, are very much mistaken. Those *Phænomena* which you see in the Sky; whatever the Surface of the Earth affords you, and the Sea, and every River contain, is not to be compar'd with what is hid within the Bowels of the Earth.

For this Reason the subterranean Ruler has justly gain'd, in almost every Language, the Epithet of Rich. Now, when your Sages shall wholly apply their Minds to a diligent and studious Search after Truth, humbly begging the Assistance of the

(1) *She grievously lamented, &c.*] By what follows, one would think she should rather have envy'd her Daughter. But great Wits may say any Thing, and reason any how. I wonder *M. du Chat* takes no Notice of this Inconsistency of *Rabelais*.

sovereign God, whom formerly the *Egyptians* in their Language, call'd *The hidden and the concealed*, and invoking him by that Name, beseech him to reveal and make himself known to them, that Almighty Being will, out of his infinite Goodness, not only make his Creatures, but even himself, known to them.

Thus will they be guided by good Lanterns. For all the ancient Philosophers and Sages have held two Things necessary, safely and pleasantly to arrive at the Knowledge of God and true Wisdom; first, God's gracious Guidance, then Man's Assistance.

So among the Philosophers, *Zoroaster* took *Arimaspes* for the Companion of his Travels; *Æsculapius*, *Mercury*; *Orpheus*, *Musæus*; *Pythagoras*, (1) *Aglaophemus*; and among Princes and Warriors, *Hercules* in his most difficult Atchievements, had his singular Friend *Theseus*; *Ulysses*, *Diomedes*; *Æneas*, *Achates*; you followed their Examples, and came under the Conduct of an illustrious Lantern: (2) Now in God's Name depart, and may he go along with you!

(1) *Aglaophemus*.] *Cælius Rhodiginus*, lib. 23. chap. 4. of his *Ancient Readings*, says, *Quæ sane ratio admiranda Zoroastri veterum Theologorum principi Arimaspem conciliavit, Æsculapium Mercurio, Orpheo Musæum, Pythagoræ Aglaophemum*. It is plain, that *Rabelais*, who is not altogether so much an Original as many take him to be, [as appears by *M. Du Chat's* Notes in Abundance of Instances] has copied this Passage. See *Jamblicus*, *Marcilius Facinius*, and *Picus de la Mirandola*, concerning his Favourite of *Pythagoras*.

(2) Now in God's Name depart, and may He go along with you.] The usual Words of the French Preachers concluding their Sermons.

The End of the Fifth Book of the Heroic Deeds and Sayings of the noble Pantagruel.

THE
MOST CERTAIN, TRUE AND INFALLIBLE (1)
PANTAGRUELIAN PROGNOSTICATION,
FOR

The Year that's to come, and ever and aye.

Calculated for the

Benefit and Nodification of the giddy-brain'd and
weather-wise *Wou'd-be's*.

By Master ALCOFRIBAS NASIER,
Architriclin to the aforemention'd *Pantagruel*.

TO THE
COURTEOUS READER,
GREETING.

*HAVING consider'd the infinite Abuses arising from
the whole (2) Cart-loads of Lovain Prognosti-
cations, made (3) in the Shadow of a Pot of Drink, or
so, I have here calculated one of the most sure and uner-
ring*

(1) *Pantagruelian Prognostication.*] I can't exactly say in what
Year this Piece was first publish'd, but there is a *Gothic* Edition of
1535, by *Francis Justus*, in 12mo. printed at *Lyons*, and I doubt not
there were other Editions of it before; for by *Calvin's* first Letter,
dated

ring that ever was seen in Black and White, as hereafter you'll find. For, doubtless, considering what the Royal Prophet says to God in the fifth Psalm, Thou shalt destroy them that speak Leasing, 'tis a heinous, foul, and crying Sin to tell a damn'd wilful Lie, thereby to deceive the poor gaping World, greedy of Novelties, such as the French, above all others, have been Time out of Mind, as Cæsar in his Commentaries, and John de Gravot, in his Gallick Mythologies, have set down. Which is daily observable throughout all France, where the first Questions, which you shall put to People newly arrived, are, What News? Is there no News stirring? What do they say? What's the Discourse abroad; And so inquisitive they are, that they'll be stark-staring mad at those who come out of strange Countries, unless they bring a whole Budget-full of strange Stories, calling them Dolts, Blockheads, Ninny-hammers, and silly Oafs.

Since then, they are so ready to ask after News, and consequently the more glibly swallow down every slim-flam Story that's told them, Were it not expedient that some People, on whose Faith we might depend, should hold Offices of Intelligence on the Frontiers of the Kingdom, and have a competent Salary allowed them for nothing else but to examine the News that is brought, whether it is true or

dated 1533, it is apparent that *Pantagruel* was not unknown to the World. However that be, it is certain *Rabelais* is not so much the Inventor of this ingenious Satire, as was an anonymous German, who in the Beginning of the XVIth Century, composed just such a one in his own Tongue, which was translated into Latin, and enlarged, by *James Henrichman*, another German. This last, in the Year 1508, dedicated it to the Baron de *Schwarzenberg*, and to the Poet *Henry Bebel*, with an Invitation to him to join it to his *Facetiæ*, as he actually did in the Edition thereof which came out in 1512. See the two preliminary Epistles of *Bebelius's Facetiæ*, Edition of *Antwerp*, 1541.

(2) *Whole Cart Loads of Lovain Prognostications.*] This tallies with the following Words of *Henrichman's Preliminary Epistle*: *Quotannis quidam ex syderum ratione ac motu terrestrium mentiuntur futuros, effectus, idque postea literis mandantes, publicè omnibus legendum exhibent. Illos autem sæpius in judicio suo falsos esse videmus, adeo ut vulgus nunc illorum scripta mendaciorum libellos palàm vocitare audeant.*

(3) *In the Shadow of a Pot of Drink.*] *In the Shadow of a Glass of Wine: à l'ombre d'un verre de vin.*

no? Yea verily Friends. Even so did my good Master Pantagruel through all the Countries of Utopia and Dipsody; whence it comes that his Territories are so prosperous, that at present they can't tell how to make away with their Wine fast enough, but are fain to let it run about in Waste, if Plenty of good Fellows from other Parts do not come to help them off with it.

Being therefore desirous to satisfy the Curiosity of every good Companion, I have tumbled over and over all the Pantarchs of the Heavens, calculated the Squadrates of the Moon, hook'd out whatever all the (4) Astrophiles, (5) Hypernephelists, (6) Anemophylaxes, (7) Uranopetes, (8) Ombrophores, and the Devil and all of them, have thought; and then having confer'd with Empedocles upon the whole, who, by the Way, desires to be kindly remembered to you, I have here cram'd the Pith, Marrow, and Matter of the Substance of it into a few Chapters; assuring you that I say nothing of it, but what I think; and that I think nothing of it but what it is; and there is no more to be known in those Matters, than what you are going to read. As for any Thing that may hereafter be said over and above, it will come to pass, per'anture aye, per'anture no.

Take Notice, by the by, That if you don't believe every Syllable, Iota, and Tittle of it, you do me a great deal of Wrong, for which, either here or elsewhere, you may chance to be claw'd off with a Vengeance. A good Salt-eel, Crab-tree, or Bull's Pizzle may be plentifully bestow'd on your outward Man. You may take Pepper in the Nose, and snuff and suck up the Air as you would Oysters, as much as you please; (9) 'tis all one for that.

Well,

(4) *Astrophiles.*] Star-lovers. Gr.

(5) *Hypernephelists.*] Such as by their Speculations raise themselves above the Clouds. Gr.

(6) *Anemophylaxes.*] Those who bend their Thoughts to foretel the Blowing of the Winds. Gr.

(7) *Uranopetes.*] Those whose Scale the Heavens. Gr.

(8) *Ombrophores.*] Those whose Application consists in foretelling the Rain. Gr.

(9) 'Tis all one for that.] Here Mr. N——x should have added: For depend upon't, there will be lot Work at the Oven, if

Well, however, come, snite you Noses, my little Children; and you old doating Father Grey-Beards, pull out your best Eyes, d'on your Barnicles, and in the Scale of the Sanctuary, weigh me every Tittle of what I am going to tell you.

Of the Golden Number.

(1) **T**HE GOLDEN NUMBER *non est inventus*: I cannot find it this Year by any Calculation that I have made. Let's go on, *Verte Folium*, turn over Leaf.

if the Baker don't fall asleep. Car bardiment il y aura de bien chauffer si le Fournier ne s'endort. Upon which Conclusion of the Sentence, and its beginning with the *Arguillades*, (i. e. the Whippings with an Eel, or an Eel's Skin) M. Du Chat observes, that it is a Warning to the French Protestants to quit the Kingdom betimes, to prepare to be infallibly burnt in it, since their Enemies had sworn to destroy them Root and Branch.

(1) *The Golden Number.*] It runs thus in the Original. Of the Golden Number, *non dicitur*: Because I cannot find it, &c.

C H A P. I.

Of the Governor and Lord Ascendant this Year.

WHatsoever those blindfolded blockheadly Fools, the Astrologers, of *Lovain*, *Norimberg*, *Tubing*, and *Lyons*, may tell ye, don't you feed yourselves up with Whims and Fancies, nor believe there is any Governor of the whole Universe this Year but God, the Creator, who by his divine Word rules and governs all; by whom all Things are in their Nature, Propriety, and Conditions, and without whose Preservation and Governace all Things in a Moment would be reduced to nothing, as out of nothing they were by him created. For of Him comes, in Him is, and by Him is made perfect every Being, and all Life and Motion, as says the Evangelical Trumpet, my Lord *St. Paul*, *Rom.* the 11th.

Therefore the Ruler of this Year, and of all others, according to our authentic Solution, will be God Almighty. And neither *Saturn* nor *Mars*, nor *Jupiter*, nor any other Planet, nor the very Angels, nor Saints, nor Men, nor Devils, shall have any Virtue, Efficacy, or Influence whatsoever, unless God of his good Pleasure gives it them. As *Avicen* says, Second Causes have not any Influence or Action whatsoever, if the first Cause did not influence them. —Does not the good little Mannikin speak Truth, think ye?

C H A P. II.

Of the Eclipses this Year.

THIS Year there will be so many Eclipses of the *Sun* and *Moon*, that I fear, (not unjustly) our

(1) our Pockets will suffer Inanition, be full empty, and our Feeling at a Loss. *Saturn* will be retrograde, *Venus* direct, *Mercury* as unfix'd as Quicksilver. And a Pack of Planets won't go as you would have them.

For this Reason the Crabs will go side-long, and the Rope-makers backward; the little Stools will get upon the Benches, and the Spits on the Racks, and the Bands on the Hats; and many a one's Yard will hang down and dangle for want of Leathern Pouches; Fleas will be generally black; Bacon will run away from Peas in Lent; the Belly will waddle before; the A—— will sit down first; there won't be a Bean left in a Twelfth-cake, nor an Ace in a Flush; the Dice won't run as you wish, tho' you cog them, and the Chance that you desire will seldom come; Brutes shall speak in several Places; *Shrovetide* will have its Day; one Part of the World shall disguise itself to gull and chouse the other, and run about the Streets like a Parcel of addle-pated Animals and mad Devils! such a Hurly-burly was never seen since the Devil was a little Boy; and there will be above seven-and-twenty irregular Verbs made this Year, (2) if *Priscian* don't hold them in. If God don't help us we shall have our Hands and Hearts full. But on the other side, if he be with us, nothing can hurt us, as says the Celestial Star-gazer, who was rapt into the third Heaven, *Romans* the 8th. *Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?* If God be for us, who can be against us? In good Faith *Nemo domini*, No Body, an't like your *Worship*; for he is as powerful as he is good. Here for the same, praise ye his Holy Name.

(1) *Our Pockets, &c.*] By the *Sun*, Chymists mean *Gold*; and by the *Moon*, *Silver*.

(2) *If Priscian, &c.*] *Priscian* is here put for Grammar in general, and in particular for the *French* Grammar, so subject to Changes, especially in the Verbs at that Time; some saying *alla*, others *allit*, *al'erent*, *allirent*, and *allarent*; *mors* for *mordu*, *querre* for *querir*, and an hundred others, which were used for the most part indifferently.

(I) C H A P. III.

Of the Diseases this Year.

THIS Year the Stone-blind shall see but very little ; the Deaf shall hear but scurvily ; the Dumb shan't speak very plain ; the Rich shall be somewhat in a better Case than the Poor, and the Healthy than the Sick. Whole Flocks, Herds, and Drovers of Sheep, Swine, and Oxen ; Cocks and Hens, Ducks and Drakes, Geese and Ganders, shall go to Pot ; but the Mortality will not be altogether so great among Apes, Monkies, Baboons, and Dromedaries. As for old Age, 'twill be incurable this Year, because of the Years past. Those who are sick of the Pleurisy will feel a plaguy Stitch in their Sides ; those who are troubled with the Thoro'-go-nimble or Wild-squirt, will often prostitute their blind Cheeks to the Bog-house ; Catarrhs this Year shall distil from the Brain on the lower Parts ; sore Eyes will by no Means help the Sight ; Ears shall be at least as scarce and short in *Gascony*, and among Knights of the Post, as ever : And a most horrid and dreadful, virulent, malignant, catching, perverse, and odious Malady, shall be almost epidemical, insomuch that many shall run mad upon it, not knowing what Nail to drive to keep the Wolf from the Door, very often plotting, contriving, cudgelling, and puzzling their weak shallow Brains, and syllogizing and prying up and down for the Philosopher's Stone, though they only get *Midas's* Lugs by the Bargain. I quake for very Fear when I think on't ; for I assure you, few will escape this Disease, which *Averroes* calls *Lack of Money* : and by

(I) *Chap. III.*] This Chapter is so like that which *Joach. Fortius Rindelbergius* of *Antwerp* has intitled *Ridicula, sed jucunda, quadam Vaticinia*, (*Anno 1529*) that I know not which of the two is the Original.

Consequence

Consequence of the last Year's Comet, and *Saturn's* Retrogradation, a huge drivelling *He-Scoundrel*, all be-crinkum'd, be-scabb'd, and cauliflowered with the Pox, shall die in the Spital; at his Death will be a horrid Clutter between the Cats and the Rats, Hounds and Hares, Hawks and Ducks, and eke between the Monks and Eggs.

C H A P. IV.

Of the Fruits of the Earth this Year.

I Find by the Calculations of (1) *Albumazar*, in his Book of the Great Conjunction, and elsewhere, That this will be a plentiful Year of all Manner of good Things to those who have enough; but your Hops of *Picardy* will go near to fare the worse for the Cold. As for Oats they'll be a great Help to Horses. I dare say, there won't be much more Bacon than Swine. *Pisces* having the Ascendant, 'twill be a mighty Year for Muscles, Cockles, and Perriwinkles. *Mercury* somewhat threatens our Parsly Beds, yet Parsly will be to be had for Money. Hemp will grow faster than the Children of this Age, and some will find there's but too much on't. There will be but a very few *Bon-Chretiens*, but Choak-pears in abundance. As for Corn, Wine, Fruit and Herbs, there never was such Plenty as will be now, if poor Folks may have their Wish.

C H A P. V.

Of the Disposition of the People this Year.

'TIS the oddest Whimsy in the World, to fancy there are Stars for Kings, Popes, and great Dons, any more than for the Poor and Nee-

(1) *Albumazar*.] An Arabian Philosopher and Astrologer, who lived about the Year 900 of the Christian Era.

dy. As if, forsooth, some new Stars were made since the Flood, or since *Romulus* or *Pharamond*, at the making somebody King; a Thing that (1) *Triboulet* or *Caillette* would have been asham'd to have said, and yet they were Men of no common Learning or Fame; and for aught you or I know, this same *Triboulet* may have been of the Kings of *Castille's* Blood in *Noah's* Ark, and *Caillette* of that of (2) King *Priam*. Now, mark ye me, those odd Notions come from nothing in the World, but Want of Faith: I say, the true Catholic Faith. Therefore resting fully satisfied that the Stars care not a Part more for Kings than for Beggars, nor a Jot more for your rich topping Fellows, than for the most sorry, mangy, lousy Rascal; I'll e'en leave other addle-pated Fortune-tellers to speak of the great Folks, and I will only talk of the little Ones.

And in the first Place, of those who are subject to *Saturn*; as for Example, such as lack the ready, jealous or horn-mad self-tormenting Prigs, dreaming Fops, crabbed Eves-droppers, raving doating Churls, Hatchers and Brooders of Mischiefs, suspicious distrustful Slouches, (3) Mole-catchers, close-fisted griping Misers, Usurers and Pawn-brokers, Christian-Jews, Pinch-crusts, Hold-fasts, Michers and Penny-fathers; Redeemers of dipt, mortgag'd, and bleeding Copy-holds and Messuages, Fleecers of shear'd Asses, Shoe-makers and Translators, Tanners, Bricklayers, Bell-founders, Compounders of Loans, Patchers, Clouters, and Botchers of old trumpery Stuff, and all moping melancholic Folks, shall not have this Year what-

(1) *Triboulet* or *Caillette*.] Two Court-Fools.

(2) *King Priam*.] He jokes upon those Writers who very orderly trace the Genealogy of the Kings of *Spain* up to *Adam*, and deduce the Descent of the Kings of *France* from King *Priam*.

(3) *Mole-catchers*.] Avaricious Money-hunters, who, in order to come at Riches, which the Earth contains in its Bowels, never cease digging and delving, as it were, like the ancient *French* Miners, call'd *Franc-taupin*, (from *Talpa* a Mole.) See this explain'd elsewhere.

ever they'd have; and (4) will think more than once how they may get good Store of the King's Pictures into their Clutches; in the mean Time they'll hardly throw Shoulders of Mutton out at the Windows, and will often scratch their working Noddles where they do not itch.

As for those who are under *Jupiter*, as Cant-ing-Vermin, Bigots, Pardon-pedlars, voluminous Abbreviators, Scribblers of Breves, (5) Copists, Pope's Bull-makers, Dataries, Pettifoggers, Capuchins, Monks, Hermits, Hypocrites, Cushion-thumping Mountebanks, Spiritual Comedians, Forms of Holiness, *Pater-Noster* Faces, Wheedling Gabblers, Wry-neck'd-scoundrels, Spoilers of Paper, (6) stately Gulls, (7) Notch'd cropt-ear'd Meacocks, Public Register's Clerks, Clergy-tailors, Wafer-makers, Rosary-makers, Engrossers of Deeds, Notaries, Grave-bubbles, Protocoles, and Prompters to Speakers, and deceitful Makers of Promises, shall fare according as they have Money. So many

(4) *Will think more than once how they may get the King's Picture.*] It is in the Original, *Will study hard about the Invention of the Holy Cross.* The Invention (or Finding) of the Holy Cross, is a solemn Holiday celebrated by the Church of Rome on the Third of May: Also, *A Shift or Device to get Money*; and that's what it means here: A merry Allusion to the other. These double *Entendres*, with which our Author abounds, are very pretty in the French, but not always capable of being rendered into English.

(5) *Copists.*] Petty Scribes in the Court of Rome, who copy the Bulls in order for Engrossing. See Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*, on the Words *Tot Copistæ*. *Infimi Scribæ qui Bullas quas vocant effingunt Romæ.* Erasmus laughs at the Word *Copista* as barbarous Latin. And in the Epistle *Obsc. Viror.* lib. 2. in that of Dr. Hackstro, (*Chopt-Straw*) *non placet mihi Romæ: Quia Copistæ & Curtesani, (Courtiers) sunt ita superbi, quod non creditis.*

(6) *Stately Gulls.*] So indeed Cotgrave has english'd Rabelais's Word *Prelingnauts*, but M. Du Chat is more particular: A Chief in a Court of Judicature, who (in like Manner as a Taster (*un Præguste*) takes the Essay of Meats with his Tongue) sums up and presents the Opinion of the other Judges before he declares his own.

(7) *Notch'd-cropt-Ear'd, &c.*] *Esperruquetz*, which Cotgrave says is one that wears long Locks, or curl'd Hair; but it really means, as M. M. translates it, what the Italians call *tosato, senza zazziera*, *Crop-hair'd*, without a Perwig. (*Esperruqué.*)

Clergymen will die, that there will not be Men enough found on whom their Benefices may be conferr'd, so that many will hold two, three, four, or more. The Tribe of Hypocrites shall lose a good deal of its ancient Fame, since the World is grown a Rake, and will not be fool'd much longer, as *Avenzagel* saith.

Those who are under *Mars*, as Hangmen, Cut-throats, Dead-doing Fellows, Free-booters, Hedge-birds, Footpads and Highwaymen, Catch-poles, Bum-bailiffs, Beadles and Watchmen, Reformadoes, Tooth-drawers, and Corn-cutters, Pintle-smiths, Shavers, and Frig-beards, Butchers, Coiners, Paltry-quacks and (8) Mountebanks, Renegadoes, Apostates and marraniz'd Miscreants, Incendiaries of *Boutefeus*, Chimney-sweepers, Boorish Cluster-fists, Charcoal-men, Alchymists, Merchants of Eel-skins and Egg-shells, Gridiron and Rattle-makers, Cooks, Paltry-pedlars, Trash-mongers and Spangle-makers, Bracelet-makers, Lantern-makers and Tinkers, this Year will do fine Things; but some of them will be somewhat subject to be Rib-roasted, and have a St. *Andrew's* Cross scor'd over their Jobbernols at unawares. This Year one of those worthy Persons will go nigh to be made a Field-bishop, and, mounted on a Horse that was foal'd of an Acorn, give the Passengers a Blessing with his Legs.

Those who belong to *Sol*, as Topers, Quaffers, Whipcans, Tospots, whittled, mellow, Cupshot-ten Swillers, Merry-Greeks with crimson Snouts of their own dying; fat, purfy, Gorbellies, Brewers of Wine and of Beer, Bottlers of Hay, Porters,

(8) Mountebanks.] *Tacüins*. In the Edition of 1542, it is *Avicennists*. Most of the rest have *taquins*, because they knew not what *tacün* meant. *Bubahylyba Ben Gezla*, an Arabian Physician to *Charlemagne*, writ a Book intituled, *Tacüons*, a Word which signifies, *Tables*, *Repertories*, because they were *Tables* containing an Enumeration of all Distempers, with their Cures. This Book was translated from the *Arabic* into *Latin* by a Jew *Farragut*, another Physician of *Charlemagne's*. The Translation is still in being, tho' the Original is lost. See further in *Du C.*

Mowers,

Mowers, Menders of til'd, slated, and thatch'd Houses, Burthen-bearers, Packers, Shepherds, Ox-keepers and Cow-herds, Swine-herds and Hog-Drivers, Fowlers and Bird-catchers, Gardiners, Barn-keepers, Hedgers, common Mumpers and Vagabonds, Day-labourers, Scowerers of greasy Thrum-caps, Stuffers and Bumbasters of Pack-saddles, Rag-merchants, idle Lucks, slothful Idlebies, and drowsy Loiterers, Smell-feasts and Snap-gobbets, Gentlemen generally wearing Shirts with Neck-bands, or heartily desiring to wear such; all these will be hale and sharp set, and not troubled with the Gout at the Grinders, or a Stoppage at the Gullet, when at a Feast on Free-cost.

Those whom *Venus* is said to rule, as Punks, Jilts, Flirts, Queans, Morts, Doxies, Strumpets, Buttocks, Blowings, Tits, Pure-ones, Concupines, Convenients, Cracks, Drabs, Trulls, Light-skirts, Wrigglers, Misses, Cats, Rigs, try'd Virgins, Bonarobas, Barbers-chairs, Hedge-whores, Wag-tails, Cockatrices, Whipsters, Twiggers, Harlots, Kept-wenches, Kind-hearted-things, Ladies of Pleasure, by what Titles or Names soever dignified or distinguish'd; Bawds, Pimps, Panders, Procurers, and Mutton-brokers; Wenchers, Lechers, Shakers, Smockers, Cousins, Cullies, Stallions and Bellybumpers; Ganymedes, Bardachoes, Hufflers, Ingles, Fricatrices, He-whores and Sodomites; swaggering Huffsuffs, bouncing Bullies, Braggadocios, Tory-rory Rakes and Tantivy-boys; pepper'd, clapp'd, and pox'd Dabblers; chancered, cauliflower'd, carbuncled Martyrs and Confessors of *Venus*; Rovers, Russian-rogues, and Hedge-creepers; Female-chamberlains: *Nomina Mulierum desinentia in ess, ut*, Laundress, Sempstresses, Hostess, &c. & *in er, ut* Mantua-maker, Bed-maker, Bar-keeper, Fruiterer, &c. all these will be famous this Year. But when the Sun enters *Cancer*, and other Signs, let them beware of the Crinkams, and its Attendants; as Chancres, Claps, Virulent Gonorrhœas, Chordees, Buboes, or Running-nags, Pock-royals, Botches, Wens or Condyloms,

Tetters, Scabs, Nodes, Glands, Tumours, Carnofities, &c. Nuns shall hardly conceive without Carnal Copulation; very few Virgins shall have Milk at the Breasts.

As for those who come under *Mercury*, as Sharppers, Rooks, Cozeners, Setters, as Sherks, Cheats, Pickpockets, Divers, Buttocking-foils, Thieves, Millers, Night-walkers, Masters of Arts, Decretists, Picklocks, Deer-stealers, Hedge Rhymers, Composers of serious Doggerel Metre, Merry-Andrews, Jack Puddings, Tumblers, Masters in the Art of *Hocus Pocus*, Legerdemain, and Powder of Prelinpinpin; such as break *Priscian's* Head, Quibblers and Punsters, Stationers, Paper-makers, Card-makers and Pirates, will strive to appear more-merry than they'll often be; sometimes they'll laugh without any Cause, and will be pretty apt to be blown up, sh—— i' th' Plum-bag, and march off, (*) unless they find themselves better stor'd with Chink, and stronger of the Cod than they need be.

Those who belong to *Madam Luna*, as Hawkers of Almanacks and Pamphlets, Huntsmen, Ostridge-catchers, Falconers, Couriers, Salt-carriers, Lunaticks, maggotty Fools, crackbrain'd Coxcombs, addle-pated frantic Wights, giddy, whimsical Foplings, Exchange-brokers, Post-boys, Foot-boys, Tennis Court Keepers Boys, Glass-mongers, Light-horse, Watermen, Mariners, Messengers, Rakers, and Gleaners, will not long stay in a Place this Year. However, so many Swag-bellies and Puff-bags, will hardly go to (9) *St. Hiacco*, (10) as there did in the
the

(*) *Unless, &c.*] Wrong: To the last Degree Wrong. Read, If they find themselves, &c. Not, *Unless* they find themselves, &c. *s'ils se trouvent plus d'argent, &c. not, s'ils ne se trouvent plus d'argent, &c.* It means, that nothing can hinder them from running away with your Money, but your not trusting 'em with it. Again, instead of *need be*, read *shou'd be*.

(9) *St. Hiacco.*] *St. James in Galicia.*

(10) *As there did in the Year 524.*] There had been publish'd many Predictions, which, on account of the grand Conjunction of
Saturn,

the Year 524. Great Numbers of (11) Pilgrims will come down from the Mountains of *Savoy* and *Auvergne*, but *Sagittarius* sorely threatens them with kib'd Heels.

C H A P. VI.

Of the Condition of some Countries.

THE noble Kingdom of *France* shall prosper and triumph this Year in all (1) Pleasures and Delights, so that Foreign Nations shall willingly retire thither. Presents of Nofegays, and Feasts on Birth-days, and Saints-days, Treats, Pastimes, and a thousand Sports, shall keep up the Mirth. There will be Plenty of delicious Wines; many Radishes in *Limosin*; Store of Chesnuts in *Perigord* and *Dauphiné*; a deal of Olives in *Languedoc*; whole Shoals of Sand in *Oloné*; a World of Fish in the Sea; Swarms of Stars in the Firmament; Abundance of Salt at *Brouage*; and prodigious Quantities of Corn, Pulse, Kitchen-herbs, Flowers, Fruit, Butter, Cheefe, Milk, and other dairy Goods. No Plague, no War, no Vexation. A Fart for Poverty, hang Sorrow, cast away Care. Old Gold, such as your

Saturn, *Jupiter*, and *Mars*, in the Sign of *Pisces* in 1524, did declare there would be in *February* that Year a second universal Deluge: There needed no more to send the *Germans*, at that Time very much addicted to Pilgrimage, in Shoals to *St. James* in *Galicia*. This is what is here meant by *Rabelais*, who by *Lifrelofres* means the *German* Pilgrims, who began to grow scarce after the Reformation had got good Footing among them.

(11) Pilgrims.] *Milequots* in the Original. Young People who were wont to go on Pilgrimage to *St. Michael* (thence their Name *Miquelots*, I suppose.) These occasion'd the Proverb, little Beggars go to *St. Michael*, great ones to *St. James*.

(1) Pleasures and Delights.] *France* enjoy'd Peace from the Treaty concluded at *Cambray* 1529; but the Famine which happen'd in that Kingdom about that Time occasioned the Plague, and both those Scourges continued therein till the Beginning of 1534. Therefore, either this Prognostication was not publish'd till 1534, at soonest, or *Rabelais* was much out in his Gueffing.

Double

Double-ducats, Rose-nobles, Angels, Spankers, Spur-royals, and well-wool'd Sheep of *Berry* will once more be in Fashion, and Plenty of Seraphs and Crowns with a Sun upon them. However, about *Midsummer* you are threatened with an Invasion by black Fleas, and Weevils of *la Diviniere*. *Adeo, nil est ex omni parte beatum*: Nothing is yet found that's perfectly happy; but Care must be taken to curb them with Store of Evening Nuncions.

Italy, Romania, Naples and Sicily will remain where they stood last Year. People will be (2) very thoughtful there towards the latter End of *Lent*, and sometimes will (3) rave and dream at Noon-day.

Germany, Switzerland, Saxony, Strasburg, Antwerp, &c. will thrive upon't, if they don't fail to do so. Woe be to Pardon-pedlars, if they come among them; I dare engage that there will not be many (4) yearly Obits, Trentals, and Services for the Dead founded there.

Spain, Castile, Portugal, and Arragon will be subject to (5) sudden Thirsts, and young and old will be woefully afraid of dying; for which Reason they'll be sure to keep themselves (6) warm when 'tis cold; and will often tell over their Money if they have any.

(2) *Very thoughtful, &c.*] Will think of their Sins which they are to confess at *Easter*.

(3) *Rave and dream at Noon-day.*] In the Original there's no *Rave*, but only *Dream*, and M. D. C. says *Rabelais* alludes to the constant Custom of the People of *Rome* to take a Nap of two Hours immediately after Dinner, not in Bed, but in easy Leather-chairs made on Purpose, with Backs and Springs to move higher or lower. See *Misson's Travels*, Let. 33.

(4) *Yearly.*] Wrong: Read, There will not be many Obits, &c. founded there *this Year, ceste année* (not *yearly*.) For now the Reformation had taken deep Root.

(5) *Sudden Thirsts.*] No *sudden* in *Rabelais*: *Great Thirsts*, if you will: *Alterations* in *French*, not *Altercations*, as some Editions have it. M. D. C.'s Note here is twofold: These Countries are very hot, and the Inquisition there spares nobody.

(6) *Warm when 'tis cold.*] It is only *warm* in the Original: That is, says M. D. C. People there should keep close and snug, not only because the Evening Dewes are mortal there, but that they may give the Inquisition no Advantage over them.

England,

England, Scotland, and the (7) *Easterlings*, will be but (8) indifferent *Pantagruelists*. Wine would at least prove as wholesome to them as Beer, provided it were good and delicious. When they sit at Table, their best Hopes will be the After-game. *St. Traignant* of *Scotland* will work Miracles and sh— Wonders like mad; but the Devil-a-Bit he'll see the better for all the Candles that will be offer'd him, if (9) *Aries* ascending do not fumble, and rumble, tumble, stumble, and be humble, though he grumble, and be scorn'd, and unhorn'd.

The *Muscovites*, *Indians*, *Persians*, and *Troglodytes*, will often be troubled with the Bloody-flux, because they will not be ridden, tupp'd, and ramm'd by the *Romanists*, considering the Ball of *Sagittarius* ascendant. The *Bohemians*, *Jews*, and *Egyptians* will not be brought this Year to conform with the said *Romanists*, as they expect *Venus* bitterly threatens them with (10) Wens at the Throat, if they do not condescend to the Will of the (11) King of the *Papillons*.

(12) *Escargots* [Snails] (13) *Sarabouytes*, (14) *Cauquemarres* [Nightmares] Canibals shall be pester'd

(7) *Easterlings*.] Otherwise *Osterlings*. See *Commines*, l. 5. c. 18.

(8) *Indifferent Pantagruelists*.] Will not always have Wine to drink when they have a Mind to't.

(9) *Aries*.] The Pope, and his Power.

(10) *Wens at the Throat*.] Gibbets.

(11) *The King, &c.*] The King of France: in the Original, *Roy de Parpaillons* (see this explain'd elsewhere.) What *Rabelais* seems to hint at here is the *Bohemians*, &c. who by an Edict were banish'd the Kingdom, on Pain of being hang'd. [*Boemien* likewise means a Gipsy.]

(12) *Escargots*.] This does not mean Snails strictly, in this Place at least: But, as *M. Du C.* observes, Monks and other Religious, to whom the Discipline (Whip) seems to be instead of a Fly-flap to drive away those troublesome Insects. *Rabelais* calls 'em *Escargots* (Snails) either because as in c. 40. l. 1. we read that like Beetles, they eat the Turd of the World, (feed upon the Sins of the People) or else, because that being cover'd with the Cowl, they resemble Snails in their Shells.

(13) *Sarabouytes*.] Or rather *Sarabites*, spoken of in the last ch. of l. 2. and ch. 54. of l. 4. were, in old Times, a certain Sort of Religious, who lived in the utmost Licentiousness and Dissolution.

(14) *Cauquemarres*.] From *calcere mares*. These are the same Religious whom elsewhere *Rabelais* calls *Forfadets*, a Name by

ter'd with Ox-flies [Informers, Promoters] and will have but little Heart to play on the Cymbals, and Tongs and Keys [or, to letcher] unless *Guaicum* be in request.

As for *Austria*, *Hungary*, and *Turkey*, by my Troth, my dainty Lads, I can't tell how they'll do, neither does Pilgarlic trouble his Head a Jot about it, considering the Sun's brave Entrance into *Capricornus*; and if you chance to know more of the Matter than I do, pray scatter no Words, keep it to yourselves, but stay for the lame Post.

O F T H E

Four SEASONS of the YEAR.

C H A P. VII.

Of the SPRING.

IN all this Year's Revolution there will be but one Moon, neither will it be new. I dare warrant, you are damnably down o' the Mouth about it; (1) you who don't believe in God, and persecute his holy and divine Word, as also those that stand up for it. But you may e'en hang yourselves out of the Way; I tell you there will never be any other Moon than that which God created in the Beginning of the World, and which was plac'd in the Sky to light and guide Mankind by Night. But, in good

by which he likewise calls the Hobgoblins, and Raw-head and Bloody-bones. To these, and the preceding, our Author declares that the Discipline they will give themselves will reduce them to the same Condition with Canibals, and other Nations of *America*, who, not knowing how to make themselves Clothes (at least, not caring to do it) suffer great Inconveniencies from the Flies, when the *Europeans* don't come and fetch their *Guaicum*, in return for which they generally give them Clothes to cover them.

(1) *You who do not, &c.*] No *Lutheran* cou'd have express'd himself in stronger Terms.

sooth,

footh, I'll not infer thence that it never shews to the Earth and earthly People a Decrease or Increase of its Light, according as it is nearer the Sun or further from it. No, no; why should I say this? For, wherefore, because, however, notwithstanding, that, &c. and let none of you hereafter pray that Heaven may keep her from the Wolves; for they'll not meddle with her this twelve Months, I'll warrant you. *A propos*, now I think on't, you'll see as many Flowers again this Season as in all the other three; neither shall that Man be thought a Fool, who'll have Wit enough to lay by Money, and get together more of it this Quarter than he will do of (2) Cobwebs in the whole Year. The (3) *Griffons*, and *Marrons*, (Men who make the Ways passable in great Snows, and dwell on the Mountains of *Savoy*, and *Dauphiné*,) and the *Hyperboreans*, that are perpetually furr'd with Snow, are to miss this Season, and have none on't; for *Avicenna* tells us, 'tis not Spring till the Snow does melt away on the Mountains. (4) Believe the Liar. I have known the Time when Men reckoned *Ver*, or the Spring, to begin when the Sun enter'd into the first Degree of *Aries*. If they reckon it otherwise now, I knock under, and Mum's the Word.

(2) *Cobwebs*.] It should be *Herrings*, *Arancs*: Though some Editions have it *Araignes*. M. D. C. says, *Rabelais* here means, that in the Spring People had better keep their Money, than lay it out in *Herrings*, which are good for nothing in that Season of the Year.

(3) *Griffons*.] *Gryphons*: Men, who, like true Griffins, climb up the sharpest and steepest Rocks.

(4) *Believe the Liar*.] *Croyez ce Porteur*, in the Original: *Believe the Bearer*; i. e. I stand to what he says about the Matter.

C H A P. VIII.

Of SUMMER.

IN the Summer I can't justly tell you what Kind of Wind will blow; but this I know, that it ought to be warm Weather then, and now and then a Sea-breeze. However, if Things should fall out otherwise, you must be sure not to curse God; for he is wiser than we, and knows what's fit for us far better than we ourselves, you may take my Word for't, whatever (1) *Haly* and his Gang may have said. It will be a delicious Thing to be merry, and drink cool Wine, though some have said there is nothing more contrary to Thirst. I believe it; and indeed *Contraria contrariis curantur*.

C H A P. IX.

Of AUTUMN.

IN Autumn Men will make Wine, or before or after it; 'tis all one to me, so we have but good Bub and *Nippitati* enough: Foul Mistakes will then be in Season, for many a one will think only to burst at the Broad-side by the Way of Fizzle-cum-funk, and will foully give their Breeches a Clyster with a fæcal Decoction. As for those Men and Women who have vowed to fast till the Stars be in the Heavens, they may e'en from this present Hour begin to feed like Farmers by my particular Grant and Dispensation. Neither do they begin of the soonest; for those pretty twinkling Things have been fix'd there above sixteen thousand and I can't tell how many Days, and stuck into the Purpose too, let

(1) *Haly*.] An *Arabian* Philosopher and Mathematician. *Vossius de Scient. Mathem.* (on the Credit of *Luke Gaurie*) places him in 1202. *Helvic. Tabl.* 33. in 1121.

me tell you. Nor would I have you for the Future hope to catch Larks when the Sky falls : For on my Honour that will not happen in your Time. Legions of hypocritical Church-vermin, cucullated sham Saints, Pedlars and Hawkers of Pardons, (1) perpetual Mumpers and Mumblerers of Orifons, and other such Gangs of rascally Scoundrels, will come (2) out of their Dens. 'Scape that 'scape can, say I. Harkee me, take heed also of the Bones whenever you eat Fish, and God preserve you from a Dose of Ratsbane too.

CHAP. X.

Of WINTER.

IN Winter, in my silly Opinion, those Men will not be over-wise, who'll sell their furr'd Gowns, Swans-skins, and other warm Clothes, to buy Fuel; neither did the Ancients use to do so, says *Avenzouart*. If it chance to rain, don't fret yourselves, so much the less Dust you'll have when you go abroad. Keep yourselves as hot as Toasts, d'ye hear : Beware of Catarrhs : Drink of the best, till the other Sort mend ; and pray henceforth sh—no more o' Bed. (1) Oh ho ! Poultry, do you build your Nests so high ?

(1) *Perpetual Mumpers.*] In the Original it is *Perpetuons*, and means all Monks ; whose Communities never die, but are *Perpetual*.

(2) *Out of their Dens.*] With a Purpose to catch from the Country-folks all they can of their Harvest.

(1) *Oh ho ! Poultry, &c.*] A mere Joke, or trivial Pleasantry, put here by *Rabelais* out of the Gaiety or Wantonness of his Humour, without any Relation to what went before. Other noted Authors, both comical and serious, have used the very same Words at the winding up of their Works. *Philip d'Ancippe* for one, *John Edouard du Manin* for another, *cum multis aliis*.

The End of the Pantagruelian Prognostication.

A N

A N
E P I S T L E,

B Y

PANTAGRUEL's LIMOUSIN,

Grand *Excoriator* of the *Latiale* Tongue, mention'd Book II. CHAP. VI.

To his own Amicissim, residing at the Inclite, and
Famossim Urb of Lugdun.

OUR Auricles, percuss'd by Fame sonorous,
Your mirabundous Acts have brought before us:
Your placid Life, here inaudite before,
Repletes the Town of *Lugdun* o'er and o'er:
Where Nymphs convening three Times thrice divine,
Prostrate themselves as Vot'ries at your Shrine.
Some, voluntarily fly into your Arms,
For your opiparous or aureous Charms:
Some tender Souls! on you themselves obtrude,
Mov'd by your Tongue's most melleous Dulcitude.
Your Phrase, robustly propt, with Ease produces
Fractions in many weak virgineous Cruises:
When you're placentated, the Fort is won,
Id est, whene'er y' impel the Matter on.

You therefore, if your Appetite desires
New Dapes each Hour, pursue what that requires.
If fated with your *Urban* stale Fruitions,
Or with your half unnatural Coitions,

You

You to your neighb'ring rural Fund migrate,
 And there your lassate Corps re-animate.
 There ev'ry Joy to you is an Oblation,
 In which your Ingeny finds Deléctation.
 The gay Merul and warbling Philomel,
 To please you, strive each other to excel.
 Their pleasant Notes tristitious Thoughts confound,
 And wake your Soul with their letating Sound.

To that amæne Recess the rural Quire
Sylvanus, Satyrs, Fauns, and *Pan* retire :
 Gods, Demigods, Nymphs, Dryads, Naiads meet,
 And leave their Mansions for your dulcior Seat ;
 And when the Turb is once accumulate,
 Jucund Jucundity's immensurate.
 With sumptuous Cates divine *Ambrosia* joins,
 And Nectar there exuperates all your Wines.
 With this each dry esurient Guest replete is,
 As at the Feast of *Peleus* and his *Thetis*.
 Then all arise ; the Tables here sublate :
 In Arbors, some themselves refocillate ;
 Some in ferine Venation take Delight,
 For Cony-caption some have Appetite :
 In fine, Ludes omniform are there invented,
 And every Indoles and Sense contented.
 Pleasure invades, Pain abdicates the Mind :
 What more in Heav'n can its grand Tenants find !

While we, alas ! must still obambulate,
 Sequacious of the Court and Courtier's Fate ;
 O most infaust who optates there to live !
 An aulic Life no solid Joys can give.
 We've been cruciated since your last Migration,
 With an indefinent Obequitation :
 Our Boots and Legs have not been separated,
 While we the *Burgade* Lands have conculcated.
 Lute, Unds, and Sands did long our March oppose,
 And asp'rous Rocks, the Bulwarks of our Foes.

But now I'll not to many Verbs effund,
 Nor with our Ills your Auricles obtund :
 Nor all our martial Conflicts represent,
 Obsesses, Storms, and Fights sanguinolent.
 When angry *Mars Burgundia* cicatris'd,
 And Friend with Friend in Dolors sympathis'd ;
 Desp'rate

Desp'rate of Conquest, through dire Accidents,
 Apert we jac'd to th' *Æther* without Tents.
 At last the kind, though rigid Brume came on,
 The Camp was derelict, and all are gone.
 For when Hybernal Evils appropinque,
 The Legions on their Hybernacles think.

So, when the Bellic Season was expir'd,
 Wisely the regal Majesty retir'd.
 To *Fonsbellaqueus* now the Monarch's come,
 The noblest Master to the noblest Dome:
 No more had *Nero's* match'd its noble Pride,
 Than with the King the Tyrant could have vy'd,
 Were ev'n *Diana's* Temple rais'd again,
 The regal Palace would eclipse the Fane.
 'Tis true, you've ocul'd it in Times *præterit*,
 But ev'ry Day 't has meliorated Merit,
 And those who supervis'd it nocht Hestern,
 In hodiern *hores*, will major Things discern.
 Opining to revise a Structure new,
 Where Art surpass'd itself, and Nature too.

Now to apply my primary Ingredient,
 That you move *huc* I think it not expedient:
 For shou'd you come before the Brume's abated,
 Th' Opime you'd 'linquish for the Macerated.
 Since, thanks to *Jove's* Benignity, you're valid,
 Chuse not a frigid State, while yours is calid;
 Unless Salubrity you vilipend,
 And, from your own become your *Medic's* Friend.
 For in Veracity, these Times denote
 Morbs to the Sane, and Obits to th' *Ægrote*;
 And alterate the suavest Pulchritude
 To the Complexion of its native Mud.

Incluse with Sylves behind, and Lakes before us;
 Our outward Man wants something that's calorous.
 Scarce one poor Fascicle can we acquire;
 In fine all Solaces from us retire.
 And were it not (in this Extremity)
 Juvated by the Town's Proximity,
 To which we equitate with Maturation,
 And to kind Nature make Sacrification,
 Soon in our Sepulchres we shou'd all hide us;
 For, sure, one Hebdomad wou'd here occide us.

By

By this Imparity you plainly see
 Our Life's Distress, and your's Jucundity;
 Our State's naufrageous and periclitating;
 If then you sape, as we are cogitating,
 Hither, till Spring return, make no Transition,
 Though you were stimulated by Ambition.
 What though Honorabilities it offers,
 Large Heaps of Numms to fill your largest Coffers,
 Imperial Favour too, and what not else?
 Ample Munificence, and Office celse,
 Such as you execute when here; yet these
 Have no intrinsic Valour, though they please.
 Our Means of Life are Pote, and Cibe and Vest;
 Who jugulates himself for Wealth's a Beast.

To this Epistle *Finis* now we'll fix,
 Which to your School a Transit does adnix;
 Where Rules to prolix Loquels are prescrib'd,
 And doct Verbocination is imbib'd;
 Excoriating the Language Latiale,
 To make Reply let not your Calam fail;
 But atrament at large the candid Chart
 With corresponding Rhimes *transcending Art*.
 Which will to him be th' altest Obligation,
 Who is

Your Serv. with maxim Veneration,

DESBRIE GOUSIER.

An EPIGRAM.

ALL strive of late to bring to Purity
 Our Tongue, that once lay in Obscurity;
 And, profligating all Barbarity,
 With th' *Attic* set the *French* in Parity:
 So, to revive its old Nobility,
 They shun the Phrase of our Mobility;
 But, thus disguis'd, by a Fatality,
 'Tis mere excoriated Latiality.

T H E.

T H E
PHILOSOPHICAL CREAM
O F
ENCYCLOPEDIC QUESTIONS,

By P A N T A G R U E L;

Which were *Sorbonificabilitudiniffely* debated in the Schools of the Decree near St. *Denys de la Chartre* at *PARIS*.

U T R U M, a *Platonic* Idea, hovering to the Right on the Orifice of the Chaos, might drive away the Squadrons of democratical Atoms?

Utrum, The (1) Flickermice flying through the Translucidity of the corner'd Gate, might, Spy-like, discover the Morphean Visions twirling and unwinding in a circular Manner the Thread of the

(1) Bats.

rete

rete admirabile that wraps up the (2) Attili of ill-caulk'd Brains ?

Utrum, The Atoms turning about at the Sound of the *Hermagorical* Harmony, might make a Compaction or a Dissolution of a Quintessence, by the Subtraction of the *Pythagorical* Numbers ?

Utrum, The Hybernal Frigidity of the *Antipodes*, passing in an orthogonal Line, through the homogeneous Solidity of the Center, might warm the superficial Connexity of our Heels by a soft Antipe-ristasis ?

Utrum, The Tassels of the Torrid Zone might so far be dipt and wetted at the Cataracts of the *Nile*, as to moisten the most caustic Parts of the empyreal Heaven ?

Utrum, By reason of the long Hair that was bestowed on the Bear at her Metamorphosis, if her Breech were but shav'd the *Italian* Way *à la Bougarone*, to make *Triton* a Beard, she might not be Keeper of the Arctic Pole ?

Utrum, An elementary Sentence might alledge a decennial Prescription against amphibious Animals, and *è contra* the other respectively put in her Petition in case of Seizure and Novelty ?

Utrum, An historical Grammar, and Posteriority, by the Triad of Articles, might find some Line or Character of their Chronicle on the *Zenonian*-palm ? [Open Hand, i. e. Eloquence.]

Utrum, The *Genera Generalissima*, by a violent Elevation over their Predicaments, might crawl and clamber up to the Stories of the Transcendants, and consequently let the special and predicable Species follow, to the unspeakable Loss and Damage of poor Masters of Arts ?

Utrum, *Proteus*, that transform'd himself into all Manner of Shapes, turning himself into a (3) *Cigale*,
and

(2) A certain Fish in the River *Po*, which sometimes weighs 1000 weight. [So says *M. M.* but not *Torriano*.]

(3) A thick, broad-headed flying Insect, which sits on Trees in hot Countries, and sings after a skreeking Fashion : 'Tis call'd

and musically trying his Voice in the Dog-days, might make a third Concoction with the Morning-dew carefully bottled up in *May*, before the full Resolution of a Zodiacal Girdle?

Utrum, The black Scorpion might bear a Solution of the *Continuum* in his Substance, and, by the Effusion of his Blood, darken and blacken the Milky-way, to the great Loss and Grief of the swag-bellied (4) *Jacobites*?

(5) *FRANCISCUS RABELÆSUS.*

Poeta Sitiens, Ponebat.

(6) *Vita, Lyæe, sitis; liquisti, flebis, adures; Membra, hominum, tumultum; morte, liquore, face.*

Cicada in *Latin*, and therefore mistaken by some here for the Grasshopper.

(4) *Jacobites.*] German *Jacobites* in the Original. It alludes from these Pilgrims of St. *James* in *Galicia*, to the Philosophers, the followers of the *Jacobin* Albertus Magnus. *Albertistæ dicunt quodd Galaxia est naturæ cælestis, Thomistæ dicunt quodd Galaxia est naturæ elementaris*, says Dr. *Gerlamb* (*All-sheep*) in Part 2d of *Epist. Obs. Viror.*

(5) *Franciscus Rabelæsus.*] Wrong; for he did not write it himself, but another Person. The old Editions have it, as it shou'd be, *Francisco Rabelæso*, &c.

(6) *Vita, &c.*] *Vita, liquisti membra morte: Lyæe, flebis hominem liquore: Sitis, adures tumultum face.* So it is to be read, according to the Editions of 1567, 1573, 1584, and 1600, not *foco*, as in that of 1596.

T W O
E P I S T L E S

T O

Two WOMEN of different HUMOURS.

To the first Old Woman.

OLD toothless, pox'd, mischievous Hag of Night;
Old graceless Witch, who liv'st in Virtue's
Spite;

Old treach'rous Beldam, Burthen to the Earth;
Plots, Broils, and Wars, from thee derive their Birth.
Old arrant Bawd, by whose destructive Trade,
The Lewd are sold, the Modest are betray'd:
Honour thou never knew'st, thou living Tomb,
Whor'd with thy Father in thy Mother's Womb.

Thy Charity does like the Devil's prove,
And damns the Wretches who thy Lewdness love.
Thy livid Blood with pois'nous Rage is swell'd;
Thy Breast with Gall, thy Head with Mischief fill'd.
Thou ne'er of any but thyself spok'st well.
And for Detraction ev'n surpass'st Hell.

Old Brimstone-bawd, with Brandy flaming red,
 That mak'st a curst rank Brothel of thy Bed;
 Propitious to all Malice and Ill-luck,
 That hast a Tet to give the Devil suck;
 Damn'd Witch, thou dost in Magic far excel
Medæa, and the blackest Fiends of Hell:
 Thou mak'st thy hideous Phiz more dreadful still;
 But when thou dost, we shou'd thy Hagship kill,
 Lest thy redoubled Uglinefs affright,
 And, like *Medusa's*, ruin us at Sight.

Thou Scarlet Whore, ne'er mourn'st for doing ill;
 Thy only Tears are Rheums, and Wines distill'd;
 Thy only Sighs are vented at thy Bum,
 Outfink a Carrion, and outroar a Drum.
 Old monstrous Hag, of matchless, dreadful Kind,
 Thou the three Furies in one Body join'd:
 Satan, outdone by thee, does envious grow,
 And longs to burn thee in Revenge below.
 Dissembling Witch, whose Tongue, still muttering,
 dares

Mock frowning Heav'n with thy unhallow'd Pray'rs.
 Thou, bold bad Sprite, with Satan's borrow'd Force,
 Pretends to turn a rapid River's Course,
 With Spells to Palenefs fright th' astonish'd Moon,
 And darken quite the blushing Sun at Noon.
 Base murd'ring Sorcerers, with relentless Heart,
 On Innocence thou try'st thy cursed Art;
 Bewitching Infants in their Mothers' Arms,
 And Death alone can end the painful Charms.
 No God thou own'st, but thy insatiate Gut;
 'Thou mak'st each Trull turn up her filthy Scut.
 Pity thou slight'st, by Pity thour't abhorr'd,
 And more deserv'st a Faggot than a Cord.
 Thy cruel Heart with Rancour has its Load,
 Natural to thee as Poison to a Toad.
 Thou worst of Mischiefs, Guide to endless Death,
 Who scatter'st Plagues with thy contagious Breath,
 Canst thou expect unpunish'd to remain,
 And for each Crime to 'scape a double Pain?
 Millions against thee will in Judgment rise,
 And loudly call for Vengeance to the Skies.

Those

Those whom thy Arts to lawless Flames decoy'd,
 Shall be below to burn thy Soul employ'd.
 But thou'rt the worst of Hells for impious Deeds,
 T' other perhaps in Punishments exceeds.
 Prepare, prepare for its revenging Pains,
 There to be rack'd in everlasting Chains,
 Tremble, and loudly to the Mountains call,
 That they may gape, and crush thee with their Fall:
 For still thy latter Sins the first excel,
 And, living on, thou'lt grow too bad for Hell.
 Damn'd Harridan, with reeking Lust more drunk
 Than *Messaline*, that great Imperial Punk:
 Ne'er tir'd, or sated, thou out-dost her more
 Than she out-did the utmost Stint of Whore.
 Thy sweaty Carcase (which kind Heav'n confound!)
 With noisome Steams offends us all around.
 Old drunken Pisspot, Sink of Filth and Sin,
 Plaster without, and Rotteness within;
 Curst Lump of Lees; thou universal Sore;
 Thou putrid Product of the common Shore;
 Thou lowest, last Degree of Infamy,
 Thou very highest Top of Villainy;
 Repent, or know I'll double ev'ry Curse;
 But no, thou canst not mend, nor e'er be worse.

*An EPISTLE to another WOMAN of a quite
 different Humour.*

HAIL! reverend Matron, virtuous as you're fair:
 Hail! you, whose Autumn may with Spring
 compare;
 Matron, adorn'd so richly in your Mind,
 That in your Looks the Treasures we may find.
 With pious Doctrine you your Faith improve,
 Shun idle Talk, and Books of idler Love;
 And setting Vice and needless Forms apart,
 Your suff'ring God engrave within your Heart;
 While you on Earth a heav'nly Saint commence,
 Your Charity is, like the World, immense;
 Ready to ease th' Afflicted of their Load,
 At awful Distance y' imitate your God.

So sweet, so modest, and so void of Pride,
 'That ev'n that God does own you for his Bride.
 You to all Folly wisely shut your Eyes,
 And dare the World's alluring Joys despise.
 That Sacred Writ alone is your Delight,
 Which saves the Soul from everlasting Night.
 You temper still, yet never to a Fault,
 Your Wine with Water, and your Words with
 Thought;
 And never cherish an unchaste Desire,
 Or cou'd be warm'd but by the Nuptial Fire;
 But, waiting for your Saviour, pass away
 In Pray'rs the Night, in pious Acts the Day.
 In Faith, in Piety alone extreme,
 You shun Applause, yet best deserve Esteem.
 The Prophets great Inspirer fills your Breast;
 Your Head, your Heart, by the Whole God possess;
 While some unthinking Virgins are betray'd,
 And made Proficients in Hell's thriving Trade,
 Your wise Advice, your great Example draws
 The thoughtless Wretches out of Satan's Jaws.
 Matron, in Wedlock faithful and sedate,
 An Honour to that honourable State:
 Not Weakness made you wed, but Piety,
 Thus to encrease the Saints Society.
 Those wanton Toys cou'd ne'er your Heart intice,
 Which stifle Virtue, and encourage Vice,
 Matron, whom all the Christian *Pallas* term,
 Wise in your Conduct, and your Courage firm.
 I prize, admire, and love your matchless Store,
 Your outward Beauties much, your inward Graces
 more.
 From Heav'n you came, and to that Heav'n are
 born,
 Virtue adorns you, Virtue you adorn.
 Oh that I may, ev'n till my latest Hours,
 Advance in Knowledge, contemplating yours!
 May you obtain below what Earth can crave!
 What Heav'n can grant, above, you're sure to have.

L E T T E R S

WRITTEN BY

FRANCIS RABELAIS, M.D.

During his Stay in *ITALY*.

IN THE YEAR MDXXXVI.

L E T T E R I.

To my Lord Bishop of Maillezais.

My Lord,

I WRIT to you at large on the 29th of *November*, and sent you some *Naples* Grain for your Sallads, of every Sort that is eaten on this Side, except *Pimpernell*, which then I could not procure. I have sent you no great Quantity at present, because it had been too much for the Courier at one Time; but if you please to have more, either for your Gardens, or to dispose of otherwise, I will send it you upon Notice. I had written to you before, and sent to you the four Signatures concerning the Benefices of *Friar Dom. Philip*, obtain'd in the Name of those whom you have set down in the Instructions you gave me. I have not received since any Letter from you that mentions the Receipt of the aforesaid Signatures.

I received only one dated from *l'Ermenaud*, when my Lady *d'Estissac* came thither, in which you let me know that you had receiv'd two Packets from me; one from *Ferrara*, t' other from this City, with the Cypher which I writ to you: But, for aught I understand, you had not yet received the Packet where the Signatures were inclos'd. I can now give you an Account that my Business has been granted and dispatch'd better, and with more Certainty than I cou'd have wish'd; and I have had therein the Assistance and Advice of worthy Men, particularly of the Cardinal *de Genutiis*, who is Judge of the Palace, and of the Cardinal *Simonetta*, who was Auditor of the Chamber, a very knowing Man, and well vers'd in such Matters. The Pope was of Opinion, that I should proceed in my Business *per cameram*: The abovemention'd Cardinals were of a Mind, that it should be by the Court of Contradicts: Because, that *in foro contentioso*, it cannot be revocable in *France*, and *Quæ per contradictoria transiguntur transeunt in rem judicatam; quæ autem per Cameram, & impugnari possunt, & in judicium veniunt.* Those Things which are transacted by Contradictories, pass as determin'd; but those Things which are done by the Chamber, may be call'd into Question, and try'd over again.

Upon the whole, I have nothing more to do, than to take up the Bulls *sub plumbo*.

My Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*, as likewise my Lord Bishop of *Mascon*, have assur'd me that the Charges shall be remitted me, though the Pope by old Custom remits nothing, except of what is dispatch'd *per cameram*. There will remain to be paid, only the Referendaries, Proctors, and other such like Scribblers and Blotters of Parchment. If my Money falls short, I will recommend myself to your Lordship's Alms; for I don't think to leave this Place till the Emperor goes.

He is at present at *Naples*, whence, as he has written to the Pope, he will depart on the Sixth of *January*. This Town is already full of *Spaniards*: And he was sent an extraordinary Ambassador to the Pope, besides him who constantly resides at this Court,

Court, to give him Notice of his Coming. The Pope leaves him half the Palace, and all the Borough of *St. Peter* for his Retinue, and has order'd three thousand Beds to be prepared, according to the *Roman* Custom, that is to say, with Quilts: For the City has been unprovided of 'em ever since it was sack'd by the *Lanskenets*. He has got together as much Hay, Straw, Oats, Spelt-corn, and Barley, as he could find; and of Wine, as much as is arriv'd in *ripâ*: I fancy he'll be at no small Charge, which can't be very easy to him in this his great Poverty, so apparent in him, more than in any Pope for these three hundred Years past. The Romans have not yet resolved how to behave themselves upon this Occasion, and have had many Meetings, by Order of the Senators, Conservators, and Governor; but they can't agree in their Opinions. The Emperor has declar'd to them by his said Ambassador, that he does not design his People shall be entertain'd at free Cost, but as the Pope shall think fit to entertain 'em, which does the more sensibly touch the Pope: For he understands well enough, that by this Saying the Emperor means to see how, and with what Affection, he will treat him and his People.

The holy Father has sent two Legates to him by the Choice of the Consistory; to wit, the Cardinal of *Sienna*, and Cardinal *Cesarini*. Since which, the Cardinals *Salviati* and *Rodolph*, are also gone to him, and with them my Lord *de Saintes*. I understand 'tis about the Affair of *Florence*, and concerning the Difference between the Duke *Alexander de Medicis* and *Philip Stroffi*, whose Estate, which is considerable, the Duke had a Mind to confiscate. Next to the *Fourques* of *Ausbourg* in *Germany*, he is counted the richest Merchant in *Christendom*; and the Duke has set People here to poison or kill him, whatever came on't. Being advertis'd of this Attempt, he obtain'd of the Pope to go arm'd. And he commonly went attended with thirty Soldiers, arm'd at all Points. The said Duke of *Florence* having notice (I suppose) that *Stroffi*, with the above-mention'd Cardinals, was gone to the Emperor, and that he offer'd to the Emperor four hundred

thousand Ducats, only to give Commissions to People who might inform against the Tyranny and Baseness of the said Duke, left *Florence*, constituted Cardinal *Cibo* his Governor, and came to this City the Morrow after *Christmas-day*, the twenty-third Hour, entering at *St. Peter's Gate*, follow'd by fifty Light-horse, in white Armour, with Lances, and about a hundred Harquebusiers. The rest of his Train was but little, and in no very good Order. And no Soul went to see him, but the Emperor's Ambassador, who met him at the same Gate. As soon as he was in Town, he came to the Palace, and had a short Audience of the Pope: And had Lodgings in *St. George's Palace*. The next Morning he went away attended as before.

Eight Days since, News came to this Town, and his Holiness has receiv'd Letters from divers Parts, that the *Sophy*, King of *Persia*, has defeated the Army of the *Turks*. Yesterday Night arrived here the Nephew of Monsieur *de Veley*, the King's Ambassador to the Emperor, who assur'd my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*, that the Thing was true: And that this had been the greatest Slaughter that has been heard of these four hundred Years; for above forty thousand Horse were killed on the *Turks* Side.

Consider what a Number of Foot fell there! As likewise on the *Sophy's* Side. For, among People that do not willingly fly, *Non solet esse incruenta Victoria: The Victory does not use to be without Blood.*

The principal Defeat was near a little Town call'd *Coni*, not far distant from the great City of *Tauris*, for which the *Sophy* and the *Turk* contend; the other Action was near a Place call'd *Betelis*. The Manner was thus: The *Turks* had divided their Army, and one Part was sent to take *Coni*; of which the *Sophy* having Intelligence, he, with his whole Army, rush'd upon this separated Part, before they could stand upon their Guard.

See here the Effect of ill Counsel, in dividing his Army before he had gotten the Victory. The French can give a good Account of this, when the Duke of Albany drew
out

out the Strength and Flower of the Camp before Pavia. Upon the News of this Rout and Defeat, Barbarossa is retir'd to Constantinople to secure the Country, and says, by his good Gods, that this is nothing, considering the mighty Power of the Turk. But the Emperor is eas'd of the Fear that he had of the Turk's coming into Sicily, as he had threaten'd in the Beginning of the Spring. And this may give Repose to Christendom for some considerable Time; and those who would lay Tithes upon the Church, eo pre-textu, that they would fortify themselves against the Approach of the Turk, are but ill furnish'd with demonstrative Arguments.

LETTER II.

My Lord,

I Have received Letters from Monsieur de Sant Cerdos, dated from *Dijon*; in which he tells me of a Procefs that he has depending in the Court of *Rome*. I dare not answer him without running the Hazard of incurring a great deal of Displeasure. But I understand he has the greatest Right in the World, and that he suffers a manifest Injury; and that he ought to come hither in Person. *For there is no such Affair, how equitable soever, that is not lost for want of a Man's own soliciting in it; especially when he has a strong Party, who can over-awe with Threats those who solicit for him.* The want of a Cypher prevents my writing to you more at large. But it troubles me to see so much as I do, particularly, being sensible of the great Kindness you have for him; and likewise because he has of a long Time lov'd and favour'd me. In my Opinion Monsieur de *Basilac*, *Conseiller* (one of the Judges Assistants) in the Parliament of *Tholouse*, came hither this Winter on a less Occasion, and is older and more infirm than he, and yet has had a quick Dispatch to his Content.

L E T T E R III.

My Lord,

THE Duke of *Ferrara*, who went to the Emperor at *Naples*, return'd hither this Morning. I know not yet how he has determin'd Matters relating to the Investiture and Homage of his Lands: But I understand he is come back not well satisfy'd with the Emperor. I fear he will be forced to empty his Coffers of those Crowns his Father left him, and that the Pope and Emperor will fleece him at Pleasure; considering also that it was for above six Months before he refus'd to espouse the King's Interest, notwithstanding all the Emperor's Remonstrances and Threats. My Lord Bishop of *Limoges*, who was the King's Ambassador at *Ferrara*, seeing the said Duke, without acquainting him with his Design, was retir'd to the Emperor, is return'd to *France*. 'Tis fear'd that (1) my Lady *Renée* will receive no little Displeasure by it; the Duke having remov'd *Madam de Sobise* her Governess, and order'd her to be serv'd by *Italians*, which don't look well.

L E T T E R IV.

My Lord,

THREE Days since arriv'd here a Post from Monsieur de *Criffé*, who brings an Account that some of the Lord *Rancé's* Men, who went to the Relief of *Geneva*, were defeated by a Party of the Duke of *Savoy's*. With him came a Courier from *Savoy*, who brought the News of it to the Emperor. *This may unhappily prove SEMINARIUM FUTURIBELLI, the Cause of an ensuing War. For these little wilful Broils draw after them great Battles, which*

(1) *Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara.*

is demonstrable from ancient History, as well Greek and Roman as French, as appears by the Battle at Vireton.

LETTER V.

My Lord,

ABOUT fifteen Days since, *Andrew Doria*, who went with Stores to those who hold the *Gouletta* near *Tunis* for the Emperor, as likewise to supply them with Water, (for the *Arabians* of the Country make continual War upon them, and they dare not stir out of their Garrison) is arriv'd at *Naples*, where he staid not above three Days with the Emperor, since when, he is sail'd hence with nine-and-twenty Gallies; it is said, in quest of *Judeo* and *Cacciadivolo*, who have burnt a great deal of the Country of *Sardinia* and *Minorca*. The Grand Master of *Rhodes*, who was born in *Piedmont*, is lately dead; in whose Room the *Commandeur* of *Forton*, between *Montauban* and *Tholouse*, is chosen.

LETTER VI.

My Lord,

I Here send you a Book of Prognostications, which busies this whole Town; 'tis intitled, *De everisione Europæ, of the overturning of Europe*. For my Part I give no Credit at all to it. But *Rome* was never seen so wholly given over to Vanities and Prophecies, as it is at present. I am apt to think the Reason is, because *Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus*. The giddy multitude always change with the Prince. I have also sent you an Almanac for the ensuing Year 1536. I send you besides, the Copy of a Brief which his Holiness has lately decreed for the Arrival of the Emperor: As likewise the Emperor's Entry into *Messina* and *Naples*, and the

the Funeral Oration at the Interment of the deceased Duke of *Milan*.

My Lord, I humbly recommend myself to your good Favour, praying to our Lord for your good Health and long Life.

Rome, Dec. 30.

1536.

LETTER VII.

To the Lord de Maillezais.

My Lord,

I Have receiv'd the Letters you were pleas'd to write to me, dated the second of *December*: By which I understand that my two Packets are come to your Hands; one of the 18th, the other of the 22d of *October*, with the four Signatures which I sent you. I writ since to you more at large, on the nine-and-twentieth of *November*, and thirtieth of *December*. By this Time, I believe, you have receiv'd the said Packets. For Mr. *Michael Parmentier*, Bookseller, living at the Arms of *Basil*, writ to me the fifth of this Instant, that he had receiv'd and sent them to *Poitiers*. You may assure yourself, that the Packets which I shall send you will be safely delivered at *Lyons*; for I put them into the great seal'd Packet, which is for the King's Affairs; and when the Courier comes to *Lyons*, he is dispatch'd by the Governor; then his Secretary, who is much my Friend, takes the Packet, which I superscribe on the first Sheet to the aforesaid *Michael Parmentier*. Afterwards there is no Difficulty, unless from *Lyons* to *Poitiers*, which is the Reason that obliges me to set an extraordinary Postage upon it, that the greater Care may be taken of it by the Messengers at *Poitiers*, in Hopes to get a Spill by it. For my Part, I constantly encourage the said *Parmentier* with some small Presents, which I send him of Novelties on this Side, or to his Wife, that he may be

be the more diligent to engage Merchants or Messengers at *Poitiers* to deliver the Packets to your Lordship. And I very much approve of the Advice which you gave me in your Letter, that I should not trust them to the Hands of the Bankiers, for fear they should be pick'd and broke open. I think 'twill not be amiss, the first Time you write to me, especially if it be Business of Consequence, that you write a Line to the said *Parmentier*, and inclose a Piece of Gold to him in your Letter, in Consideration of the Care he takes to send your Packets to me, and mine to you. *A small Matter sometimes highly obliges honest Men, and makes 'em more diligent for the Time to come, when the Case requires a speedy Dispatch.*

L E T T E R VIII.

My Lord,

I Have not as yet presented your Letters to my Lord Bishop *de Saintes*, for he is not yet return'd from *Naples*, whither he went with the Cardinals *Salviati* and *Rodolph*. He will return in two Days; then I will give him your Letters, and desire an Answer of 'em, which I will send you by the first Courier that goes hence. I understand their Affairs have not had that Success with the Emperor which they hop'd for: And that the Emperor had positively answer'd, That at their Request and Instance, as likewise, at the late Pope *Clement's*, he had created *Alexander de Medicis* Duke of the Territories of *Florence* and *Pisa*, which he never thought to do, nor would have done: Mean while to depose him, would be the Trick of some Stage-player, which does and undoes the same Thing. However, that they should resolve to acknowledge him as their Duke and Lord, and obey him as his Vassals and Subjects, and be sure they did so. As to the Complaints they made against the said Duke, he would take Cognizance of them when he came to *Florence*.

For

For he designs, after some Stay at *Rome*, to pass through *Sienna*, and thence to *Florence*, to *Bologna*, to *Milan*, and *Genoa*. Thus the aforesaid Cardinals, together with the Bishop of *Xaintes*, *Stroffy*, and some others, return'd, *re infectâ*, [as wise as they went.]

The thirteenth of this Month, came back hither the Cardinals of *Sienna* and *Cæsarini*, who had been elected by the Pope, and the whole College, Legates to the Emperor. They have so negociated the Matter, that the Emperor has deferred his coming hither to the latter End of *February*. *If I had as many Crowns, as the Pope would give Days of Pardon; Proprio motu, de Plenitudine potestatis*; of his own free Will, out of the Plenity of his Power, and other such like favourable Circumstances, to any one that could defer it for five or six Years to come, I should be richer than ever was *Jacques Cœur*. Here are great Preparations made in this City for his Reception; and a new Way is made by the Pope's Command, by which he is to make his Entry; that is, through *St. Sebastian's Gate*, towards *Champideli*, *Templum pacis*, the Temple of Peace, and the *Amphitheatre*, and he is to pass under the ancient Triumphant Arches of *Constantine* and *Titus*, of *Numetianus*, and others. Then on one Side of *St. Mark's Palace*, by *Campo de Fiore*, and by the Palace *Farnese*, where the Pope used to reside, then by the Banks, and below *St. Angelo's Castle*. To make and level which Way, above two hundred Houses, and three or four Churches, are pull'd down to the Ground, which most People take for an ill Omen. On the Day of the Conversion of *St. Paul*, his Holiness went to *St. Paul's* to hear Mass, and made a Feast to all the Cardinals. After Dinner he return'd, passing through the above-mention'd Way, and look'd at *St. George's Palace*. But 'tis a sad Sight to behold the Ruins of the demolish'd Houses that are not paid for, nor have the Landlords any Recompence made 'em.

To Day arriv'd here the *Venetian* Embassadors, four brave old grey-headed Gentlemen, who are going to the Emperor at *Naples*. The Pope has sent all his Family before 'em; his Bed-chamber-men, Chamberlains,

Chamberlains, Janifaries, Lanskenets; and the Cardinals have sent their Mules in Pontificalibus.

Likewise the 7th of this Month, the Ambassadors of *Sienna* were introduced in good Order, and after they had made their Speech in open Consistory, and that the Pope had answer'd 'em in fine *Latin*, they suddenly parted for *Naples*. I believe Ambassadors will be sent from all Parts of *Italy* to the Emperor, and he knows well enough how to play his Game, to get Money out of 'em, as it has been discover'd about ten Days since. But I am not yet fully acquainted with the Subtilty which ('tis said) he made use of at *Naples*; hereafter I may give you an Account of it.

The Prince of *Piedmont*, the Duke of *Savoy's* eldest Son, dy'd at *Naples* fifteen Days ago; the Emperor order'd him a very honourable Interment, at which he assisted in Person.

The King of *Portugal*, six Days since, commanded his Ambassador at *Rome*, that immediately upon Receipt of his Letter, he should return to him in *Portugal*, which he did the same Hour, and came ready booted and spurr'd to take his Leave of the most Reverend the Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*. Two Days after, was kill'd near the Bridge of *St. Angelo*, in open Day, a *Portuguese* Gentleman, who solicited here for the whole Body of the *Jews* that were baptiz'd under King *Emanuel* of *Portugal*, that he might succeed to their Estates when they dy'd. The King has also exacted several Things of them against the Edict and Ordinance of the said King *Emanuel*. I doubt we shall hear of some Sedition in *Portugal*.

LETTER IX.

My Lord,

IN the last Packet I sent you, I gave you an Account, that Part of the *Turks* Army was defeated by the *Sophy*, near *Betelis*. The *Turk* did not very long delay his Revenge; for two Months after, he
fell

fell upon the *Sophy* with the greatest Fury imaginable; and, after having put to Fire and Sword, a great Part of the Country of *Mesopotamia*, he has driven back the *Sophy* on the other Side of Mount *Taurus*. In the mean time, he causes a great Number of Gallies to be built upon the River *Tanais*, by which they may come to *Constantinople*. *Barbarossa* is still at *Constantinople* to secure the Country, and has left several Garrisons at *Bona* and *Algiers*, lest the Emperor should by Chance attack him. I have sent you his Picture, drawn by the Life; as also a Map of *Tunis*, and of the Sea-port Towns adjacent. The *Lanskenets*, whom the Emperor sent into the Duchy of *Milan* to keep the strong Places, are all drown'd and lost at Sea, to the Number of 1500, in one of the biggest and stoutest Ships belonging to the *Genoese*; and it was near to a Port belonging to the Commonwealth of *Lucca*, call'd *Lerxa*. The Occasion was; because they being weary of the Sea, and desirous to get ashore, which they could not for the Tempest and Strefs of Weather, imagined that the Pilot of the Ship would still keep them off at Sea, longer than he needed: For which Cause they killed him, with some other Officers of the said Ship, after whose Death the Ship remain'd without a Commander; and instead of taking in their Sails, the *Lanskenets* hoisted them, as being unpractis'd in Sea Affairs, and in this Confusion they perished within a Stone's-throw of the aforesaid Port.

My Lord, I understand that my Lord Bishop de l'*Avour*, who was the King's Ambassador at *Venice*, has had his Audience of Leave, and is returning to *France*. The Bishop of *Rhodes* goes in his Place, and is now at *Lyons* with all his Retinue, ready to go, when the King has given him his Instructions.

My Lord, I humbly recommend myself to your Favour, praying to our Lord, to give you long Life in good Health.

Your most humble Servant,

Rome, Jan. 28,
1536.

FRANCIS RABELAIS.

LETTER

L E T T E R X.

My Lord,

I Writ to you at large all the News I could learn, the 28th of *January* last past, by a Gentleman, Servant to Monsieur de Montreuil, call'd Tremeliere, who return'd from *Naples*, where he had bought some Horses of that Kingdom for his Lord, and was returning to him with all Speed. The same Day I receiv'd the Packet that you were pleas'd to send me from *Legugé*, dated the 10th of the said Month, in which you may see the Method I have taken for the Delivery of your Letters, by which they are safely and suddenly brought to me here. Your said Letters and Packets, were deliver'd at the Arms of *Basil*, on the one-and-twentieth of the same Month; the eight-and-twentieth they were deliver'd to me here. And to encourage at *Lyons*, (for that's the Point an' principal Place) the Bookseller at the Arms of *Basil* to be diligent in this Affair, I repeat what I writ to you in my aforementioned Packet, if you chance to write to me about any Thing of Consequence: That it is my Advice, that on the first Occasion of writing to me, you write a Word or two to him in a Letter, in which be pleas'd to inclose some Gold Crowns, or some other Piece of old Gold, as a Royal, an Angel, or Salutation, in Consideration of the Pains and Care he takes of them; so small a Matter will more and more endear him to your Service.

Now, to answer your Letters, I have diligently search'd the Registers of the Palace, since the Time that you commanded me, that is, the Year 1529, 1530, and 1531, to see if *Dom. Philippe's* Act of Resignation to his Nephew were to be found, and have given the Clerks of the Register two Gold Crowns, which is but a small Recompence for the great and tedious Trouble in it. In short, they have found nothing of it, nor ever heard News of his Procurations; wherefore I doubt there is some foul Play
in

in his Case, or the Instructions you writ to me were not sufficient to find 'em. And that I may be more certified in it, you should tell me *cujus Dioecesis*, of what Dioecesis the said Friar Dom. Philippe was; and if you have heard nothing to give more Light in the Matter, as if it was *purè & simpliciter*, or *causâ permutationis*.

LETTER XI.

My Lord,

WHAT I writ to you of my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*'s Answer, when I presented him your Letters, ought not to displease your Lordship. My Lord of *Mafcon* has sent you an Account of the whole Matter, and we are not yet like to have a Legate in France. 'Tis certain, that the King has presented the Cardinal of *Lorraine* to the Pope. But I believe, that the Cardinal *du Bellay* will endeavour by all Means possible to get it for himself. The old Proverb is true, which says, *Nemo sibi secundus*. And I shrewdly suspect, by certain Signs that I see, that my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay* will engage the Pope on his Behalf, and thus be made acceptable to the King. Nevertheless, be not uneasy, if his Answer be a little ambiguous in your Concern.

LETTER XII.

My Lord,

THE Grains which I sent you, I can assure you, are the best of *Naples*, of the same which his Holiness has caus'd to be sow'd in his Privy-garden of *Belvedere*. There are no other Kinds of Sallads on this Side but those of *Nasidord* and *Arraussa*; but those of *Legugé* seem to be almost as good, and somewhat more sweet and grateful to the Stomach, and particularly better for you; for those

those of *Naples*, in my Opinion, are too hot and tough.

As for the Season for sowing 'em, you must caution your Gardeners not to sow 'em altogether so early as they do on this Side; for it is not warm Weather so soon with you as here. They may very well sow your Sallads twice a Year, that is to say, in *Lent*, and in *November*; and they may sow the white Cardes or Thistles in *August* and *September*; Melons, Pompions, and the others in *March*, fencing them for some Days with Mats, and a thin Layer of Horse-dung, not altogether rotten, when they fear it will freeze. Many other Grains besides are sold here, as *Alexandria* Gilliflowers, Matronal-violets, and Shrubs, with which they refresh their Chambers in the Summer, call'd *Belvedere*, and other physical Herbs. But this would be more for my Lady *d'Estissac's* Turn. If you please to have of all Sorts, I will send you without fail. But I am forc'd to have Recourse again to your Alms; for the thirty Crowns which you ordered to be paid me here, are almost gone; yet I have converted none of them to any ill Use; nor for eating: For I eat and drink at my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay's*, or at my Lord *Mascon's*. But a great deal of Money goes away in these silly Postage Letters, Chamber-rent, and Wearing-apparel, though I am as frugal as I can be. If you will be pleased to send me a Bill of Exchange, I hope I shall make use of it wholly to your Service, and not remain ungrateful. I see in this City a thousand pretty cheap Things, which are brought from *Cyprus*, *Candia* and *Constantinople*. If you think fit, I will send what I think fittest of them to you and my Lady *d'Estissac*. The Carriage from hence to *Lyons* will cost nothing.

Thanks be to God, I have made an End of my Business, and it has cost me no more than the taking out of the Bulls; his Holiness having, of his own good Nature, given me the Composition. And I believe you will find the Proceedings right enough, and that I have obtained nothing by them,
but

but what is just and lawful. But I have been obliged to advise very much with able Counsel, that every Thing might be according to due Form; and I dare modestly tell you, that I have in a Manner hardly made Use of my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*, or my Lord Ambassador; though, out of their Kindness, they not only offered me their own good Word and Favour, but absolutely to make use of the King's Name.

L E T T E R XIII.

My Lord,

I Have not as yet presented your first Letter to the Bishop of *Saintes*, for he is not yet return'd from *Naples*, whither he went, as I writ to you before. He is expected here within these three Days: Then I will give him your second, and intreat an Answer of it. I understand, that neither he, nor the Cardinals *Salviati*, and *Rodolph*, nor *Philip Strozzi* with his Money, have done any Thing with the Emperor in their Affair, though they were willing to pay him a Million of Gold upon the Nail, in the Name of all the Foreigners and Exiles of *Florence*; also to finish *la Rocca*, [the Fortrefs] begun at *Florence*; to maintain a sufficient Garrison in it for ever in the Name of the Emperor, and to pay him yearly 100,000 Ducats, provided and upon Condition he restor'd them to their former Goods, Lands and Liberty.

On the contrary, the Duke of *Florence* was most honourably receiv'd by him at his Arrival. The Emperor went out before him, and, *Post manus oscula*, he order'd him to be attended to the Castle of *Capua* in the same Town, where his natural Daughter has an Apartment; she is affianc'd to the said Duke or *Florence*, by the Prince of *Salerne*, Viceroy of *Naples*, the Marquis de *Vast*, the Duke *D'Alva*, and other principal Lords of his Court. He held Discourse with her as long as he staid; kiss'd her, and supp'd
with

with her; afterwards the abovemention'd Cardinals, the Bishop of *Xaintes* and *Strozzi*, never left soliciting. The Emperor has put them off for a final Resolution to his coming to that Town, to the *Rocca*, which is a Place of prodigious Strength, that the Duke has built at *Florence*. Over the Portico he has caus'd an Eagle to be painted, with Wings as large as the Sails of the Windmills of Mirebalais, thereby declaring and insinuating, that he holds of no Body but the Emperor. And, in fine, he has so cunningly carried on his Tyranny, that the *Florentines* have declar'd before the Emperor, *nomine Communitatis* [in the Name of the Commonalty] that they will have no other Lord but him. 'Tis certain, that he has severely punish'd the Foreigners and Exiles. A *Pasquil* has been lately set up, wherein 'tis said,

To *Strozzi*,

Pugna pro patriâ. [Fight for thy Country.]

To *Alexander*, Duke of *Florence*,

Datum serva. [What's given thee, keep.]

To the Emperor,

Quæ nocitura tenes, quamvis, sint chara relinque.
Quit what will hurt thee, tho' 'tis ne'er so dear.

To the King,

Quod potes id tenta,
Dare what thou canst.

To the Cardinals *Salviati* and *Rodolph*,

Hos brevitâs sensus fecit conjungere binos.
Pure want of Sense unites these Blocks,
As petty Tradesmen join their Stocks.

LETTER

L E T T E R XIV.

My Lord,

I Writ to you, that the Duke of *Ferrara* is return'd from *Naples*, and retir'd to *Ferrara*. Her Highness, the Lady *Renée*, is brought to Bed of a Daughter; she had another fine Daughter before, between six and seven Years of Age, and a little Son of three Years old. He could not agree with the Pope, because he demanded an excessive Sum of Money for the Investiture of his Lands. Notwithstanding, he had abated fifty thousand Crowns for the Love of the said Lady, and this by the Solicitations of my Lords the Cardinals *du Bellay* and *Mascen*, still to increase the Conjugal Affection of the said Duke towards her. This was the Occasion of *Lyon Jamet's* coming to this Town, and they only differed for fifteen thousand Crowns; but they could not agree, because the Pope would have him acknowledge, that he held and possess'd all his Lands entirely in Fee of the Apostolical See, which the other would not. For he would acknowledge no more than his deceas'd Father had acknowledged, and what the Emperor had adjudg'd at *Bolonia*, by a Decree in the Time of the deceas'd Pope *Clement*.

Thus he departed, *re infectâ*, [without doing any Thing,] and went to the Emperor, who promised him at his Coming, that he would easily make the Pope consent, and come to the Point contain'd in his said Decree; and that he should go Home, leaving an Ambassador with him, to solicit the Affair when he came on this Side, and that he should not pay the Sum already agreed upon, before he heard further from him. The Craft lies here, that the Emperor wants Money, and seeks it on all Hands, and taxes all the World he can, and borrows it from all Parts. When he comes hither, he will demand some of the Pope, 'tis a plain Case. For he will represent to them, *That he has made all these*

these Wars against the Turk and Barbarossa, to secure Italy and the Pope, and that he must of necessity contribute to it. The Pope will answer, That he has no Money, and will manifestly prove his Poverty to him. Then the Emperor, without disbursing any Thing, will demand the Duke of Ferrara's of him, which he knows he may command at a Word; and this is the Mystery of the Matter. Yet 'tis not certain whether Things will be managed thus or no.

L E T T E R X V .

My Lord,

YOU ask whether the Lord *Pietro Ludovico*, is the Pope's Legitimate Son or Bastard; be assured, the Pope was never married, which is as much as to say, that the aforesaid Gentleman is certainly a Bastard. The Pope had a very beautiful Sister. There is to be seen to this Day, at the Palace in that Apartment where the Summits reside, built by Pope *Alexander*, an Image of our Lady, which ('tis said) was drawn after that Gentlewoman: She was married to a Gentleman, Cousin to the Lord *Rance*, who being in the War, in the Expedition of *Naples*, the said Pope *Alexander* * * *: Now the Lord *Rance* having certain Knowledge of the Thing, gave Notice of it to his Cousin, telling him, *that he ought not to suffer such a Wrong done to their Family by a Spanish Pope; and that, if he would endure it, he himself would not.* In short, her Husband kill'd her; for which Fact the present Pope grieved: And to assuage his Sorrow, *Alexander* made him a Cardinal, being yet but very young, and bestowed several other Marks of his Favour upon him.

At that Time the Pope kept a *Roman Lady della Casa Ruffina*, and by her had a Daughter, who was married to the Lord *Bauge*, Count of *Sancta Fiore*, who died in this Town since I came hither. By her he has one of the two little Cardinals (who is call-

ed the Cardinal of *Sancta Fiore*.) The Pope likewise had a Son, who is the said *Pietro Ludovico*, concerning whom you inquire, who has married the Daughter of the Count *de Cervelle*, on whom he has got a whole House full of Children, and among others the little Cardinacule *Farnese*, who was made Vice-Chancellor by the Death of the late Cardinal *de Medicis*. By what is said you may judge, why the Pope did not very well love the Lord *Rance*, and *vice versa*, [on the other Side] the Lord *Rance* put no great Confidence in him: Whence arises a great Quarrel between my Lord *John-Paul de Cere*, Son to the said Lord *Rance*, and the above-named *Pietro Ludovico*, for he is resolved to revenge the Death of his Aunt.

But he is quit of it on the Part of the said Lord *Rance*, for he died the 11th Day of this Month, going a Hunting, in which he extremely delighted, old as he was. The Occasion was this: He had got some *Turkish* Horses from the Fairs of *Racana*, and as he was hunting on one of them that was very tender-mouthed, it fell, tumbled over him, and bruised him with the Saddle-bow so severely, that he did not live above half an Hour after the Fall. *This was a great Loss to the French, for the King in him has lost a good Servant for his Affairs in Italy: 'Tis rightly said, that the Lord John Paul his Son will be no less hereafter. But it will be a long Time ere he gets such Experience in Feats of Arms, or so great a Reputation among the Commanders and Soldiers, as the late brave Man had.* I wish, with all my Heart, that my Lord *d'Estissac*, by his Death had the County of *Pontoise*; for, 'tis said, it brings a good Revenue.

To assist at the Funeral, and to comfort the Marchioness his Wife, my Lord Cardinal has sent to *Ceres*, near twenty Miles from this Town, my Lord *de Rambouillet*, and the Abbot of *St. Nicaise*, who was a near Kinsman to the Deceased (I believe you have seen him at Court.) He is a little Man, all Life; who was call'd the Archdeacon of the *Ur- sins*: Besides, he has sent some others of his Prothonotaries; which likewise my Lord of *Mascen* has done.

L E T.

LETTER XVI.

My Lord,

I Defer to my next to give you more at large the News concerning the Emperor; for his Design is not yet perfectly discovered. He is still at *Naples*, but is expected here by the End of this Month. Great Preparations are made for his Coming, and abundance of triumphal Arches. His four Harbingers have been a good while here in Town; two of them *Spaniards*, one *Burgundian*, and the fourth a *Fleming*.

'Tis great Pity to see the Ruins of the Churches, Palaces, and Houses, which the Pope caused to be demolished and pulled down, to make and level him a Way. For the Charges of his Reception he has laid a Tax on the College of Cardinals, on those who have Places at Court, and the Artificers of the Town, as much as the very *Aquarols*. The Town is already full of Foreigners.

On the Fifth of this Month the Cardinal of *Trent* (*Tridentinus*) arrived, being sent here by the Emperor. His Train is very numerous, and more sumptuous than the Pope's. He had with him above a hundred *Germans* all drest alike; their Gowns were red, with a yellow Galloon; and on their right Sleeve, was embroidered a Wheat-sheaf tied close, and round it was written *UNITAS*.

I hear he is much for Peace, and reconciling all the Christian Princes. He eagerly desires a General Council, whatever is done in other Matters. I was present when he said to my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*: *His Holiness, the Cardinals, Bishops, and Prelates of the Church, are against a Council, and will by no Means hear any Thing of it, though they are pressed by Secular Princes on that Subject; but I see the Time at Hand when the Prelates of the Church shall be reduced to demand a Council, and the Laity will not hearken to it. This will be when the latter have taken from the Church*
all

all the Wealth and Patrimony which they had given; while Ecclesiastics, by the Means of frequent Councils, maintained Peace and Unity among the Laity.

Andrew Doria came to this Town on the third of this Month in no very good Equipage. No Manner of particular Respect was shewn him at his Arrival, save only the Lord *Pietro Ludovico* conducted him as far as the Palace of the Cardinal *Camerlingo*, who is a *Genoese*, of the House of *Spinola*. The next Day he saluted the Pope, and the Day after went away for *Genoa*, on the Emperor's Behalf, to inform himself under-hand concerning the Disposition of the *French* about the War.

We have had here a positive Account of the old Queen of *England's* Death; and they add, That the Princess her Daughter lies very ill.

However the Bull that was issued out against the King of *England* to excommunicate him, and to *interdict* and *proscribe* his Kingdom, did not pass at the Consistory, because of the Articles *De commentibus externorum & commerciis mutuis*, of the Passages of Foreigners and mutual Intercourses, which my Lord Cardinal *Du Bellay* and the Bishop of *Mascon* opposed in the King's Name, on Account of the Interest which he pretends to have in it. It has been put off till the Emperor's Arrival.

My Lord, I most humbly recommend myself to your kind Favour, praying God that it may please him to keep you long in Health and Prosperity.

Your Lordship's

Rome, Feb. 15,
1536.

most humble Servant,

FRANCIS RABELAIS.

The End of the Letters.



